

Presented to Mr. L. Hainsworth

By Henrietta Rylands

December 1801

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THE BAPTIST TIMES

AND FREEMAN,

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1902.

A Visit to the John Rylands' Library.

Dr. Parker acted his sermons as well as preached them. He was on terms of friendship with some of the leading actors of the day, and I noted, "And now on tired eyes there softly lies the stillest of all slumbers."

traced in green the words:

worked in white chrysantheums, were book resting on an easel. On the pages, represented the open pages of a great Close by was that of the deacons. It tion from the City Temple Church. feet high. This was a tribute of affection in evergreen, and standing eight lilies, surmounted by the cross and against the platform, was a heart of stood below. Behind the coffin, leaning Other emblems of the Christian hope platform towered up above the gallery. Two great palms at the corners of the chrysantheums with broken strings. the pulpit, was a lyre of lilies and beauty. On the choir gallery, behind Many of the wreaths were of singular cross that almost covered the coffin. It lay at the foot of the great white scarlet geraniums sent by Annie Swan. splash of vivid red, from a bunch of conspicuous amid the white was the chrysantheums was almost dazzling. of such a mass of pure white lilies and wealth of flower and frond. The effect and pulpit, and around the bier, was a the pulpit. Everywhere on platform funeral draperies, therefore, disfigured to the gloom of bereavement. No that no emblems of mourning should add beauty. Dr. Parker expressly ordered

The Christian World.

INCORPORATING THE CHRISTIAN TIMES, THE CHRISTIAN CABINET, AND BRITISH ENSIGN.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

— Mrs. Rylands has offered the governors of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, some valuable books, including a unique copy of Tissot's famous 'Life of Jesus Christ,' with quadruple sets of the large plates, which was formerly in the possession of Tissot's family, and a remarkable collection of 60,000 hymns made by the late John Rylands, and occupying thirty-four large folio volumes.



With the compliments of
Mrs. Rylands.

Longford Hall,
Stretford.

16

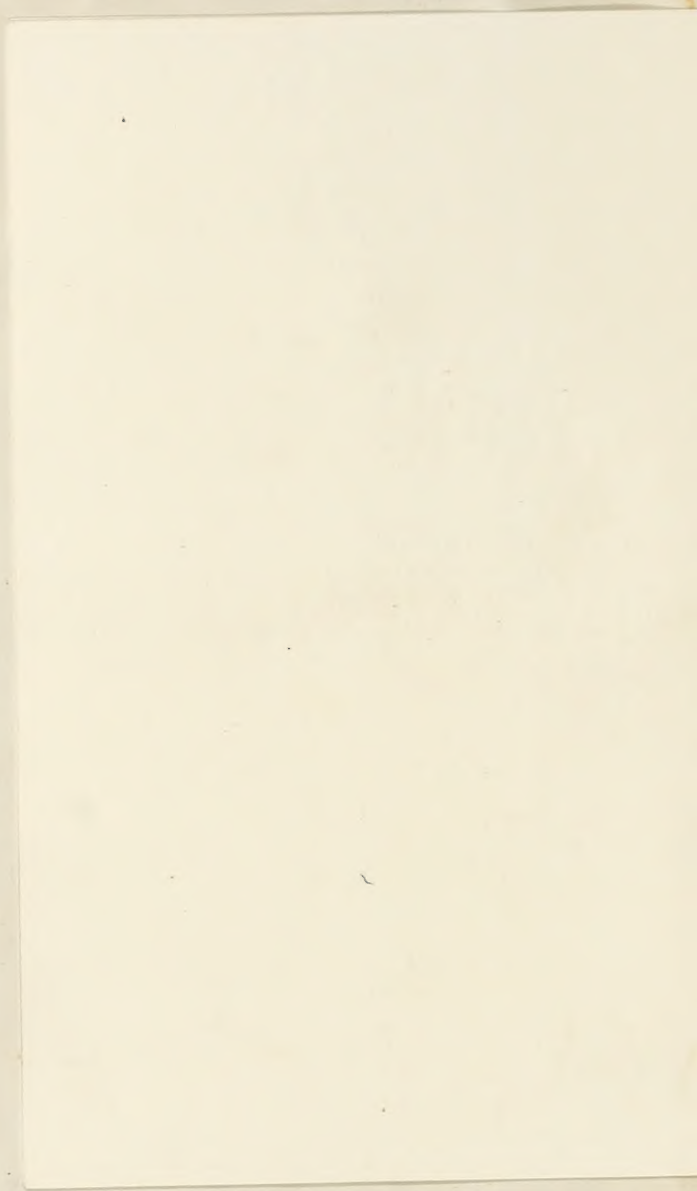





Photo. Debenham.

THE LATE MRS. RYLANDS, WHO LEFT A FORTUNE OF £3,500,000 TO CHARITY.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.



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✓
HYMNS
OF THE
CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

In Two Parts.

I. THE SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

II. GENERAL HYMNS.

WITH

PREFACES, ANNOTATIONS, AND INDEXES.

✓
John Rylands, comp.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

Manchester.

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General Introduction.



THE material of this volume has been taken from a collection of more than fifty thousand English Psalms and Hymns, in thirty-two folio volumes, alphabetically arranged and indexed, commenced many years ago by Mr. Rylands and continued to the present time. They have been carefully and repeatedly examined, and those selected which seemed on the whole best adapted to express in becoming form the sentiments of the CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

As a contribution to a study which in our days has become of increasing interest both on literary and on devotional grounds, Mr. and Mrs. Rylands now offer the volume to their friends. They have no intention of publishing it ; but, at the same time, would make grateful acknowledgment to those authors and holders of copyrights who have permitted the free use of their works.

In the prosecution of the task of selection, it has been very interesting to note the way in which common consent has fixed upon certain Hymns as specially adapted for congregational praise. It is not always easy to say on what special quality in the Hymns chosen this unanimity is based ; and, instead of criticism, it may be useful to indicate the Hymns themselves, as among the best known, the most commonly employed, and the dearest treasures of the Christian Church.

Ten modern Hymn-books may be selected, representing every school of orthodox belief ; four from the Church of England, six from different Nonconforming bodies. The Hymns which all of these contain in

common may justly be regarded as a possession of the Church Universal, forming of themselves a collection in which all who "worship God in the Spirit and rejoice in Christ Jesus" agree to express their common prayer and praise. The war of creeds for the time is over, as the united voice of holy song ascends to heaven.

For the purposes of this examination, the selected Hymn-books of the Church of England are :—

1. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, expressing the sentiments of the "high" or sacerdotal school ; and with a circulation hitherto unparalleled.
2. *The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, edited by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Bickersteth, now Bishop of Exeter ; a favourite Hymn-book of the "evangelical" section of the Church.
3. *Church Hymns*, published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge ; and fairly representing the *via media* of the Anglican Church.
4. *The Church of England Hymn-book*, edited by the Rev. Godfrey Thring, himself an accomplished Hymn-writer, and published by Messrs. Skeffington ; a compilation marked by poetic taste and liberal churchmanship.

The six non-Episcopal collections are as follows :—

1. *The Methodist Hymn-book, with Supplemental Hymns*. This well-known collection in its earlier forms has been the chief devotional manual of Methodism from generation to generation. The additions made under admirable editorship in recent years adapt it still further to the uses of the great Wesleyan community. A few Hymns in our list, marked with an asterisk, are not included in this collection, probably because their topics had been forestalled. We could not omit this great Hymn-book from our list, but could hardly range it with entirely modern collections.
2. *The Congregational Hymn-book, with Supplement* ; prepared by the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and used in most of the churches of that body. A few Hymns, included in Dr. Allon's *Supplement*, although not in the other, have been noted with a dagger.

3. *Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Baptist Denomination, with Appendix*; the most widely used Hymn-book in the Baptist congregations.

4. *The Baptist Hymnal*; prepared for the use of the "General Baptist" section of the denomination; but (with the less special title of *The Christian Hymnal*) offered to other congregations also.

5. *Church Praise*; a recent compilation made by authority of the Assembly of the English Presbyterian Church, and a noble specimen of the Hymnody in which the Presbyterians of England as well as of Scotland, after long and exclusive adherence to their *Psalms* and *Paraphrases*, have at length very generally consented to unite.

6. *Congregational Hymns*, edited by the Rev. W. G. Horder; the most recent among the important Hymn-books of our time, and claiming as its specialty the expression of Christian praise in the best attainable forms, and in spirit wholly unsectarian.

These ten books may be regarded collectively as so carrying with them the consent of the Churches that the innumerable other compilations of our time, whatever may be their other peculiarities, are almost sure to comprise the Hymns on which the ten are found to agree. The list therefore now presented may be regarded as the COMMON GROUND OF CHRISTIAN PRAISE. The Hymns are sixty-two in number.

HYMNS COMMON TO THE TEN HYMNALS, CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND NONCONFORMIST.

| | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|
| * ABIDE WITH ME: FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE | ... | ... | ... | <i>Lyte.</i> |
| ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME | ... | ... | ... | <i>Perronet.</i> |
| ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID? | ... | ... | ... | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD | ... | ... | ... | <i>Dix.</i> |
| AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET | ... | ... | ... | <i>Twells.</i> |
| AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN | ... | ... | ... | <i>Ken.</i> |
| BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION | ... | ... | ... | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| * BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Potter.</i> |
| CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY | ... | ... | ... | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES | ... | ... | ... | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| CHRISTIANS, AWAKE; SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN | ... | ... | ... | <i>Byrom.</i> |
| COME LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS | ... | .. | ... | <i>Watts.</i> |

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| † COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY | <i>Dix.</i> |
| * COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME | <i>Alford.</i> |
| * CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS | <i>Bridges.</i> |
| * FAIR WAVED THE GOLDEN CORN | <i>Gurney.</i> |
| FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!... .. | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS | <i>Heber.</i> |
| GLORY ¹ TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT | <i>Ken.</i> |
| GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH | <i>Williams.</i> |
| HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| HARK THE GLAD SOUND, THE SAVIOUR COMES | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY | <i>Heber.</i> |
| JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME | <i>Anon.</i> |
| JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| * JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TUMULT | <i>Alexander.</i> |
| JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| * JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE... .. | <i>Prynne.</i> |
| JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN | <i>Watts.</i> |
| JUST AS I AM : WITHOUT ONE PLEA | <i>C. Elliott.</i> |
| * LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, AMID THE ENCIRCLING GLOOM | <i>Newman.</i> |
| † LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US | <i>Edmeston.</i> |
| NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE | <i>Adams.</i> |
| * O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE | <i>Faber.</i> |
| O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS | <i>Wordsworth.</i> |
| † ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS | <i>Baring Gould</i> |
| * O PARADISE! O PARADISE! | <i>Faber.</i> |
| O TIMELY HAPPY, TIMELY WISE ² | <i>Keble.</i> |
| * OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED | <i>Auber.</i> |
| OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST | <i>Watts.</i> |
| O WORSHIP THE KING, ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE | <i>Grant.</i> |
| * PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN | <i>Lyte.</i> |
| ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME | <i>Toplady.</i> |
| SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE | <i>Ellerton.</i> |
| * SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR | <i>Thring.</i> |
| SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE | <i>Grant.</i> |
| SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR | <i>Keble.</i> |
| THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| * THE ROSEATE HUES OF EARLY DAWN | <i>Alexander.</i> |
| * THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR | <i>Heber.</i> |
| † THIS IS THE DAY OF LIGHT | <i>Ellerton (tr.)</i> |
| * THOU ART GONE UP ON HIGH | <i>Toke.</i> |

¹ In some editions, "All praise to Thee," see No. 518.

² In some collections the Hymn begins with the verse, "New every morning is the love."

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD | <i>Bonar.</i> |
| WEARY OF EARTH, AND LADEN WITH MY SIN | <i>Stone.</i> |
| * WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED | <i>Kelly.</i> |
| * WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN | <i>Keble.</i> |
| WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS | <i>Watts.</i> |
| * WHERE HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE STANDS | <i>Bruce.</i> |
| * YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD | <i>Doddridge.</i> |

From an inspection of the foregoing list, many interesting particulars will appear. The Morning and Evening Hymns of BISHOP KEN and MR. KEBLE have been accepted by the whole Church. DR. WATTS has given to the worship of every congregation just three Hymns: his grand version of the Ninetieth Psalm, his meditation on the "wondrous Cross," and his paraphrase of the Angels' Song to the Lamb that was slain. Wherever the birth and resurrection of Christ are celebrated, CHARLES WESLEY leads the strain, and is equally at home when he calls Christ's soldiers to arise, or casts himself living and dying on Jesus, the Lover of the soul. BISHOP HEBER has left as a heritage to every Church his sublime invocation of the thrice holy Lord, his inspiring missionary Hymn, and his grand muster-roll of Christ's army. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY appears in the choir with his immortal Hymn, "Rock of Ages." DR. DODDRIDGE celebrates the First Advent of the Lord, and in solemn tones bids us prepare for the Second. JAMES MONTGOMERY contributes his noble version of the Seventy-second Psalm, originally the conclusion of a missionary speech by the poet at Liverpool; while in his Hymn on Heaven, he reaches perhaps the very highest strain to which the Christian minstrel can aspire. Among the more ancient English Hymns, thus universally accepted, the first place will be given by common consent to that out-pouring of wistful hope by some unknown bard of the seventeenth century, "Jerusalem, my happy home," while the rugged pilgrim song of WILLIAMS, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah" comes near to it in popularity. The "Jerusalem" Hymn is happily associated with the unmatched translations of DR. NEALE from the devout and tender meditations of BERNARD of Cluny; while the same translator has made many another mediæval Hymn a cherished treasure of the modern Churches. Nor is the poetic sisterhood unrepresented in this goodly

fellowship of sacred bards. For penitent souls of every communion MISS ELLIOTT has provided fitting utterance, by her "Just as I am;" while MRS. ALEXANDER, to whom many of the best Hymns in our generation are due, has given expression to the feeling of every longing Christian heart in the strain which lifts the soul from the dawn with its roseate hues to the daybreak of Eternity. To enumerate other names appearing in the list, for the most part in connection with one or two Hymns at most, would be needless. Many belong to our own generation, showing that the lyric genius still lives in the Church; while yet, if universal consent is to be taken as a test, it would seem that it is hardly given to any author to produce more than a very few Hymns of the highest excellence. This, in fact, constitutes the difficulty of selection; for while the Hymns of the first class are those on which all are agreed, we find, on a level but little lower, many thousands among which discrimination is difficult, and where every Editor's choice will necessarily vary.

To illustrate this point still further, we add two lists, the former comprising the Hymns common to all the Church of England collections previously enumerated, but absent from one or more of the others; the latter containing those in which the Nonconformist compilations all agree, but which are omitted from some of the Church Hymnals. In a very few instances it will be seen that ecclesiastical bias has dictated the choice or the omission; but in most cases this influence cannot have operated, and we may fairly rank the two lists, one of fifty-seven Hymns, the other of eighty-seven, as containing the Hymns which the Churches have agreed to adopt as of the second class. In fact, there are many readers who will be inclined to place some of the following Hymns at least on a level with many of those in the preceding list.

II. HYMNS COMMON TO THE FOUR CHURCH HYMNALS.

| | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-------------|
| All glory, praise, and honour, to Thee, Redeemer, King | ... | ... | Neale (tr.) |
| All people that on earth do dwell | ... | ... | Kethe? |
| Alleluia! alleluia! hearts to heaven and voices raise | ... | ... | Wordsworth. |
| Blessèd city, heavenly Salem | ... | ... | Neale (tr.) |
| Blest are the pure in heart | ... | ... | Keble. |
| Bread of heaven! on thee we feed | ... | ... | Conder. |

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire | <i>Cosin ?</i> |
| Day of wrath, O day of mourning | <i>Irons (tr.)</i> |
| Father of heaven, whose love profound | <i>Cooper.</i> |
| For all the saints, who from their labours rest | <i>How.</i> |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace | <i>Downton.</i> |
| Go to dark Gethsemane | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| God moves in a mysterious way | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| God of our life, to Thee we call | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| Great God, what do I see and hear? | <i>Ringwaldt.</i> |
| Hail the day that sees Him rise | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| Hark, the sound of holy voices... .. | <i>Wordsworth.</i> |
| Hosanna to the living Lord | <i>Heber.</i> |
| In token that thou shalt not fear | <i>Alford.</i> |
| Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts | <i>Ray Palmer (tr.)</i> |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| Jesus lives : thy terrors now | <i>Cox (tr.)</i> |
| Lo, He comes with clouds descending | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping | <i>Downton.</i> |
| Lord, in this Thy mercy's day | <i>Williams.</i> |
| Now thank we all our God | <i>Winkworth (tr.)</i> |
| Now the day is over | <i>Baring-Gould.</i> |
| Now the labourer's task is o'er | <i>Ellerton.</i> |
| O Jesus, I have promised | <i>Bode.</i> |
| O Lord of heaven and earth and sea | <i>Wordsworth.</i> |
| O Lord, turn not Thy face away | <i>Mardley (alt.)</i> |
| O Thou from whom all goodness flows | <i>Haweis.</i> |
| Oft in danger, oft in woe... .. | <i>Kirke White.</i> |
| O come, all ye faithful | <i>Oakley (tr.)</i> |
| Once in royal David's city | <i>Alexander.</i> |
| Rejoice, the Lord is King | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| Ride on, ride on in majesty | <i>Milman.</i> |
| Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise | <i>Ellerton.</i> |
| Songs of praise the angels sang | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| Take up thy cross, the Saviour said | <i>Everest.</i> |
| The Church's one Foundation | <i>Stone.</i> |
| The strain upraise of joy and praise | <i>Neale (tr.)</i> |
| There is a book, who runs may read | <i>Keble.</i> |
| There is a green hill far away | <i>Alexander.</i> |
| There's a Friend for little children... .. | <i>Midlane.</i> |
| Thine for ever, God of love | <i>Maude.</i> |
| Thou art the Way : to Thee alone... .. | <i>Doane.</i> |
| Thou whose almighty word | <i>Marriott.</i> |
| Three in One, and One in Three | <i>Rorison.</i> |
| Through all the changing scenes of life | <i>Tate and Brady.</i> |

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| Through the day Thy love has spared us | <i>Kelly.</i> |
| Through the night of doubt and sorrow | <i>Baring Gould.</i> |
| We saw Thee not when Thou didst come | <i>Gurney.</i> |
| When our heads are bowed with woe | <i>Milman.</i> |
| While shepherds watched their flocks by night | <i>Tate and Brady.</i> |
| Who are these like stars appearing? | <i>Cox (tr.)</i> |

III. HYMNS COMMON TO THE SIX NONCONFORMIST HYMNALS.

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| *According to Thy gracious word | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| A few more years shall roll | <i>Bonar.</i> |
| *Angels from the realms of glory | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| *As helpless as a child who clings | <i>J. D. Burns.</i> |
| *Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne | <i>Watts alt. by Wesley.</i> |
| Bread of the world, in mercy broken... .. | <i>Heber.</i> |
| *Brightest and best of the sons of the morning | <i>Heber.</i> |
| *By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored | <i>Rawson.</i> |
| *Children of the heavenly King | <i>Cennick.</i> |
| *Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell | <i>Watts.</i> |
| *Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove | <i>Browne.</i> |
| *Come, Holy Ghost, in love | <i>Ray Palmer (tr.)</i> |
| *Come to our poor nature's night | <i>Rawson.</i> |
| *Command Thy blessing from above | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| Creator Spirit, by whose aid | <i>Dryden.</i> |
| Eternal Father, strong to save | <i>Whiting.</i> |
| Father, I know that all my life | <i>Waring.</i> |
| For the beauty of the earth | <i>Pierpont.</i> |
| Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| *For Thy mercy and Thy grace | <i>Downton.</i> |
| *Forward ! be our watchword | <i>Alford.</i> |
| From all that dwell below the skies | <i>Watts.</i> |
| Gracious Spirit, dwell with me | <i>Lynch.</i> |
| *Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling | <i>Faber.</i> |
| *Hark, my soul, it is the Lord | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| *Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face | <i>Bonar.</i> |
| Holy, holy, holy, Lord : God of hosts | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ! | <i>Addison.</i> |
| *How shall I follow Him I serve | <i>Conder.</i> |
| How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds | <i>Newton.</i> |
| *I heard the voice of Jesus say | <i>Bonar.</i> |
| *It came upon the midnight clear | <i>Sears.</i> |
| *It is not death to die | <i>Bethune (tr.)</i> |
| *Jesus, I my cross have taken | <i>Lyte.</i> |
| *Jesus lives : no longer now... .. | <i>Cox (tr.)</i> |
| *Jesus, still lead on | <i>Borthwick (tr.)</i> |

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| Jesus, the very thought of Thee | <i>Caswall (tr.)</i> |
| *Jesus, where'er Thy people meet... .. | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| Join all the glorious names | <i>Watts.</i> |
| *†Let me be with Thee where Thou art | <i>Elliott.</i> |
| *Let us with a gladsome mind... .. | <i>Milton.</i> |
| *Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee | <i>Gurney.</i> |
| Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing | <i>Fawcett.</i> |
| *Lord God the Holy Ghost | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| Lord, it belongs not to my care | <i>Baxter.</i> |
| *†Lord, speak to me, that I may speak | <i>Havergal.</i> |
| *Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee | <i>Robinson.</i> |
| *My dear Redeemer and my Lord | <i>Watts.</i> |
| *My faith looks up to Thee | <i>Ray Palmer.</i> |
| My God, my Father, while I stray | <i>Elliott.</i> |
| *My God, how wonderful Thou art | <i>Faber.</i> |
| *My heart is resting, O my God | <i>Waring.</i> |
| O for a closer walk with God... .. | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| O for a thousand tongues to sing | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| O God of Bethel, by whose hand | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| *O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen | <i>Elliott.</i> |
| *O Jesus ! King most wonderful ! | <i>Caswall (tr.)</i> |
| *O Lord, how happy should we be | <i>Anstice.</i> |
| O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art | <i>Wesley.</i> |
| *O Sacred Head, now wounded | <i>Alexander (tr.)</i> |
| *Pour out Thy Spirit from on high | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| *Quiet, Lord, my froward heart | <i>Newton.</i> |
| *Round the Lord in glory seated | <i>Mant.</i> |
| *Saviour, breathe an evening blessing | <i>Edmeston.</i> |
| Sometimes a light surprises | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| *Son of God, to Thee I cry | <i>Mant.</i> |
| Sow in the morn thy seed | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| *Stand up and bless the Lord | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| *Stand up, stand up for Jesus | <i>Duffield.</i> |
| *†Still with Thee, O my God | <i>J. D. Burns.</i> |
| *†Summer suns are glowing | <i>How.</i> |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King | <i>Watts.</i> |
| Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go | <i>Faber.</i> |
| †Thee will I love, my strength, my tower | <i>Wesley (tr.)</i> |
| The God of Abraham praise | <i>Olivers.</i> |
| *The Head that once was crowned with thorns | <i>Kelly.</i> |
| *The race that long in darkness pined | <i>Morrison.</i> |
| There is a land of pure delight | <i>Watts.</i> |
| *There is no sorrow, Lord, too light | <i>Crewdson.</i> |
| *The Spirit breathes upon the word | <i>Cowper.</i> |
| *The sun is sinking fast | <i>Caswall (tr.)</i> |

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------------------|
| *Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Plumptre.</i> |
| Thou hidden love of God, whose height | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Wesley (tr.)</i> |
| *Thou who didst stoop below | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Miles.</i> |
| When all Thy mercies, O my God | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Addison.</i> |
| When gathering clouds around I view | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Grant.</i> |

The Hymns in the first list will naturally be all found in the present volume ; those in the second and third lists are mostly included, some omissions being due to the introduction of Hymns on similar topics that appeared for various reasons more suitable. The Introductions to the two Parts of the work respectively will show the general principles on which selection has been made. It need only be added here that a special endeavour has been made to show the adaptation of the PSALMS OF DAVID, and of other Old Testament bards, to the purposes of Christian Hymns. The prophetic and evangelical use of the Psalter has perhaps passed too much out of mind in its *literal* employment for purposes of worship ; and the First Part of this volume amply proves that the poets of the Sanctuary never turn their powers to nobler use than when they celebrate the glories of Christ's Kingdom in strains which have derived their inspiration, and in part their very form, from the language of the earlier Scriptures.

MANCHESTER,
Christmas, 1885.



Part the First.

The Spirit of the Psalms.

ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|---------|
| BOOK I. | ... | ... | ... | ... | PSALM | 1—41 |
| BOOK II. | ... | ... | ... | ... | PSALM | 42—72 |
| BOOK III. | ... | ... | ... | ... | PSALM | 73—89 |
| BOOK IV. | . | ... | ... | ... | PSALM | 90—106 |
| BOOK V. | ... | ... | ... | ... | PSALM | 107—150 |

With General Introduction ; and Prefaces to the several Psalms.



THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE PSALMS INTO FIVE BOOKS IS
ACCORDING TO THE PLAN OF THE HEBREW BIBLE, WHERE
EACH BOOK HAS ITS DOXOLOGY, AS SHOWN IN THE FOLLOWING
PAGES UNDER PSALMS 41, 72, 89, 106. THE LAST
WORD OF PSALM 150 IS
HALLELUJAH.





The Spirit of the Psalms.



THE Book of Psalms has well been called the *Cardiphonia* of the Church. In it the people of God through all time have recognised the voice of their own hearts, in joy and sorrow, conflict and victory, prayer and praise. It can never be superseded, for its inspiration is Divine; it can never be obsolete, for its varied tones express all that is best and profoundest in our humanity. The Psalms belong to the home and to the sanctuary; they breathe the emotions of the solitary soul; they utter the gladsomeness of assembled multitudes. Their *Misereere* is for every sinner in his penitence; their hallelujahs echo through all generations. Other hymns have their day; fashions in psalmody, as in all else, are mutable. Some strains that charmed us in childhood are already becoming flat and unprofitable to our successors: the time may even come when "Rock of Ages" will be thought inadequate to the aspirations of the soul, and "Jerusalem the Golden" shall cease to charm the weary heart. But the Psalms can never die; and while in themselves they are the best expressions of faith and piety, they will always be the highest model for all our hymnody. The nearer to this high standard, the more truly will every Christian lyrist speak to the heart of the universal Church.

Undoubtedly there is much that is special and individual in the Psalter. The book contains the songs of a thousand years, from the "Prayer of Moses, the man of God," to the exulting praises of those for whom God had "turned again the captivity of Zion." It was the Divine purpose that the universal should be thus embodied in particular experiences and histories; and that every Psalmist should make his own life and needs the groundwork for the instruction and comfort of all ages.

Foremost among these holy men of God who thus spoke the fulness

of their own hearts as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, stands, of course, "the sweet singer of Israel." Not without a reason do we find in many of our Bibles the whole collection termed the "Psalms of David." For while before his time some had essayed the lyre, it was reserved for the royal minstrel to sound the whole compass of its music, and to draw from every part of his own wonderful life—alike from its heroisms and its weaknesses, its conflicts, failures, and victories, its depths of sorrow, agonies of remorse, and ecstasies of devotion—a light and inspiration for all the saints of God.

"Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended,
Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain;
Then comes heartache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;
Wounds from friends, and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe;
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years."¹

Out of all this was moulded the man after God's own heart; and the lyrists of subsequent ages did but catch the spirit of his minstrelsy.

But the question comes: How are these Psalms to be best adapted to Christian worship? In what form are we to sing these songs, and to make their sentiments our own?

One very obvious method is to take these Divine compositions in some faithful literal prose version, and employ them without alteration in our services, ever discerning the spirit in the form, and remembering that the Psalms have a sublime historic significance, as well as an immediate devotional use. With this feeling there is no sense of incongruity, as we shout the battle-cry of Judah, or go up into the tabernacle and stand before the altar, or cry with the afflicted monarch from the depths of despair, or bewail the sorrows of captivity, or exult in the joy of a restored Jerusalem. These things all belong to the history of the Church, and are, therefore, worthy subjects for our songs.

¹ Dr. J. H. Newman in *Lyra Apostolica*.

But the Christian spirit desires something more than all this, and would fain, if possible, turn these songs into hymns, that those may sing who have passed from the law to the Gospel, and have come to the heavenly Jerusalem.

This feeling probably has lain at the root of the literal metrical versions in which the first attempts were made to adapt the Psalms more closely to the purposes of Christian song. True, there may have been another motive, arising simply from the exigencies of metre. English song was thought to require the expedients of modulated rhythm, and even of rhyme, so that if congregations were to sing the Psalms at all, they must be adapted to our current melodies. And if this were all, the less of alteration the better. What is wanted is, with the slightest possible rearrangement of language, and no modification at all of sentiment, to adapt the Psalm to our requirements of tune and time. Hence the many versions, of which those of Sternhold, Rouse, Tate and Brady, and in our own times of Keble and the Marquis of Lorne, may serve as examples.

But happily the growing prevalence of the *chant* in all our congregations makes this distortion unnecessary. It is as easy now for a great assembly, if duly trained to the happy task, to sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," as to sing—

"O thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up His holy name
To magnify and bless.
Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee."

And, if possible, it is surely desirable to employ the Bible words in their simplicity, especially considering the frequent awkwardness, and occasional grotesqueness, which the most skilful transposition must occasion.¹

¹ Take the following as an instance by no means extreme (Psa. lxxxvii.) :—

"Behold even Tyrus, and with it
The land of Palestine,
And likewise Ethiopia;
This man was born therein.
And it of Sion shall be said,
This man and that man there
Was born, and He that is most High
Himself shall stablish her."

But there is another form of rhythmical rendering, valuable for yet higher purposes, although undoubtedly of far greater difficulty. Perhaps as we proceed this difficulty may even appear insuperable, and the most successful versions thus far must be confessed to be only an approximation to the ideal.

The principle to be kept in view is this—that the universality of the Psalms is attained through *the prophetic element that is in them*. Beneath the outward, transient form there is a spirit; to discern which, so as to express it in forms suited to our own time and experience, is the Christian poet's highest achievement. For in the "word of prophecy," of which the Psalms are the most considerable part, there is more than direct prediction. It is something to be able to show that this or that passage speaks directly specifically of a coming Messiah: it is far more to discern that through the whole inspired strain there breathe the longings which only He could satisfy, the hopes which none but He could fulfil; while everywhere there are glimpses and partial revelations of truth, which only the Gospel blends into completeness. "All things," He said, "which were written in the Psalms concerning me must be accomplished." The reference here is not to a few scattered, often obscure, intimations, whose accordance with the facts of after history seems chiefly verbal, but to the strain and spirit of the whole. Let this be apprehended, and the words of the Christian poetess will no longer seem to be an hyperbole:

"Here I behold my Saviour's name
Almost on every page."

No writer has more clearly discerned this true significance of the Psalms, and more stedfastly laboured to give it worthy expression, than Dr. Watts. Some words of his may well be quoted here:

"If we would prepare David's Psalms to be sung by Christian lips, we should observe these two plain rules:

"*First*. They ought to be translated in such a manner as we have reason to believe David would have composed them if he had lived in our day. And therefore his poems are given as a pattern to be imitated in our composures, rather than as the precise and invariable matter of our psalmody. It is one of the excellencies of Scripture songs that they are exactly suited to the very purpose and design for which they were written, and that both in the matter, and in the style, and in all their ornaments. This gives life and strength to the expression, it presents objects to the ears and to the eyes, and touches the heart in the most affecting manner.

"David's language is adapted to his own devotion and to the worship

of the Jewish Church. He mentions the very places of his journeys, or retirements of his sorrows, or his successes. He names the nations that were enemies of the Church, or shall be its friends, and though for the most part he leaves the single persons of his time nameless in the body of his Psalms, yet he describes them there with great particularity, and often names them in the title. This gives us abundant ground to infer that, should the sweet singer of Israel return from the dead into our age, he would not sing the words of his own Psalms without considerable alteration; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present circumstances of the Church, and that in the language of the New Testament.

“He would see frequent occasion to insert the cross of Christ in his song, and often interline the confession of his sins with the blood of the Lamb. Often would he describe the glories and the triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing verse, even as St. Paul, when he mentions the name and honours of Christ, can hardly part his lips from them again. His expressions would seem ever bright and clear, such as here and there we find in a single verse of his own composures, when he is transported beyond himself and carried far away from Jewish shadows by the spirit of prophecy and the Gospel.

“*Secondly.* In the translation of Jewish songs for Gospel worship, if Scripture affords us any example, we should be ready to follow it, and the management thereof should be a pattern for us. Now, though the disciples and primitive Christians had so many and so vast occasions for praise, yet I know but two pieces of songs they borrowed from the Book of Psalms. One is mentioned in Luke xix. 38, where the disciples assume a part of a verse from the 118th Psalm, but sing it with alterations and additions to the words of David. The other is the beginning of the second Psalm, sung by Peter and John and their company (Acts iv. 23, 24, etc.). You find there an addition of praise in the beginning, ‘Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is.’ Then there is a narration of what David spoke: ‘Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said,’ etc. Next follow the two first verses of that Psalm, but not in the very words of the Psalmist; afterwards an explication of ‘the heathen,’ and ‘the people,’ namely, the Gentiles and Israel, ‘the kings and the rulers,’ namely, Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the holy child Jesus, ‘God’s anointed.’ Then there is an enlargement of the matter of fact, by a consideration of the hand of God in it; and the song concludes with the breathing of their desires before God for mercies most precisely suited to their day and duty. And you find when they had sung they went to prayer in the assembly, and then they preached the

word of God by the Holy Ghost, and with amazing success. Oh, may I live to see psalmody performed in these evangelic beauties of holiness! May these eyes of mine be entertained with such devotion in public, such prayer, such praise! May these eyes behold such returning glories in the churches! Then my soul shall be all admiration, my tongue shall humbly attempt to mingle in the worship and assist the harmony and the joy."¹

The fulfilment of the desire so fervently expressed in these concluding sentences, so far as it may be said even yet to be accomplished, is chiefly due to Dr. Watts himself, who, in his *Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament*, at once introduced a new method, and set the example to innumerable paraphrasts, who, since his time, have attempted the same high task with varying success. In the preface to his work he writes: "I have not been curious and exact in striving everywhere to express the ancient sense and meaning of David, but have rather expressed myself as I may suppose David would have done had he lived in the days of Christianity. And by this means, perhaps I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the Spirit of God in those verses farther and clearer than David himself would ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 Peter i. 11, 12, where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets, who foretold of the grace that should come to us, were in some measure ignorant of this great salvation; for, though they testified of the sufferings of Christ and His glory, yet they were forced to search and inquire after the meaning of what they spoke and wrote. In several other places I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connexions of thought discovered in the Jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. For why should I now address God my Saviour in a song, with burnt-sacrifice of fatlings and with the incense of rams? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? Why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high-sounding cymbals, when the Gospel has shown me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? Why must I join with David in his legal or prophetic language to curse my enemies, when my Saviour in His sermons has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a Christian omit all those passages of the Jewish Psalmist that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments, none of which are well suited to the spirit of

¹ *A Short Essay toward the Improvement of Psalmody.*

Christianity, which is a dispensation of hope, and joy, and love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion that is now for ever abolished, especially when Christians are so vehemently warned, in the Epistles of St. Paul, against a Judaizing spirit, in their worship as well as doctrine? And what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful subjects in the style of the Gospel, when the Psalm gives any occasion, since the whole religion of the Jews is censured often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?"

These sentiments, just and well-sustained as they now appear, were not suffered to pass without vehement protest; and it may be worth while to quote a little poem by Samuel Wesley, the brother of John and Charles, evidently occasioned by Dr. Watts's publication:

"Has David Christ to come foreshowed?
Can Christians then aspire
To mend the harmony that flowed
From his prophetic lyre?

How curious are their wits, and vain,
Their erring zeal how bold,
Who durst with meaner dross profane
His purity of gold!

His Psalms unchanged the saints employ,
Unchanged our God applies;
They suit the apostles in their joy,
The Saviour when He dies.

Let David's pure unaltered lays
Transmit through ages down
To Thee, O David's Lord, our praise!
To Thee, O David's Son!

Till Judgment calls the seraph throng
To join the human choir,
And God, who gave the ancient song,
The new one shall inspire."¹

In reply, it will suffice to quote the words of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, who himself has done so much to bring out the evangelical meaning of the Psalms. "To render them," he says, "fully applicable to a Christian audience, considerable liberties *must* be allowed in the way of adaptation. They ought to be made to express all that David

¹ *Poems on Several Occasions.* By Samuel Wesley, A.M. 2 vols. 1736.

himself would have expressed, had he lived under the superior light which we enjoy, and beheld, not the mere twilight of the yet unrisen 'Sun of Righteousness,' but, like ourselves, the splendour of His meridian day."¹

Some Psalms undoubtedly there are that require no such modification to adapt them to the Church of our own or of any age. Their form, like their spirit, is universal; and in their most literal meaning they speak to us as truly as to the ancient Jews. Such Psalms are ever the dearest to the Christian heart, and the most familiar in Christian worship. In these, the success of the versifier will be in proportion to the simplicity and closeness of the rendering, and every added touch will be felt to be a superfluity. Such a Psalm is the twenty-third, as sung in Scotland through many generations to the endeared words :

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

* * *

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

Such strains, indeed, cannot be excelled, and they are in the mind of those who object to any other style of rendering. But these felicities are very rare; and often where the language of a Psalm is felt to be intensely appropriate as it stands, a word or phrase that lifts the soul into the Christian atmosphere is felt to be in season. Thus, in Psalm cxxi.—

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes
From whence doth come mine aid."

Watts has, beautifully—

"Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies."

Again, in Psalm xcii., how fine is the application of verse 3—

"O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

¹ *Spirit of the Psalms.* 1836. Preface.

And who does not feel that Psalm cxxxvi., in its exulting fervour of thanksgiving, *needs* some such supplement as this?—

“He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.”

Enough has been said to vindicate for the Psalms, thus interpreted and applied, a leading place among the HYMNS OF THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL. In the versions here selected there is confessedly but an approximation to the ideal. It has not as yet been granted to any author, or to any series of poets, to utter the full evangelical meaning of these Divine compositions ; and there is some reason to fear that the partial failure has led many to undervalue the work that has been done. The Psalms, in their true rendering as Christian hymns, have a less prominent part in our worship than in former times. An exclusive place we would never claim for them : the hymnody of successive generations is the inestimable treasure of the Churches ; but whatever other forms of music charm the ear and win the heart, the HARP OF DAVID must never be laid aside.

NOTES ON THE INSCRIPTIONS TO THE PSALMS.

IN the following versions the inscriptions have been printed, not because they are of decisive authority, but because they are the greatest help that ancient times have afforded us for determining the authorship and date of the Psalms. Many of these titles bear undoubted evidence of authenticity, many more may be accepted with but little hesitation, only a few are plainly incorrect.

The Hebrew words, such as *Maschil*, *Michtam*, *Sheminith*, *Alamoth*, prefixed to many Psalms, present another difficulty. The explanations given in the following pages embody the views of the best critics.

The following Table is a summary of the Titles :

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------------|
| Attributed to David | ... | ... | ... | ... | 73 | including 4 Songs of Degrees. |
| Attributed to Solomon | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 | including 1 Song of Degrees. |
| Sons of Korah | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 | |
| Asaph | ... | ... | ... | ... | 12 | |
| Heman | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | |
| Ethan | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | |
| Moses | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | |
| "Psalms" and "Songs" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6 | |
| "Hallelujah" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 | |
| Songs of Degrees | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 | besides the 5 above mentioned. |
| No Inscription | ... | ... | ... | ... | 24 | |
| | | | | | 150 | |

Thirteen Psalms are "*Maschil*" :—32, 42, 44, 45, 52, 53, 54, 55, 74, 78, 88, 89, 142.

Six are "*Michtam*" :—16, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60.

Six Psalms are Alphabetical or Acrostic in the original :—25, 34, 37, 111, 112, 145.

One is Alphabetical, in octaves :—119.

Allowing the Inscription of Psalm 90 to be correct, as appears most probable, the dates of the Psalms extend from about B.C. 1490 to B.C. 440, near which date the Old Testament Canon was concluded. We have thus, in these sublime compositions, the voice of the Church for more than a thousand years.—See *Introduction*, p. 19.



The First Book.



PSALM I.

INTRODUCTION.

UNLIKE the Psalms of the First Book generally, this has no title prefixed. It was probably a preface to the original collection, whether by Solomon, as Dean Perowne supposes, or by Ezra, as suggested by older commentators. It is observable that our Second Psalm is called by the Apostle Paul "the First," according to the best MSS. of Acts xiii. 33.

The simplicity, directness, and universality of this Psalm are well reflected in most of the versions. Watts gives three, in three different metres, but is too paraphrastic. We have selected two ancient renderings : the Scottish version is very felicitous.

First Version, 7s. & 8s.

BLEST is he who never strays
Where the godless man misguideth ;
Neither stands in sinners' ways,
Nor in scorner's chair abideth ;
But in God's pure law delights,
Thereon musing days and nights.

Like a tree set near the springs,
He doth always freshly flourish ;
Still his fruit he timely brings,
And his leaf shall never perish :
Everything shall prosper, too,
Which he undertakes to do.

Thus the wicked shall not fare,
But be like such dusty matter
As the whirlwind here and there
On the spacious earth doth scatter :
Nor shall they withstand their dooms,
When the day of judgment comes.

Neither have they place or stay
In the righteous congregation ;
For God knows the just man's way
With a gracious approbation :
But those paths which sinners tread
To assurèd ruin lead.

GEORGE WITHER.

Second Version, C.M.

THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair,
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law day and night.

Second Version, *continued.*

He shall be like a tree that grows
 Near planted by a river,
 Which in his season yields his fruit,
 And his leaf fadeth never ;
 And all he does shall prosper well.
 The wicked are not so ;
 But like they are unto the chaff
 Which wind drives to and fro.

In judgment therefore shall not stand
 Such as ungodly are ;
 Nor in the assembly of the just
 Shall wicked men appear.
 For why ? the way of godly men
 Unto the Lord is known ;
 Whereas the way of wicked men
 Shall quite be overthrown.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

PSALM II.

THE ANOINTED.



HIS Psalm also—the “First Psalm” (see Introduction to Psalm I.) according to older arrangement—is without a superscription. It may have been placed at the head of the Psalms of David as a solemn proclamation of the Divine purpose in regard to his throne and to the greater King of whom he was the type. The immediate occasion of the Psalm we cannot tell : it plainly belongs to a time when the confederated foes of Israel were mighty and threatening, and precedes the crisis of their decisive overthrow. It is thus applicable to that kingdom which has again and again secured its highest triumphs in the hour of its seeming peril. Of this, the most illustrious instance and the surest pledge was the resurrection of Christ. Hence the Psalm is applied to this event, Acts xiii. 33. See also Hebrews i. 5 ; Acts iv. 25, 26.

Keble's version, though rugged in parts, is admirably true to the original, reflecting well its energy and exultation. A smoother rendering, though in parts too rhetorical, is that by Sir Robert Grant.

First Version, *L.M. six lines.*

WHY gathering rage the realms so
 wild? [beguiled?
 What dreams have heathen hearts
 They rouse them, all the kings of earth,
 The Powers in council are gone forth,
 Against the Lord who rules above,
 Against the Anointed of His love.

“Now break we all their bonds in twain,
 “Away we cast them, cord and chain.”
 He scorns them, who in heaven abides,
 Their doings God on high derides.
 Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
 In withering anger blast their path :

“My King I have anointed still
 “On Zion, Mine own holy hill.”
 Now let Me tell the high decree :—
 The Lord spake out, He spake to
 Me :—
 “Thou art My Son,” He said, “to-day
 “Begotten : ask, and win Thy way :

“Ask, and I bid the realms be Thine,
 “All ends of earth Thy lot assign,
 “To bruise with iron rod, to spurn
 “And shiver like a potter's urn.”
 Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise ;
 Ye lords of earth, your heart chastise.

Serve God in fear ; before the Throne
 In awe rejoice and kiss the Son ;
 Lest He be wroth, and ye, astray
 And helpless, perish off the way :
 Soon will His ire blaze out in power,
 O blest, who lean on Him that hour !

J. KEBLE.

Second Version, 7s.

WHEREFORE do the nations wage
War against the King of kings ?
Whence the people's maddening rage,
Fraught with vain imaginings ?

Haughty chiefs and rulers proud
Forth in banded fury run,
Braving, with defiance loud,
God and His anointed Son :—

"Let us break their bonds in twain !
Let us cast their cords away !"
But the Highest with disdain
Sees and mocks their vain array.

"High on Zion I prepare"
(Thus He speaks) "a regal throne ;
Thou My Prince, My chosen Heir,
Rise to claim it as Thine own !

"Son of God, with God the same,
Enter Thine imperial dome !
Lo ! the shaking heavens proclaim,
Mightiest Lord, Thy kingdom come.

"Pomp or state dost Thou demand ?
In Thy Father's glory shine !
Dost Thou ask for high command ?
Lo ! the universe is Thine !"

Ye who spurn His righteous sway,
Yet, ah yet, He spares your breath ;
Yet His hand, averse to slay,
Balances the bolt of death.

Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before His feet to fall,
Kiss the sceptre He extends,
And adore Him, Lord of all !

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM III.

A PSALM OF DAVID, WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM HIS SON.

THERE is no reason to doubt the correctness of this superscription. The Psalm may be called "David's Morning Hymn," composed, perhaps, when he and his faithful followers had passed "over the brook Kidron toward the way of the wilderness."—² Samuel xv. 23. They had snatched a hasty, troubled rest during the night, and now as the morning shines over the eastern hills, the kingly Psalmist lifts up his soul to God. The following versions have well expressed the thoughts of David in the language of the Christian. That by the Rev. W. Goode is a paraphrase of exceptional merit, while Lyte's four verses exquisitely embody the spirit of the whole.

First Version, C.M.

O LORD ! when troublous billows roll,
A strange tempestuous sea,
My foes exclaim against my soul,
"There is no help for thee."

Though they be many, Thou, O Lord,
Art still my sure defence ;
My glory, Thine eternal word ;
My shield, Omnipotence.

I cry to Thee with inward voice,
And Thou dost hear my call,
And cause my spirit to rejoice
Triumphant o'er them all.

I laid me down in peace, and slept,
From every terror free ;
In strength renewed, in safety kept,
The Lord sustained me.

He heard me from His holy hill ;
Be gone, ye fears, be gone !
The Lord is round about me still,
The great, the mighty One.

Arise and save me, O my God !
Thy blessing give to me ; ¹
My foes are fled before Thy rod,
Salvation is of Thee.

LEWIS WAY.

¹ The author here misses the noble catholicity of the Psalmist's final words, "The blessing is upon Thy people." In the next version the thought is well expressed.

Second Version, L.M.

LORD, how my numerous foes increase,
Excite my fears, disturb my peace !
The powers of hell against me rise,
And "God," they cry, "His help denies."

But Thou, my Glory and my Shield,
My God, Thy powerful aid shalt yield :
On Thee my stedfast hopes repose,
To lift my head o'er all my foes.

To God I cried :—my evening prayer
Humbly implored Jehovah's care ;
He vowed my wishes to fulfil,
And heard me from His holy hill.

Then, with His guardian mercy blest,
I laid my weary frame to rest :
Sweet slumbers closed my peaceful eyes,
Nor foes molest, nor fears surprise.

Again the shades of darkness flee,
I wake, sustained, my God, by Thee :
Thy guardian care renews my days,
And claims my morning song of praise.

Now shall my heart its fears disclaim,
I trust in faith Jehovah's Name :
Though round my soul ten thousand rage,
The Lord shall in my cause engage.

Rise, O my Saviour, rise and spread
Thy shield, the shelter round my head :
Thy cross the serpent's teeth hath broke,
And Satan falls beneath Thy stroke.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His victory claims my highest songs ;
His blessing all His saints shall share,
Then let His saints His praise declare.

IV. GOODE.

Third Version, L.M.

THY promise, Lord, is perfect peace,
And yet my trials still increase,
Till fears at times my soul assail,
That Satan's rage must yet prevail.

Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee,
And in Thy grace my refuge see ;
Thou heard'st me from Thy holy hill,
And Thou wilt hear and help me still.

Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep ;
What foe can harm while Thou dost keep ?
I wake, and find Thee at my side,
My omnipresent Guard and Guide !

O why should earth or hell distress,
With God so strong, so nigh to bless ?
From Him alone salvation flows,
On Him alone, my soul, repose !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM IV.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN ON NEGINOTH (STRINGED INSTRUMENTS).
A PSALM OF DAVID.*



E can hardly be wrong in ascribing this Psalm also to the days of the flight from Absalom. It is "David's Evening Hymn," companion to the preceding, and belonging, in all probability, to the selfsame day ; when the harassing march was over, and "the king, and all the people that were with him, came weary, and refreshed themselves."—2 Samuel xvi. 14. With that "refreshment" blended the trust and peace of this vesper song. Of the three versions subjoined, the first two contain a terse expression of the Psalmist's leading thought, while the third amplifies the whole with characteristic felicity and fervour, and crowns it by a rich evangelical application.

First Version, C.M.

LORD of my life, my hope, my joy,
My never-failing Friend,
Thou hast been all my help till now,
O help me to the end !

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
O let the glories of Thy face
Shine brighter, Lord, on me.

First Version, continued.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, possessed of all that they
So eagerly pursue.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest ;
Nor other guard I ask or need,
Of Thee, O Lord, possess.

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. C.M.

An Evening Psalm.

LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I
I am for ever Thine : [pray ;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.

And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.

Thus with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. S.M.

GOD of my righteousness,
Thy humble suppliant hear ;
Thou hast relieved me in distress,
And Thou art always near :
Again Thy mercy show,
Thy peaceful answer send,
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
And all my troubles end.

How long, ye sons of men,
Will ye blaspheme aloud ?
My honour wrong, my glory stain,
And vilify my God ?
How long will ye delight
In vanity and vice,
Madly against the righteous fight,
And follow after lies ?

Know, for Himself the Lord
Hath surely set apart
The man that trembles at His word,
The man of upright heart ;
And when to Him I pray,
He promises to hear,
And help me in my evil day,
And answer all my prayer.

Ye sinners, stand in awe,
And from your sins depart ;
Out of the evil world withdraw,
And commune with your heart :
In thinking of His love
Be day and night employed ;
Be still, nor in His presence move,
But wait upon your God.

Offer your prayer and praise,
Which He will not despise,
Through Jesus Christ, your Righteousness,
Accepted sacrifice :
Offer your heart's desires,
But trust in Him alone,
Who gives whatever He requires
And freely saves His own.

The world with fruitless pain
Seek happiness below,
"What man," they ask, but all in vain,
"The long-sought good will show ?"
The brightness of Thy face
Give us, O Lord, to see,
Glory on earth, begun in grace,
All happiness in Thee.

Third Version, *continued.*

Thou hast on me bestowed
 (Most gracious as Thou art)
 The taste Divine, the sovereign good,
 And fixed it in my heart ;
 Above all earthly bliss,
 The sense of sin forgiven,
 The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
 The antepast of heaven.

Of Gospel peace possést,
 Secure in Thy defence,
 Now, Lord, within Thine arms I rest,
 And who shall pluck me hence ?
 Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell
 Shall evermore remove,
 When all renewed in Thee I dwell,
 And perfected in love.

C. WESLEY.

PSALM V.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON NEHILOTH (WIND INSTRUMENTS).
 A PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS is another Morning Hymn, composed while the Psalmist is still encompassed by enemies, although no longer an exile from Jerusalem. It is his joy to be able to go into the house of God, and may well express the delight the Christian feels in the Lord's day. Dr. Watts's familiar version is here unsurpassed, although that by Charles Wesley is also admirable.

First Version. C.M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

L ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye :

Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
 To taste Thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent Thy holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.

O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness,
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face !

My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray ;
 They flatter with a base design
 To make my soul their prey.

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy ;
 While those that in Thy mercy trust
 For ever shout with joy.

The men that love and fear Thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favour as a shield.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

O N Thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace ;
 None without holiness shall see
 The glories of Thy face.

In souls unholy and unclean
 Thou never canst delight ;
 Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
 Appear before Thy sight.

Second Version, continued.

Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity ;
The heart unkind, the heart untrue,
Are both abhorred by Thee.

But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach Thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in Thy courts to wait.

I trust in Thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward Thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide :
Point out the path before my face ;
My God, be Thou my Guide !

All those that put their trust in Thee
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with cheerful melody
Their great Redeemer's name.

Protected by Thy guardian grace,
They shall extol Thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy praise,
And triumph evermore.

C. WESLEY.

PSALM VI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN ON NEGINOTH (STRINGED
INSTRUMENTS) UPON SHEMINITH (THE OCTAVE).
A PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS is the first of the "Seven Penitential Psalms:" the others being xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii. To what period in the life of the Psalmist it is to be referred, we know not, but its language is that of every devout and longing heart, oppressed with a sense of sin. Mr. Lyte's version is good.

First Version. 7s.

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God ;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek ;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
Lord, my trembling soul relieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo ! He comes ! He heeds my plea !
Lo ! He comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore !

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. L.M.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

LORD, I can suffer Thy rebukes,
When Thou with kindness dost
chastise ;
But Thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise !

Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;
The wounds Thy heavy hand hath
made,
O let Thy gentler touches heal !

Second Version, *continued.*

See how I pass my weary days [night
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis
My bed is watered with my tears,
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

Look how the powers of nature mourn !
How long, Almighty God, how long ?
When shall Thine hour of grace return ?
When shall I make Thy grace my
song ?

I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair,
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

Depart, ye tempters, from my soul ;
And all despairing thoughts, depart ;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my
heart.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM VII.

*APPEAL TO THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE. SHIGGAION (IRREGULAR
ODE) OF DAVID, WHICH HE SANG UNTO THE LORD CON-
CERNING THE WORDS OF CUSH THE BENJAMITE.*

IN all probability this Psalm belongs to the days of David's persecution by Saul. Who this Cush was has been much debated. The word may stand for "Ethiopian," and has been thought by some to describe Saul himself in his dark malignity towards the man after God's own heart. Others have applied a similar explanation to another period in David's history; supposing Shimei the Benjamite (2 Samuel xix. 16), or even Sheba of the same tribe (2 Samuel xx. 1.), to be intended. The Psalm is a grand appeal to the righteousness of the Eternal, and is inadequately represented in all the versions. The turn of thought, however, in Mr. Lyte's is very beautiful, and truly evangelical.

7s.

LORD, my God, in Thee I trust ;
Save, O save Thy trembling dust
From the roaring lion's power,
Seeking whom he may devour :
From a thousand waves that roll
Shipwreck o'er my fainting soul :
God Omnipotent, I flee
From them all to Thee, to Thee.

Thou my inmost wish canst read,
Thou canst help my utmost need ;
Let the world Thy goodness see,
Let them mark Thy grace in me.
Lay the wicked in the dust,
Raise the feeble, guide the just ;
Searcher of the heart, I flee
From myself to Thee, to Thee.

God is righteous, God is strong ;
Much abused, He suffers long ;
Yet if still His love we spurn,
Love at last to wrath will turn.
O the frown of the I AM !
O the terrors of the LAMB !
God of grace and hope, I flee
From all else to Thee, to Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM VIII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON GITTITH (THE LYRE OF GATH,
OR, PERHAPS, THE WINE-PRESS STRAIN).
A PSALM OF DAVID.*



HIS Psalm has generally been attributed to David's earlier life, when with his father's flock he had leisure to watch the stars, or to consider the wonders of animate or inanimate nature. Its topic is the littleness and greatness of man ; and in the spirit of perhaps unconscious prophecy, the Psalmist sets forth the humiliation and exaltation of Christ. See the inspired comment on the Psalm, Hebrews ii. 6-9. This application has guided the authors of our metrical versions. Some, like Lyte, have separated the two trains of thought ; others, like Watts and Wesley, have happily combined them.

First Version. C.M.

O LORD, our God! how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so !

That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm !

Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death ;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord ! how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same !
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy countless worlds I see,
"O what is man," I wondering cry,
"To be so loved by Thee?"

To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high ;
Didst quit Thy throne with him to
live,
For him in pain to die.

Close to Thy own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod,
And all beside are serving him
That he may serve his God.

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same !
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. 76.76.7776.

SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
 How excellent Thy name !
 Held in being by Thy word,
 Thee all Thy works proclaim :
 Through this earth Thy glories shine,
 Through those dazzling worlds above,
 All confess the source Divine,
 Th' Almighty God of love !

Thou, the God of power and grace,
 Whom highest heavens adore,
 Callest babes to sing Thy praise,
 And manifest Thy power.
 Lo ! they in Thy strength go on,
 Lo ! on all Thy foes they tread,
 Cast the dire Accuser down,
 And bruise the Serpent's head.

Yet, when I survey the skies
 And planets as they roll,
 Wonder dims my aching eyes,
 And swallows up my soul :
 Moon and stars so wide display,
 Chant their Maker's praise aloud,
 Pour a flood of milder day,
 And draw me up to God !

What is man, that Thou, O Lord,
 Hast such respect to him ?
 Comes from heaven the incarnate Word,
 His creature to redeem :
 Wherefore wouldst Thou stoop so low ?
 Who the mystery shall explain ?
 God is flesh, and lives below,
 And dies for wretched men !

Jesus, his Redeemer, dies,
 The sinner to restore ;
 Falls, that man again may rise,
 And stand as heretofore :
 Foremost of created things,
 Head of all Thy works He stood,
 Nearest the great King of kings,
 And little less than God.*

Him with glorious majesty
 Thy grace vouchsafed to crown ;
 Transcript of the One-in-Three,
 He in Thine image shone :
 All Thy works for Him were made,
 All did to His sway submit ;
 Fishes, birds, and beasts obeyed,
 And bowed beneath His feet.

Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
 How excellent Thy name !
 Held in being by Thy word,
 Thee all Thy works proclaim :
 Through this earth Thy glories shine,
 Through those dazzling worlds above,
 All confess the Source Divine,
 The Almighty God of love !

C. WESLEY.

PSALM IX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON MUTH-LABEN (PERHAPS
 TO THE TUNE "DEATH TO THE SON.")
 A PSALM OF DAVID.



DAVID here gratefully commemorates the Divine judgment upon his enemies, and in a yet loftier strain declares the righteousness of God as shown in the overthrow of all evil men and things, and in the deliverance of the humble and oppressed. That the Psalm refers to some victory achieved over the heathen is manifest, but it is not so easy to determine its precise application.

* "So it is in the Hebrew."

This is sometimes reckoned among the alphabetical Psalms (see on Psalm xxv.); and by some critics, following the Septuagint Version, has been joined with Psalm x. This arrangement, however, is unlikely, as the cry of distress would naturally precede rather than follow this song of triumph. It should be observed that the alphabetical arrangement is not complete.

The following version, though brief and incomplete, expresses the prevailing spirit of the Psalm.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat. C.M.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my
song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing Thy majesty and grace :
My God prepares His throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make His vengeance known.

Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress ;
To save the people of His love,
And give the weary rest.

The men that know Thy name will
trust
In Thine abundant grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly sought Thy face.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill ;
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM X.

THERE is no superscription to this Psalm ; a fact which has been supposed to indicate its connexion with Psalm ix. There is, however, as we have seen, no real ground for this inference. The Psalm indicates a state of things in which wrong and oppression are triumphant, and appeals to God against the vauntings of tyrannical iniquity. To adapt it to the circumstances of the Church in every age, it must be generalised as the authors of the two versions appended have done, not without success. Each has chosen separate prominent points of the Psalm ; and the two combined well represent its meaning.

First Version. C.M.

O GOD, the help of all Thy saints,
Our hope in time of ill ;
We'll trust Thee, though Thy face be hid,
And seek Thy presence still.

Why should the men of pride and sin
Thy truth and power defy ;
And boast, as if their evil way
Were hidden from Thine eye ?

Lord, Thou hast seen ; arise and save ;
To Thee our cause we bring ;
Reign Thou in righteousness and power,
For Thou alone art King.

All our desires to Thee are known ;
Thy help is ever near ;
O first prepare our hearts to pray,
And then accept our prayer !

EDWARD OSLER.

Second Version. C.M.

O LORD, why hidest Thou Thy face,
While dangers round me close ?
Return in all Thy power and grace,
And save me from my foes.


The haters of Thy word and name
My firmness fiercely prove ;
And through Thy servant's fall would aim
A wound at Him I love.

Second Version, continued.

Arise, O Lord, their rage control,
 Awe down the swelling wave :
 Arise to help the poor in soul,
 And snatch him from the grave.

Thy grace prepares the heart to pray,
 And hear its humble plea :
 Arise, to be the trembler's stay,
 Arise, to rescue me !

*H. F. LYTE.***PSALM XI.***TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.*

 HIS brief Psalm, which is probably to be referred to the time of Absalom's rebellion consists of two parts. In the former, David quotes the timid counsel of those who counsel flight ; in the latter, he declares his unshaken trust in God. Our metrical translations hardly do justice to this transition of thought. Lyte's version finely brings out the Psalmist's confidence in God, but the rebuke of faithless fear expressed in the first verse is hardly given. Wesley's rendering is, on the whole, more faithful to the strain of the Psalm, and gives adequate expression to the terrible severity of verse 6.

First Version. 6666.88.

MY trust is in the Lord ;
 What foe can injure me ?
 Why bid me like a bird
 Before the fowler flee ?
 The Lord is on His heavenly throne,
 Omnipotent to save His own.

The wicked may assail,
 The tempter sorely try,
 All earth's foundations fail,
 All nature's springs be dry ;
 Yet God is in His holy shrine,
 And I am strong while He is mine.

His flock to Him is dear,
 He watches them from high ;
 He sends them trials here
 To fit them for the sky :
 But safely will He tend and keep
 The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

His foes a season here
 May triumph and prevail ;
 But ah, the hour is near
 When all their hopes must fail :
 While like the sun His saints shall rise,
 And shine with Him above the skies.

*H. F. LYTE.**Second Version. 7s.*

ON the Lord my soul is stayed :
 Wherefore do ye bid me fly
 To the mountain-top for aid ?
 My strong Mountain still is nigh.
 Jesus' arms are my defence,
 Who shall come and pluck me thence ?

Lo, the wicked bend their bow
 At the men of heart sincere ;
 Secretly their darts they throw,
 Neither God nor man they fear.
 Whither shall the righteous run ?
 Justice *here* for them is none.

But the Lord, who dwells above,
 Truth and righteousness maintains :
 On His awful throne of love
 Sovereign Arbiter He reigns ;
 Sends from thence His piercing eyes,
 All that is in man describes.

Second Version, continued.

God beholds and loves His own :
 God abhors the faithless seed,
 Rains His fiery judgments down
 On the persecutors' head ;
 Gives them here the trembling cup,
 Fills in hell the measure up !

Righteous in Himself, the Lord
 Only righteousness approves ;
 Sinners, by His grace restored,
 Freely justified, He loves ;
 Grants them *here* the perfect grace,
 Pure in heart to see His face.

C. WESLEY.

PSALM XII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON SHEMINITH (OR THE OCTAVE).
 A PSALM OF DAVID.*

THIS dark and sorrowful Psalm is a lament over the insincerity which at some period of the author's career he found universally prevalent, whether at the court of Saul or at his own. Its characteristic is that, after the appeal to the justice and truth of God to deliver His servants, the mood of depression returns, and the Psalm closes in gloom—a circumstance, Perowne says, "without parallel at the conclusion of a Psalm." The versions are none of them satisfactory ; although Dr. Watts makes a felicitous application of the thought in verse 5 : "Now will I arise, saith the Lord."

First Version. S.M.

HELP, Lord ! the godly fail ;
 Help, for the feeble flee ;
 And double hearts and tongues prevail,
 That taunt Thy saints and Thee.

With sophistries and lies
 They cheat the simple soul,
 Teach men Thy gospel to despise,
 And spurn Thy mild control.

But ah, there is a voice
 In this dark growth of crimes,
 That bids prophetic hearts rejoice
 In hope of brighter times.

As silver seven times tried,
 Thy words, O Lord, are pure :
 Though ills abound on every side,
 Thy promises endure.

The foe but sooner brings
 The Lord to earth again ;
 And safe beneath Almighty wings,
 His Church shall rest till then.¹

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. C.M.

The promise and sign of Christ's coming to judgment.²

LORD, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold,
 When faith is hardly to be found,
 And love is waxing cold,

Is not Thy chariot hastening on ?
 Hast Thou not given this sign ?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so Divine ?

¹ The above verse is added in the *New Congregational Hymn Book*, in place of Lyte's (bracketed).

[The word these fools oppose
 Can well their scoffs endure,
 As silver from the furnace flows
 More precious and more pure.]

² This is the second part of Watts's version, the former being very inferior.

Second Version, continued.

"Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise
And make oppressors flee ;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set My servants free."

Thy words, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure ;
The men that in Thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM XIII.*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.*

CRY of sorrow succeeded by a burst of joy. The occasion of the sore anguish expressed we cannot know. David for the time feels forsaken by God, and earnestly seeks some gleam of light, lest the darkness should deepen into the shadow of death. But the morning is at hand ! Dr. Watts has strikingly adapted the Psalm to the conflict with spiritual foes ; the struggle and the hope of deliverance are touchingly expressed in the version of Mr. Conder ; while Dr. Cotton dwells chiefly on that sense of desertion by God which gives such mournfulness to the former part of the Psalm.

First Version. L.M.*Pleading with God under desertion ; or, Hope in darkness.*

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain ?
Canst Thou Thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray and be denied ?

Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom Thou regardest not ?
Still shall my soul Thine absence mourn,
And still despair of Thy return ?

How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd,
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low ?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief :
If Thou withhold'st Thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost !
But I have trusted in Thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
My heart shall feel Thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 7.6.

HOW long wilt Thou forget me,
O Lord ? for evermore ?
For ever wilt Thou let me
Thine absent face deplore ?
How long in fruitless wailing
Shall I consume the day ?
By fraud or force prevailing
How long my foes have sway ?

Second Version, continued.

Oh, do not Thou forsake me !
 Dispel this heavy gloom,
 Lest fatal sleep o'ertake me,
 The death-sleep of the tomb.
 Lest then my foe insulting
 Should boast of his success,
 And impious men exulting
 Triumph in my distress.

Lord, in my tribulation,
 I trust Thy mercy still,
 And surely Thy salvation
 My heart with joy shall fill.
 Thine aid Thou didst afford me,
 Thy praises I will sing ;
 And for His mercies toward me
 Will bless my God and King.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Third Version. C.M.

OFFENDED Majesty ! how long
 Wilt Thou conceal Thy face ?
 How long refuse my fainting soul
 The succours of Thy grace ?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
 And black despondence reigns ;
 Satan exults at my complaints,
 And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let Thy returning Spirit, Lord,
 Dispel the shades of night !
 Smile on my poor deserted soul,
 My God ! Thy smiles are Light.

While scoffers at Thy sacred word
 Deride the pangs I feel,
 Deem my religion insincere,
 Or call it useless zeal,

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
 I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;
 I know Thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
 And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt Thy goodness would be base
 Ingratitude in me ;
 First favours shall renew my hopes,
 And fix my faith in Thee.

Indulgent God ! my willing tongue
 Thy praises shall prolong ;
 For, oh ! Thy bounty fires my breast,
 And rapture swells my song.

DR. COTTON.

PSALM XIV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.

RACTICAL Atheism is the topic of this Psalm, which is almost identical with the fifty-third. The Apostle Paul quotes from it to illustrate the universal sinfulness of mankind (Romans iii. 10-13, adding verses 13-18 : " Their throat is an open sepulchre," &c., from the Septuagint translation of this Psalm, retained in the English Prayer Book). The Scottish Version may here be given, in its simplicity almost a transcript of the original. Lyte has expanded the seventh verse into a brief and beautiful hymn.

First Version. C.M.

THAT there is not a God, the fool
 Doth in his heart conclude :
 They are corrupt, their works are vile,
 Not one of them doth good.

Upon men's sons the Lord from heaven
 Did cast his eyes abroad,
 To see if any understood
 And did seek after God.

First Version, continued.

They altogether filthy are,
 They all aside have gone,
 And there is none that doeth good,
 Yea, sure there is not one.

These workers of iniquity,
 Do they not know at all
 That they My people eat as bread,
 And on God do not call?

There feared they much, for God is with
 The whole race of the just.
 You shame the counsel of the poor,
 Because God is his trust.

Let Israel's help from Zion come ;
 When back the Lord shall bring
 His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
 And Israël shall sing.

*SCOTTISH VERSION.***Second Version. 7.6.**

O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home !

How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.

Let Israel home returning
 Her lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

*H. F. LYTF.***PSALM XV.***A PSALM OF DAVID.*

IN this gem of Hebrew poetry, depicting the character of a true citizen of Zion, an antidote is provided for ever to the spirit of mere ritualism. If the Psalm was composed, as is often thought, amid the joys which attended the bringing of the ark into the tabernacle on the "holy hill," more striking yet is the lesson that no outward service, however ardent or gladsome, can be a substitute for the cardinal virtues of sincerity, justice, and charity. "Love to God is only then worthy the name when it is the life and bond of every social virtue." The version of Brady and Tate is here exceptionally good. Dr. Watts well closes a somewhat prosaic rendering by the verse -

"Yet when his holiest works are done,
 His soul depends on grace alone ;
 This is the man Thy face shall see,
 And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee."

First Version. C.M.

LORD, who's the happy man, that may
 To Thy blest courts repair ;—
 Not stranger-like to visit them,
 But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves,
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves ;

Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;
 Nor hearken to the false report
 By malice whispered round ;

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though clothed in rags
 Religiously respect ;

First Version, continued.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And though he promise to his loss,
Still makes his promise good ;

Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
Unmoved for evermore shall stand,
By Providence secured.

TATE AND BRADY.

Second Version. C.M.

WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with Thee ?
And in Thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be ?

The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So does he truth express.

Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt ;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report.

In whose eyes vile men are despised ;
But those that God do fear
He honoureth ; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear.

His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus
Shall never moved be.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

PSALM XVI.

MICHTAM (POSSIBLY A GOLDEN PSALM) OF DAVID.



HE Psalms entitled *Michtam* are the following :—

- XVI. Preserve me, O God : for in Thee do I put my trust.
- LVI. Be merciful unto me, O God : for man would swallow me up.
- LVII. Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me.
- LVIII. Do ye indeed speak righteousness, O congregation ?
- LIX. Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God.
- LX. O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast scattered us.

All these indicate a time when David was surrounded by enemies—mostly *heathen* enemies : and doubly “golden,” or precious, then, must have been his communion with Israel’s God. In this Psalm, the chief trouble that besets him is that caused by the surrounding idolatry, whose allurements, however, he stedfastly resists. For the rest, he is at peace, while he rejoices in a hope which kindles into prophecy as he looks onward to the coming and the conquests of the Lord of Life. See Acts ii. 25-31 : “David speaketh concerning HIM.” It is natural that Christian poets, in reproducing the expression of the Psalmist’s consecration and holy joy, should dwell especially on this closing word of triumphant hope in Christ the promised Saviour. Dr. Watts has divided this Psalm into three parts, each expressive of some leading thought. C. Wesley has finely amplified the concluding strain.

First Version. (Part I.) L.M.

*Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the best company ; or Good Works
profit men, not God.*

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of
need !

For succour to the throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make Thee blest ;
Nor add new glory to Thy name.

Yet, Lord, Thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine ;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are
Divine.

Second Version. (Part II.) L.M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god !
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon :
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, His best-belovèd Son.

His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day His counsels guide me right ;
And be His name for ever blest
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

I set Him still before mine eyes ;
At my right hand He stands, prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting Guard.

Third Version. (Part III.) L.M.

Courage in Death, and Hope of Resurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is
strong ;
His arm is my almighty prop ;
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of Thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the
place.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. 88.6.

THE Lord Himself my portion is ;
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,
And wilt no more remove ;
My fair inheritance Thou art :
The needful thing, the better part,
I find in perfect love.

The Lord I will for ever bless ;
The Counsellor and Prince of Peace,
He teaches me His will ;
He doth with mighty pains chastise,
And makes me to salvation rise
By every scourge I feel.

Fourth Version, *continued.*

Him have I set before my face,
The pardoning God of boundless grace,
Of everlasting love ;
By faith I always see Him stand ;
And, with Him placed on my right hand,
I never shall remove.

Wherefore my heart doth now rejoice ;
I wait to hear Thy quickening voice ;
My flesh exults in hope :
Thou wilt not leave me in the grave ;
True confidence in Thee I have
That Thou wilt raise me up.

As sure as God brought back our Head,
Our great good Shepherd, from the dead,
I shall right early rise ;
My soul shall no corruption see ;
My soul, O Lord, shall rise with Thee,
And mount above the skies.

Thou wilt the path of life display,
And lead me in Thyself the Way,
Till all Thy grace is given :
Fulness of joy with Thee there is ;
Thy presence makes the perfect bliss,
And where Thou art is heaven.

C. WESLEY.

PSALM XVII.

A PRAYER OF DAVID.



HE Psalmist, surrounded by prosperous and arrogant enemies, appeals to God for protection, avowing his own integrity, and earnestly imploring deliverance. He prays in an assured faith, which goes beyond the present scenes, and lays hold on eternal life ; for the words at the conclusion, *when I awake*, can be interpreted only of a resurrection.

Dr. Watt's version is here of unapproached excellence. That of Mr. Lyte tersely paraphrases the prayer in the former part of the Psalm.

First Version. C.M.

LORD, I am Thine ; but Thou wilt
prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

What sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me
there ?

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. L.M.

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, the Heaven of Separate Souls,
and the Resurrection.*

SUPPORT me, Lord ; my hope Thou
Imperfect though my prayer ; [art,
But thou hast searched and tried my heart ;
O read my wishes there !

Fain would I walk in paths of Thine,
But Thou my help must be ;
How soon would nature's powers decline
If not sustained by Thee !

Second Version, continued.

New dangers now upon me press,
 New tempters seek my fall ;
 Arise, Almighty God of grace,
 And bear me safe through all !

O give me to behold Thy face,
 Exempt from sin's control ;
 And, waking, all Thine image trace,
 Reflected in my soul !

*H. F. LYTE.***PSALM XVIII.**

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID, THE SERVANT OF
 THE LORD, WHO SPAKE UNTO THE LORD THE WORDS OF
 THIS SONG IN THE DAY THAT THE LORD DELIVERED
 HIM FROM THE HANDS OF ALL HIS ENEMIES,
 AND FROM THE HAND OF SAUL.*



HAT the superscription of this Psalm, at least, is correct, is shown by 2 Samuel xxii., where the substance of the song is given. It is emphatically a song of deliverance, composed near the close of David's life, when his last conflicts with external foes were over and in renewing the whole series of struggles and victories, his first enemy, Saul, appears still more distinct in remembrance. Through the whole long warfare Jehovah had been with His servant, to defend and to save.

The Psalm carries our thoughts within the veil, and beyond the outward vicissitudes and struggles reveals "the arm of the Lord." In the sublimest imagery His interpositions are depicted. To the eye of faith the very heavens were bowed in answer to the Psalmist's prayer, and all the forces of the universe were aroused that the servant of God might be rescued from peril. Nor was it only for David that these wonders were wrought. His kingdom thus secured was but the type and the commencement of that greater kingdom which cannot be moved. Hence the Apostle Paul in the Epistle to the Romans applies the closing words of the Psalm to Christ : "For this cause will I confess to Thee among the Gentiles, and sing unto Thy name" (Romans xv. 9).

Versions of this Psalm have in general either attempted to follow it stanza by stanza in laboured yet feeble paraphrase, or have singled out individual points as expressive of God's love and care as manifested in the protection of all who put their trust in Him. Dr. Watts applies the language to the actual wars of the period—

" 'Tis by Thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers ;
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their towers.

* * * *

On kings that reign as David did,
 He pours His blessing down ;
 Secures their honours to their seed,
 And well supports their crown."

But we prefer a more general and spiritual application : selecting part of Keble's rendering, which has much intensity and fire, though with occasional ruggedness, and the fine paraphrases of Sternhold and Lyte.

Third Version. 87.87.887.

EARTH reeled and heaved, each mountain base
 In fear and dread commotion ;
 For He was wroth ; they reeled apace,
 They reeled like waves in ocean :
 Out of His nostrils went a smoke,
 Fire from His mouth consuming broke ;
 Before Him coals were kindling.

First Version, continued.

He bowed the heavens, the Lord came
down.

Deep night His pathway covering,
On cherubs wafted He hath flown,
On wings of wind far hovering ;
The dark His hiding-place He made,
Dark waters round, His curtain shade,
Dim air in darksome pillars.

Before Him, for the flashing light,
The deep dark clouds have parted,
And bolts of hail go forth, and bright
And burning brands are darted.
And thundered in His heaven the Lord,
His voice afar the Almighty poured,
Sharp hail and firebrands glowing.

His shafts are sped, His lightnings
shower ;

They fly, they melt before Him :
The water-springs were seen that hour
Wide open to adore Him.
The round world riven, her roots lay bare,
At one rough word of Thine, one air,
O Lord, of Thy stern breathing.

He reached from heaven, He held me fast,
From waters wild withdrew me,
From foes that mightiest o'er me past,
With keenest hate pursue me,
He won me safe : their pride and power
Outran me in my dim, dark hour ;—
The Lord was mine upholder.

J. KEEBLE.

Second Version. C.M.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth,
My strong Deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.

In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face ;
My cry before Him came ; He heard
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen ;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

And so delivered He my soul :
Who is a rock but He ?
He liveth—Blessèd be my Rock !
My God exalted be !

T. STERNHOLD, altered.

Third Version. 666.88.

WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling ?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The debt that we to mercy owe !

The storms upon us fell,
The floods around us rose,
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close ;
To God we cried in strong despair,
And God was nigh to help our prayer.

Third Version, *continued.*

He came, the King of kings,
 He bowed the sable sky ;
 And on the tempest's wings
 Rode glorious down from high.
 The earth before her Maker shook,
 The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

Above the storm He stood,
 And awed it to repose ;
 He drew us from the flood,
 And scattered all our foes.
 He set us in a spacious place,
 And there upholds us by His grace.

Whom should we love like Thee,
 Our God, our Guide, our King,
 The tower to which we flee,
 The rock to which we cling?
 O for a thousand tongues to show
 The debt that we to mercy owe !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



THE nineteenth Psalm is a fitting companion to the eighth ; each in its way telling of sunny days and starry nights spent by the youthful, meditative son of Jesse in the silent fields of Bethlehem. In each case the Psalmist gathers lessons of immortal truth and value from the contemplation. *There*, from the glories of the outward universe, he turns to man, in his contrasted insignificance and greatness ; *here*, to the Divine word, in its supreme grandeur and power. There never was a shallower criticism than that of some rationalist interpreters, who maintain that the Psalm was originally two distinct compositions, which have become incongruously united. Most beautifully rather does the second part spring from the first as its supplement and crown. Our Christian poets have in general caught this meaning of the Psalmist ; and their versions rise with the grandeur of the subject to a high excellence. Keble's rendering is a transcript of the Psalm ; those of Watts are more paraphrastic, but admirable ; and the twin poems by Addison and Sir Robert Grant are in the highest strain of Christian hymnody.

It will be remarked that Keble as well as Addison gives the true turn to the third verse, obscured in our English version by the italic *where*. The true rendering is, of course, "There is no speech nor language ; their voice is not heard ;" and yet it is added, "their line" (perhaps their *chord*, or music) "is gone out through all the earth."

First Version. *C.M.*

THE heavens are telling high and wide
 The glory of the Lord,
 The firmament and deeps of air
 His handy-work record.

Day speaks to day—a gushing fount
 Of praise that cannot fail :—
 Day unto day, and night to night,
 Tells out the wondrous tale.

No sound, no converse ; all unheard
 The solemn voice they send :
 Their line goes out o'er all the earth,
 Their words to the world's end.

In them the Lord made for the sun
 A tent and home on high,
 Who like a bridegroom quits his bower
 To tread the morning sky ;

Like champion glad to run his course,
 Comes forth from heaven's far side,
 And o'er heaven's bound his circuit takes :
 Nought from his heat may hide.

God's law is perfect and entire
 To win the wandering mind ;
 God's witness is for ever sure
 To teach the simple kind ;

First Version, *continued.*

God's rules are even, clear, and straight,
Rejoicing all the heart ;
And God's command is pure, and light
O'er eye and soul will dart.

The fear of God is undefiled,
Enduring evermore ;
God's judgments are the very truth,
All good in endless store ;

Than gold more precious, heapèd gold,
That needs no fire's assay ;
The honey and the honeycomb
Are not so sweet as they.

By these Thy servant owns the light,
And but to keep them all
Is great reward :—but who can tell
His wanderings and his fall ?

O cleanse me from my secret faults ;
Mine only Lord Thou art :—
Withdraw me from the haughty ones,
That would enthrall my heart.

So stainless in my Maker's sight
And whole may I appear,
From all my deep and deadly sin
For ever washed and clear.

So may the musings of my heart
And every breathèd word
Accepted rise to Thee, my Rock,
And my redeeming Lord.

J. KEEBLE.

Second Version. *L.M.*

*The Book of Nature and of Scripture compared ; or, the glory and success
of the Gospel.*

THE heavens declare Thy glory,
Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power con-
fess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never
stand :
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has
run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to
heaven.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *S.M.*

*God's Word most excellent ; or, sincerity and watchfulness. For the
Lord's day morning.*

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

Third Version, continued.

How perfect is Thy word !
And all Thy judgments just !
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults ;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God !

*DR. WATTS.**Fourth Version. L.M. six lines.**The Book of Nature and Scripture.*

GREAT God ! the heaven's well-ordered
frame
Declares the glories of Thy name,
There Thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun, like some young bridegroom
dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God ;
All nature joins to show Thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

I love the volume of Thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of Thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight :
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering
eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
Accept my poor attempts to praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

DR. WATTS.

Fifth Version. 7.6.

THE heavens declare His glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies :
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard ;
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word.

There from his bright pavilion,
 Like eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hailed by earth's thousand million,
 The sun sets forth ; right glad
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems ;
 Through the vast round dispensing
 His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so self-restoring
 Is truth's diviner ray,
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day ;
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise ;
 And evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

Thy word is richer treasure
 Than lurks within the mine ;
 The daintiest fare less pleasure
 Yields than the food divine.
 How wise each kind monition
 Led by Thy counsels, Lord !
 How safe the saint's condition !
 How great is their reward !

But past transgressions pain me ;
 Lord, cleanse my heart within,
 And evermore restrain me
 From all presumptuous sin.
 So let my whole behaviour,
 Thoughts, words, and actions be,
 O God, my strength and Saviour,
 Acceptable to Thee.

J. CONDER.

Sixth Version. L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim :
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though nor real voice, nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is Divine."

J. ADDISON.

Seventh Version. *L.M. double.*

This is intended as a sequel or counter-part to the well-known hymn "The spacious firmament," and corresponds to the latter portion of the nineteenth Psalm, as that hymn does to the former.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word :
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

When, taught by painful truth to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star ;
Soft gleaming then, those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to his ravished eye
Disclose the Dayspring from on high,

The heart in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray ;
Thy word can charm the spell away,
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile ;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be Paradise below.

Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;
But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM XX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS song was evidently composed for chanting in the tabernacle, on the eve of some war-like expedition. The Psalm is responsive : first, the full chorus of the congregation, with the Selah symphony ; then a solitary voice, as of the king himself, or a Levite on his behalf ; followed by the song of the warriors themselves, and closed by one verse in full chorus again. This verse, it should be added, should probably be read, not "Save, Lord ; let the king hear us when we call" ; but, "Lord, save the king ! may He hear us in the day we call."

The version of Mr. Conder well expresses the spirit of the Psalm ; that of Mr. Lyte applies it with much appropriateness and beauty to the Christian conflict generally.

First Version. 76.76.77.

IN the day of thy distress,
May Jehovah hear thee !
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near thee !
Send thee, from His holy place,
Timely aid, or strengthening grace !

May thy prayers and offerings rise,
By thy God recorded !
Thine oblations reach the skies,
Graciously rewarded !
Granted be thy heart's request ;
All thy purposes be blessed !

Thy success our hearts shall cheer ;
We with glad acclaim
Will our grateful trophies rear
In Jehovah's name.
Go beneath His guardian care,
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer !

J. CONDER.

Second Version. 7.6.

THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
And help from Zion send;
The God of grace be near thee
To comfort and befriend!
Thy human weakness strengthen,
Thy earthly wants supply,
Thy span of nature lengthen
To endless life on high!

Above His own anointed
His banner high shall wave;
Their times are all appointed;
The Lord His flock will save.

Through life's deceitful mazes
Their steps will safely bear;
Accept their feeble praises,
And hear their every prayer.

Go on, thou heir of glory!
No ill can thee betide:
The prize is still before thee,
Thy Guardian at thy side.
Who trust in mortal forces
Shall disappointed be;
But God a sure resource is,
And God shall succour thee.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XXI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



THE last Psalm," says Dean Perowne, "was a litany before the king went forth to battle: this is apparently a *Te Deum* on his return." Both were for the service of the tabernacle, and in this also the responsive construction is apparent; the first seven verses being the chorus of the congregation, the next five an address to the king, probably by the Levitical choir, and verse 13 a renewed and final chorus.

Dr. Watts has appropriately applied the Psalm to the triumph and reign of Christ; an application warranted by the words of St. Peter, who quotes from the sixth verse in his discourse on the day of Pentecost, "Thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance" (Acts ii. 28). But on the whole, the version of Mr. Keble is better sustained.

L.M.

THE King rejoiceth in Thy might,
In Thy relief how glad is He!
Thou gav'st Him all His heart's de-
light,
His lips' desire is heard by Thee.

With gifts of perfect goodness, Lord,
Thou wilt outrun His prayer and vow,
The purest of Thy gold afford
A crown for His victorious brow.

He asked Thee life, and life He won,
Long days and years for evermore;
Great is His fame, Thy saved, Thine
own,
Thy glorious beauty robes Him o'er.

All blessings on His name to flow
Thou hast ordained as years advance,
And kindled in His heart the glow,
The joy of Thine unclouded glance.

Our King, on God will He repose,
Nor swerves He, by the Lord's high
grace;
Thine arm shall reach o'er all Thy foes,
Thy right arm find the froward race.

As fire beneath a cauldron stored [hour;
Thou keep'st them for Thy wrathful
Then in His anger shall the Lord
O'erflow them, and the fire devour.

Thou from the earth their fruit wilt tear,
Their seed from mortal men: for they
Against Thee spread the unholy snare,
They dreamed of guile, they find no
way.

Thou turn'st—they fly; against their face
The strings are set of Thy keen bow.
Exalt Thee, Lord, by Thy dread grace;
We with high psalms Thy power will
show.

J. KEEBLE.

PSALM XXII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON AJJELETH SHAHAR (PROBABLY
TO THE TUNE OF "THE HIND OF THE MORNING").

A PSALM OF DAVID.



O Psalm—and it may even be added, no part of Old Testament Scripture—is so “full of CHRIST” as this. What may have been its immediate occasion is a comparatively unimportant question; enough that it plainly utters the experience of one who had deeply suffered, whose sorrow was lightened by trust in God, and who emerges from the darkness into peace and joy. In all this it affectingly sets forth the sorrows of the Son of God with the triumphs that they won. He Himself quoted the first verse upon the cross, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” the evangelists apply verse after verse to the agonies of Calvary—the derision and the scorn, the burning thirst, the piercing of the hands and feet, the division of the garments; while of the strain of triumph with which the Psalm concludes, the key-note is struck in words expressly applied to the Redeemer: “I will declare Thy name unto my brethren; in the midst of the congregation will I praise Thee” (Hebrews ii. 12). Of all who have attempted to express this sacred Psalm as a Christian hymn, perhaps Dr. Watts has succeeded best in the former section, and Mr. Goode, though too diffuse, in the latter. Lyte’s simple verses also should not be omitted.

First Version. L.M.

Christ’s Sufferings and Exaltation.

NOW let our mournful lays record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When He complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

The Jews behold Him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn,
“He rescueth others from the grave,
Now let Him try Himself to save!

“This is the man did once pretend
God was His Father and His Friend!
If God, the Blessèd, loved Him so,
Why doth He fail to help Him now?”

Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left Him in their power!

They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

But God, His Father, heard His cry;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

BEHOLD the Lord, His victory won,
His rising honours bear! [throne—
“Thy name,” He cries—and takes the
“Jehovah! I’ll declare.

“My brethren of the sons of men
Thy wondrous grace shall know:
Raised from the dead, Thy praise again
‘Midst crowded courts I’ll show.”

Now let the Church, with sacred joy,
Jehovah’s grace proclaim;
In praise their noblest powers employ,
And fear and trust His name.

When sorrow o’er the Afflicted rolled,
The Lord His aid supplied;
He heard, nor would His light withhold,
When Christ, the Saviour, cried.

Second Version, continued.

His gospel shall His grace display,
While full assemblies hear ;
Let saints their solemn vows repay,
Devoted to His fear.

The meek His table shall enjoy,
With richest mercies stored ;
And praise, in endless life, employ
The men who seek the Lord.

Blest Saviour, by Thy Spirit taught,
Earth's utmost coasts shall flee
(Thy grace in sweet remembrance brought)
In holy haste to Thee.

Nations shall worship at Thy throne ;
The kingdoms, Lord, are Thine !
Thine is the sovereignty alone,
The right, the grant divine !

Raised by Thy power, a chosen race
Their tribute shall afford ;
Blest objects of redeeming grace,
The servants of the Lord.

From age to age their joyful tongues
Thy righteousness shall praise ;
Children unborn shall join their songs,
And celebrate Thy grace.

W. GOODI.

Third Version. C.M.

MY Saviour, how Thy soul was awed,
When, hanging on the tree,
Thou criest aloud, "My God, my God,
Hast Thou forsaken Me?"

When angry foes around Thee strove,
And faithless friends forsook,
And earth below, and heaven above,
Wore one dark threatening look !

Beneath Thy cross, Lord, let me lie,
Thy bleeding love to view ;
And weep, and watch, and pray that I
May ne'er those wounds renew.

Beneath Thy cross, O let me lie,
And mark what Thou hast won,
And hear Thy last triumphant cry,
"Tis done ! the work is done !"

Lord, let my soul that triumph share ;
I look to Thee to save.
Where is thy sting, O death ? and where
Thy victory, O grave ?

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XXIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



THIS Psalm in its simple tenderness appeals like familiar music to the hearts of all. It is itself a Christian hymn, read in the light of His words who said, "I am the good Shepherd." It can hardly be doubted that the imagery was taken from David's remembrances of those early days when he watched his father's flocks at Bethlehem ; and as little can it be questioned that it gathers up the choicest experiences of his mature life. The poet-king at the close of his career goes back to the memories of his boyhood for the emblems of his deepest trust and dearest hope, and so has furnished meet expression for all, in every stage and scene of life, who rest in the love and care of God. It should be noted that, superadded to the picture of a shepherd and his flock, is that of a festal banquet at which the child of God is a happy guest. And the *for ever* which crowns the Psalm directs the thought onward to the celestial joy.

In preparing versions of this Psalm, those have succeeded best who, like Keble, Rawson, and the author of the Scottish Version, have been most literally faithful to every phrase and sentence ; while the paraphrase of Addison, first published in the *Spectator*, July 26, 1712, though somewhat overlaid with ornament, is too poetical to be omitted. The three versions of Watts, two of which are here given, occupy an intermediate place between these extremes.

First Version. *C.M.*

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea ! though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd,
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

Second Version. *C.M.*

God our Shepherd.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways ;
And leads me for His mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !

There I would find a settled rest
(While others go and come),
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *S.M.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

Third Version, *continued.*

In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. *C.M.*

MY Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
No care or craving need :
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead :

I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art ;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still ;
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

For me Thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

He brings me on the righteous path,
Even for His name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of death
My dreary way I take ?

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

J. KEELF.

This version was sung at Mr. Keble's funeral.

Fifth Version. *C.M.*

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed :
I shall not want, for I am His,
He careth for my need.

When darkness comes and death is near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod ;
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.

His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly,
The quiet waters by.

Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit, bless ;
My cup of comfort overflows
With tender faithfulness.

And so restoreth He my soul ;
And when I go astray
He brings me back with sweet control
Into the rightful way.

Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days ;
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise.

G. RAWSON.

Sixth Version. *L.M. six lines.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noonday walks He will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Sixth Version, *continued.*

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned ;
 And streams shall murmur all around.

J. ADDISON.

PSALM XXIV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

IT is scarcely doubtful that this Psalm celebrates the removal of the ark into the tabernacle ; or, in other words, the symbolic entrance of Jehovah into His chosen sanctuary. Beginning with an assertion of God's dominion over all the earth, it claims one spot as pre-eminently His. Only the pure in heart shall stand with acceptance before Him there. Such are the true "Jacob"—the Israel of Jehovah (ver. 6). Let these be gathered ; then "the gates lift up their heads," and in the midst of His worshippers the King of Glory cometh in. By the magnificence of its strain, the Christians of all ages have been led to apply the Psalm to the Ascension of Christ to heaven. Our modern paraphrasts have adopted both meanings of the Psalm. Bowdler's fine version, which with a little more definiteness in its Christian application would be altogether admirable, and the translation from Wieszel in the *Lyra Germanica*, take the former and more obvious view. Charles Wesley, according to his wont, soars from the earthly temple to the heavenly realm ; and the latter part of his version makes a noble Ascension hymn.

First Version. 88.6.

JEHOVAH'S throne is fixed above,
 And bright through all the courts of
 His angel choirs appear : [love
 Ah ! how shall man ascend so high,
 A feeble race condemned to die,
 The heirs of guilt and fear ?

Shall towering strength, or eagle flight,
 Essay to win the sacred height
 By saint and seraph trod ?
 That living light, that holiest air,
 The guiltless heart alone shall share,
 The pure behold their God.

Yet think not that with fruitless pain
 One tear shall drop, one sigh in vain
 Repentant swell thy breast ;
 See, see the great Redeemer come,
 To bear His exiled children home
 Triumphant to their rest.

Even now from earth's remotest end
 Ten thousand thousand voices blend,
 To bless the Saviour's power ;
 Within Thy temple, Lord, we stand
 With willing heart, a pilgrim band,
 And wait the promised hour.

Then high your golden portals raise,
 Ye everlasting gates of praise,
 Ye heavens the triumph share ;
 Messiah comes with all his train,
 He comes to claim His purchased reign,
 And rest for ever there !

BOWDLER.

Second Version. *L.M.*

THE earth with all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord ;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at His word.

His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is,
Launched on the floods this solid ball,
And fixed it in the floating seas.

But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face ?

The man whose hands and heart are
clean
That blessèd portion shall receive ;
Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

He shall obtain the starry crown ;
And, numbered with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

This is the chosen royal race
That seek their Saviour-God to see ;
To see in holiness Thy face,
O Jesus, and be joined to Thee.

Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
Whose prayers, and tears, and blood
inclined
Thy Father's majesty to impart
His Name, His Love, to all mankind.

Our Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high !
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

" Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in ! "

" Who is the King of Glory ? Who ? "
" The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

Lo ! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! "

" Who is the King of Glory ? Who ? "
" The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed ! "

C. WESLEY.

Third Version. *L.M. six lines.*

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates ! Behold the King of Glory waits ; The King of kings is drawing near, The Saviour of the world is here ; Life and salvation doth He bring, Rejoice aloud, and gladly sing.</p> | <p>The Lord is just, a helper tried ; Mercy is ever at his side. His kingly crown is holiness, His sceptre, pity in distress ; The end of all our woe He brings, And all the earth is glad and sings.</p> |
|---|---|

Third Version, *continued.*

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer, come ! I open wide
 My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
 Let me Thine inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
 Until the glorious crown be won !

GEORGE WIESZEL.

Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

PSALM XXV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

HIS is the first of the "Acrostic Psalms," in which the verses begin with successive letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The others are the 34th, 37th, 111th, 112th, 119th (where each series of eight verses so begins), and the 145th. Such a method of construction necessarily causes a somewhat miscellaneous treatment of the theme : the words themselves, rather than a continuity of thought, having to be considered ; and it is maintained by many critics, but inconclusively, that the method belongs to a time much later than that of David. The burden of the prayer which the Psalm contains is the deliverance from enemies, but it may be applied to any period of grievous affliction. The first version here given may be accepted as appropriately expressing the spirit of the Psalm ; that by Dr. Watts is close and faithful ; nor should the fine antique rendering of Sandys be omitted.

First Version. *L.M. six lines.*

BE Thou, O Lord, my Guide and stay,
 When doubts and fears perplex my way ;
 And help me, when the Tempter's wile
 Plies craftily my own heart's guile :
 Assunshine breaks through clouds and rain,
 Break through the mist of grief and pain.

I know Thou art not far, O Lord,
 From him who walketh by Thy word ;
 I know 'tis but the cloud of sin
 That veils Thee from my heart within ;
 I know Thou dost not hide Thy face
 From him who trusts Thy plenteous grace.

But ah ! my flesh doth faint and fail,
 My weak heart errs, my fears prevail,
 Mine eyes grow dim, I cannot see
 The Presence that is life to me ;
 Hold me, O Lord, that I may know
 Thou still art with me here below.

Still keep me close, nor let me stray ;
 But hold me up, and guide my way ;
 When light is dim and path obscure,
 Still let me feel Thy mercies sure,
 And know, if only by Thy rod,
 My Father near, my faithful God.

WALTER C. SMITH.

Second Version. *S.M.*

MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord ;
 I love to plead His promises,
 And rest upon His word.

Turn, turn Thee to my soul,
 Bring Thy salvation near ;
 When will Thy hand release my feet
 Out of the deadly snare ?

When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wandering feet have trod ?

The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe :
 My spirit languishes, my heart
 Is desolate and low.

Second Version, continued.

With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on mine anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. L.M. six lines.

ON Thee with confidence I call,
To Thee my troubled soul erect;
Lord, let not shame my look deject,
Nor malice triumph in my fall;
Thy servants save, but those confound
Who innocence with slander wound.

In Thy disclosed paths direct;
Thy truth, that leading Star, display;
O my Redeemer! every day
My dangers Thy relief expect.
Think of Thy mercies shown of old,
Thy mercies more than can be told.

The sins of my unbridled youth,
Nor frail transgressions call to mind.
Let those that seek Thy mercy find,
Even for the honour of Thy truth,
God, ever just and good, the way
Of life will show to such as stray;

The meek in righteousness shall guide,
To such His heavenly will express;
Which shall with faith and mercy bless
All such as in His laws abide.
My sins, so numerous and great,
O! for Thy honour, Lord, forget.

What's he who fears the ever Blest?
To him shall He His paths disclose,
His soul refreshed with calm repose,
The land by his fair race possess;
To him His counsels shall impart,
And seal His covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed eyes I wait:
My feet enlarge Thou from their snares,
O pity me, so worn with cares,
Despised, poor, and desolate!
The troubles of my mind increase;
Lord, from their galling yoke release!

Behold Thou my affliction,
The toil and strife wherein I live;
My sins, so infinite, forgive.
Behold my foes, how potent grown,
How are they multiplied of late
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from shame protect,
Since from my faith I never swerve;
Let innocence and truth preserve
Who constantly Thy aid expect.
Redeem Thy chosen Israel,
And sorrow from his breast expel.

G. SANDYS.

PSALM XXVI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



SELF-JUSTIFICATION " has been given as a title to this Psalm. It is an appeal to God by one who, though surrounded by foes, is conscious of his own integrity, and who can appeal to the Searcher of hearts to do him justice. Probably the Psalm belongs to the time of Absalom's rebellion, to which also the longing expressed for the sanctuary well

applies. See 2 Samuel xv. 25. 26. In adapting the Psalm to Christian uses, the thought of dependence on God for every good and pure thought, with that of acceptance only through Christ, must be introduced, and Mr. Lyte's paraphrase, conceived in this sense, is of much simple beauty.

C.M.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and try my heart,
For Thou that heart canst see;
And bid each idol thence depart
That dares compete with Thee.

Though weak and cleaving to the dust,
My soul adores Thee still;
Thy grace and truth are all my trust;
O mould me to Thy will!

Thy altar, Lord, I would embrace
With hands by Christ made clean:
I love Thy house, I love the place
Where Thy bright face is seen.

O guide me in Thy love and fear;
My soul on Thee I cast:
I would not walk with sinners here,
To share their doom at last.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XXVII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



It is not improbable that this Psalm also belongs to the period of Absalom's rebellion. There are two main divisions of the strain. In the former, as Hengstenberg puts it, the Psalmist, rising heavenward on the wings of faith, looks down with contempt on trouble and danger below; in the latter, he takes his stand amid his earthly trouble, and with the confidence which his upward flight had given him he appeals to his heavenly Helper. The Psalm in both parts has been a favourite subject with modern paraphrasts, as it is dear to all suffering Christians. The first version here given is one of Dr. Watts's best; his "second part" is very inferior; Montgomery's is strong and triumphant; Charles Wesley applies the latter part of the Psalm with great delicacy and beauty; and the version by Miss Steele (given with some abridgment) admirably reflects the varying tones of the entire Psalm.

First Version. *C.M.*

The Church is our delight and safety.

THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!

There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may His children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 7.6.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand :
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase :
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord shall give thee peace.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Third Version. *L.M.*

THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light :
What terrors can my soul affright ?
While God, my Strength, my Life, is near,
What potent arm shall make me fear ?

This only boon my heart desires,
For this my ardent wish aspires—
In God's own house to spend my days,
My life devoted to His praise.

When troubles rise, my guardian God
Will hide me safe in His abode.
Firm as a rock my hopes shall stand,
Sustained by His almighty hand.

When Thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek Thy smiling face,
My heart replied to Thy kind word,
"Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord."

Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,
My God, on whom my hopes descend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.

Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait ;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
O ever wait upon the Lord !

MISS A. STEELE.

Fourth Version. *C.M.*

TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek :
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

C. WLSLEY.

PSALM XXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



THIS Psalm, like the two preceding, probably refers to the time of Absalom's rebellion. The royal writer, beset by enemies, and in great peril, "lifts up his hands" towards God's holy Temple, and, soothed and encouraged by prayer, celebrates in thankful songs the assurance of deliverance. Nor do his supplication and trust relate to himself alone. As the anointed king of Israel, he speaks on behalf of Jehovah's people, and teaches the Church of all time to stay itself upon its Divine Protector. The last verse of the Psalm is incorporated into the *Te Deum*: "Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever."

L.M.

BLEST be the Lord, who heard my
prayer,
The Lord, my shield, my help, my song,
Who saved my soul from sin and fear,
And filled with praise my thankful
tongue.

In the dark hour of deep distress,
By foes beset, of death afraid,
My spirit trusted in His grace,
And sought and found His heavenly aid.

O blest Redeemer of mankind!
My shield Thy saving strength shall
be;—
The shield, the strength of every mind
That loves Thy name and trusts in
Thee.

Remember, Lord, Thy chosen seed;
Israel defend from guilt and woe:
Thy flock in richest pastures feed,
And guard their steps from every foe.

Zion exalt, her cause maintain,
With peace and joy her courts surround;
In showers let endless blessings rain,
And all the world Thy praise resound.

DR. DWIGHT.

PSALM XXIX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



THE occasion of this Psalm appears to have been a thunderstorm, watched from the hill of Zion, as it gathered darkly in the north—"Lebanon and Sirion" (or anti-Lebanon)—and advanced with crashing thunder-peals and forked lightnings to the south—"Kadesh,"—then passed away in floods of rain, followed by bright sunshine and soft calm over Jerusalem. All this is made to symbolise the awfulness of God's majesty, and the glory of His love. The Psalm is said by Jewish writers to have been one of those that were sung on the Feast of Pentecost; and as this festival commemorated the giving of the Law amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, the application was most appropriate. Many versions have well caught the tone of majesty which pervades the Psalm, and have worthily expressed the thought of peace with which it concludes. The strain, says Delitzsch, begins with *Glory to God in the highest*, and ends with *Peace on earth*.

First Version. L.M.

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims His power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.

First Version, continued.

He speaks ; and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around,
The fearful hart, the frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

To Lebanon He turns His voice,
And lo ! the stately cedars break ;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King ;
But makes His Church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm, His Word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye mighty ones,
The majesty of might !
Ascribe to Him almightiness ;
Ye know it is His right.

Give holy worship to His name,
Then, radiant from His shrine,
The beauty of His holiness
Resting on you shall shine.

Hark to His voice ! The crashing peal
Rolls o'er the waters wide ;
The God of glory thundereth,
Startling the ocean tide.

Voice of the Lord ! in majesty ;
Voice of the Lord ! in power ;
Cedars of sky-girt Lebanon
Shivered and hurtling cower.

Voice of the Lord ! The mountains flee ;
Like their wild herds they leap !
The quivering flames of lightning rush
Divided from the steep.

Voice of the Lord ! The oaks, all scathed,
Tremble with frightened scare ;
The wilderness, it howls in dread !
The forests are laid bare.

There is an answer, sweet and calm !
The song that upward swells,
When in His temple every soul
The Lord's great glory tells.

O'er the wide deluge¹ He of old
Sat like a King to reign ;
So sits for ever ! whilst the storms
And mad floods rage in vain.

Safe, then, His people : shielded well
By love that cannot cease :
Their strength is His omnipotence,
Their blessing is His peace.

G. RAWSON.

PSALM XXX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

A SONG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE.



ALL that can be asserted respecting the occasion of this Psalm is that it celebrates recovery from deadly sickness. Nothing in the contents associates it with any known period of David's career, nor is it plain to what "house" the title refers. If to the Temple, the song was anticipatory, and may have been uttered on the acquisition of Araunah's threshing-floor, gratefully acknowledging the cessation of the pestilence. But to this view

¹ In the Hebrew of ver. 10, the word for *flood* is that used elsewhere exclusively for the Deluge, and the tense of the verb is past—not *sitteth* but *sat*—as in the above version.

it is reasonably objected that the plague did not affect David himself, and the Psalm speaks of a *personal* recovery. Was it, then, David's own house that was dedicated in this grateful strain? That he entered on its possession after some grievous affliction is very possible, although the history makes no reference to the fact. Or the title may be (as conjectured by Jennings and Lowe) a liturgical addition of some later age, denoting the *use* of the Psalm at a dedication festival, probably that of Nehemiah.

Of the versions selected the first and third are the more literal; the second applies the language of the Psalm with much felicity to restoration from spiritual maladies.

First Version. *L.M. six lines.*

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>O GRACIOUS Lord, to whom in vain Thy suffering people ne'er complain; Whose mighty arm and healing power Are present in the needful hour, Accept the grateful songs we raise, The humble tribute of our praise.</p> | <p>Thy justly kindled wrath, how brief! Thy love, how prompt to give relief! The tears that bathe our couch at night Are chased away ere morning light; For grief will be a transient guest Within the Christian's faithful breast.</p> |
|---|---|

Receive then, Lord, the thanks we owe,
Thou who hast changed our weeds of woe
For robes of joy and songs of praise,
And crowned with endless love our days:
Oh, let our loudest notes proclaim
Glory to Thy Almighty Name.

Hallelujah.

HARRIET AUBER.

Second Version. *C.M.*

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>I WILL exalt Thee, Lord of hosts: Thou hast exalted me! Since Thou hast silenced Satan's boasts I'll therefore boast in Thee.</p> <p>My sins had brought me near the grave, The grave of black despair; I looked, but there was none to save, Till I looked up in prayer.</p> <p>In answer to my piteous cries, From hell's dark brink I'm brought: My Jesus saw me from the skies, And swift salvation wrought.</p> | <p>All through the night I wept full sore, But morning brought relief; That hand, which broke my bones before, Then broke my bonds of grief.</p> <p>My mourning He to dancing turns, For sackcloth, joy He gives; A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns, But long Thy favour lives.</p> <p>Sing with me, then, ye favoured men, Who long have known His grace; With thanks recall the season when Ye also sought His face.</p> |
|--|--|

C. H. SPURGEON.

Third Version. *L.M.*

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>I PRAISE Thee, Lord, who o'er my foes Hast raised my head in triumph high; Not slow to mark my secret woes, Nor deaf to my desponding cry. I praise Thee, Lord, my heart was faint, My feet were sinking to the grave, But Thou wast nigh to hear my plaint, To hear, to heal me, and to save.</p> | <p>A moment, and Thine anger dies; Thy grace is life for evermore: The sun may set on weeping eyes, But joy returns when night is o'er. In song before the Lord rejoice, His praise let all His saints proclaim, And still, with thankful heart and voice, Give glory to His holy name.</p> |
|--|---|

Third Version, *continued.*

In prosperous times I dared to say,
 "My mountain stands for ever sure,"
 But Thou didst turn Thy face away ;—
 O grief too heavy to endure !
 And then I raised my voice in prayer :
 "Lord, to my humble suit attend ;
 In pity yet Thy servant spare,
 And be my helper and my friend.

"What profit in my blood is found?
 What voices from the tomb are heard?
 Can dust to distant years resound
 The mercies of Thy faithful word?"
 Gladness for mourning Thou hast given,
 That I may thank Thee all my days,
 And every saint in earth and heaven
 Swell the loud anthem of Thy praise.

DR. B. H. KENNEDY.

PSALM XXXI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



HE sorrows and trust of the Royal Psalmist, as here expressed, were shown in many an hour of his changeful experience ; and while few Psalms are more characteristically David's own, there are few to which it is more difficult to assign a date. Agonizing sorrow prompts the prayer, but even while the supplication is breathed the assurance of a gracious answer enkindles the spirit of praise. The appropriateness of the strain to the people of God in many a trial is expressively shown by the re-echoes of the Psalm in the prayer of Jonah (chap. ii.), and many a passage of Jeremiah's. The phrase *Magor-missabib*, "terror round about," occurring several times in the latter prophet, has its origin here (verse 13). But above all is this Psalm, like the twenty-second, hallowed to every Christian through the use of its words by Christ upon His cross : "Into Thine hand I commend My spirit" (verse 5).

The best versions of the Psalm are in the highest sense *evangelical*. Three are selected here ; one of which, by Miss Steele, counts among her happiest efforts, being free from the diffuseness of most of her paraphrases.

First Version. *L.M.*

LORD, in Thy great, Thy glorious name,
 I place my hope, my only trust ;
 Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
 Thou ever Gracious, ever Just.

Thou art my Rock, Thy name alone
 The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
 O make Thy power and mercy known,
 And safely guide my wandering feet.

To Thy kind hand, O gracious Lord,
 My soul I cheerfully resign ;
 My Saviour God, I trust Thy word,
 For truth, immortal truth, is Thine.

I hate their works, I hate their ways,
 Who follow vanity and lies ;
 But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
 And trust His power who built the skies.

What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord,
 Immensely great, divinely free,
 Hast Thou reserved for their reward,
 Who fear Thy name, and trust in Thee !

Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
 Whose mercy bids my fears remove ;
 The sacred walls which guard my rest
 Are His almighty power and love.

Ye humble souls who seek His face,
 Let sacred courage fill your heart,
 Hope in the Lord, and trust His grace,
 And He shall heavenly strength impart.

MISS A. STEELE.

Second Version. *S.M.*

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love Divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest ;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform :
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. *L.M.*

LORD, my hope is all in Thee,
I may not sink in endless shame ;
Redeem me by Thy just decree,
Bow down and hear the prayer I frame ;

Make haste and free me ; be my tower,
My tower of might and strongest hold,
To save me now in fearful hour ;
For Thou hast been my Rock of old,

My fortress in the lonely wild ; [praise
And for Thine own high Name and
Thou lead'st me like a shepherd mild,
And guid'st me in refreshing ways.

They laid a snare along my way—
Thou lift'st me o'er, and lett'st me go—
For Thou art all my strength and stay,
My soul, mine all, on Thee I throw.

My spirit in Thy hand I trust,
Thy hand of power and love Divine ;
O Lord my God, supreme and just,
Thou hast redeemed me to be Thine.

The men who hold by dreams and lies,
I cannot bear them in my sight :
Far elsewhere I turn my eyes,
I lean on Thee, Thou God of might.

My heart is light, I spring for joy,
To think upon Thy pitying care,
For Thou hast seen my sad annoy,
Mine aching heart to Thee lies bare.

Thou leav'st me not to wear my chain,
A prisoner in the avenger's hand :
Thou sett'st me on the unbounded plain,
And bidd'st me free and fearless stand.

J. KEEBLE.

PSALM XXXII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

MASCHIL, I.E., "DIDACTIC," OR "SKILFULLY CONSTRUCTED."



HIS is the second of the "Seven Penitential Psalms" (vi., xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii.), and the first of the thirteen entitled "Maschil" (xxxii., xlii., xlv., xlv., lii.-lv., lxxiv., lxxviii., lxxxviii., lxxxix., cxlii.). Whether the latter term refers to matter or to style is doubtful. It is found once in the body of a Psalm (xlvii. 7 : "Sing ye praises *maschil*," "with understanding"). Some of the Psalms so designated are not pre-eminently didactic, while the skill and beauty of construction which characterise them all favour the application of the term to the style of composition.

The Psalm utters the feelings of one who after sinning deeply has found mercy. God has heard his earnest, heart-broken prayer, as expressed in the Fifty-first Psalm ; and the penitent rejoices in free forgiveness, not forgetting his vow : "then will I teach transgressors Thy ways." In the Epistle to the Romans, the Thirty-second Psalm is quoted as describing "the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works" (chap. iv. 9).

The Psalm has four leading divisions, marked by the musical pause *Selah*. In the first, the

Psalmist calls to mind his sin and grief (verses 1-4); the second commemorates Divine forgiveness (verse 5); the third applies David's experience to the encouragement and comfort of all who trust in God (verses 6, 7); and the last deduces lessons of wisdom (verses 8-11).

No Psalm is richer than this in evangelical teaching, and it has always accordingly been very dear to the Church. The versions are of level merit, and it is difficult to select the best.

First Version. S.M.

Forgiveness of sins upon Confession.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

HOW blest, whose sin is all forgiven,
Whose guilt is veiled o'er!
How blest the man, whom God in heaven
A rebel counts no more!

The spirit where no guile is known!—
In silence long I lay,
My bones all day with inward moan
Consumed and worn away.

The heavy hand lay sad and sore
Upon me day and night,
In drought of summer spent, and o'er
Mine early dew so bright.

Then would I speak to Thee my sin,
Mine ill I durst not hide:
"My God shall hear what I have been,
I will own all," I cried.

Far off Thy pardoning mercy bare
The stain of all my crime:
For this each saint shall breathe his prayer
To Thee in happy time.

He prays in heaven's accepted hour:—
Who wait till floods are high,
Till stormy waters round them pour,
To Him may ne'er come nigh.

A sheltering home art Thou to me,
Thou keep'st me safe from woe,
Thou fill'st with songs of liberty
The glad air as I go.

In God the Lord be bright with joy;
Ye righteous men, rejoice:
Glad praise be every heart's employ,
That makes the truth her choice.

J. KEELE.

PSALM XXXIII.



THERE is nothing to fix this Psalm to any author or particular occasion, save that the Septuagint Version ascribes it to David. The probability seems to be that it bears no title in the Hebrew text, because, like the Tenth Psalm, it was regarded as a continuance of the preceding. Its first verse, in fact, echoes the last of Psalm xxxii.; and, as has been strikingly suggested, it may be taken throughout as one of those "songs of deliverance" mentioned in the seventh verse of that Psalm. It commemorates, in bright exalted strains, the glory of God in creation, providence, and grace; and from the regularity of its metrical structure it was evidently intended for service in the sanctuary.

The version by Tate is here of exceptional excellence, and Dr. Watts also has finely caught the spirit of the inspired song.

First Version. *C.M.*

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise :
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with His goodness crowned.

By His almighty word at first
 The heavenly arch was reared ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At His command appeared.

The swelling floods together rolled
 He makes in heaps to lie,
 And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
 The watery treasures by.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before Him trembling stand ;
 For when He spoke the word 'twas made,
 'Twas fixed at His command.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure :
 The settled purpose of His heart
 To ages shall endure.

How happy, then, are they to whom
 The Lord our God is known ;
 Whom He, from all the world besides,
 Has chosen for His own !

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
 Do Thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.

*TATE AND BRADY.*Second Version. *C.M.**Works of Creation and Providence.*

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
 This work belongs to you :
 Sing of His name, His ways, His word,
 How holy, just, and true !

His mercy and His righteousness
 Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal His wondrous name.

His wisdom and almighty word
 The heavenly arches spread ;
 And by the Spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep ;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before Him stand ;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on His command.

Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
 And bless us from Thy throne ;
 For we have made Thy word our choice,
 And trust Thy grace alone.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM XXXIV.

*A PSALM OF DAVID, WHEN HE CHANGED HIS BEHAVIOUR BEFORE
 ABIMELECH, WHO DROVE HIM AWAY, AND HE DEPARTED.*



THE story of the persecuted Psalmist's visit to the Philistine king, and of his abrupt departure, is told in 1 Samuel xxi. 10-15, where for the royal title *Abimelech* we have the individual appellation *Achish*. There is no reason for doubting the authenticity of the inscription ; indeed, a mere copyist from the history would scarcely have altered the name of the king. The Psalm then expresses the unwavering trust of David amid the most adverse

and apparently hopeless circumstances. For a time his home is the wilderness ; the young lions (verse 10) prowl around his hiding-place ; yet is he true to the spirit of praise, and earnest in inculcating on those around him the great lessons of piety and trust. " The former part of the Psalm," writes Mr. Spurgeon, " is a HYMN, the latter part a SERMON." The Psalm in the original is alphabetical. See xxv.

Tate's version of this Psalm has become one of the classics of English hymnody. Conder's also is of great excellence.

First Version. C.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From mine example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress on Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love ;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in Him,
And see their wants supplied.

TATE AND BRADY.

Second Version. C.M. six lines.

FOR ever will I bless the Lord,
Nor cease His praise to speak ;
My song His goodness shall record,
That the oppressed and weak
May trust in Him, who will reward
The humble and the meek.

O magnify the Lord with me,
Come, join His name to bless ;
To Him did I in trouble flee,
He saved me from distress :
O let Him, then, your refuge be,
Nor shall you fail to succour.

He is a God who heareth prayer ;
He raised me from the dust :
His angel bands keep station where
Dangers would harm the just :
Then try His love, and trust His care ;
Blessed are they who trust.

God on His saints looks watchful down,
His ear attends their cry :
The wicked sink beneath His frown,
Their very name shall die ;
But He, at length, the just will crown
With victory and with joy.

The broken heart His grace shall heal,
His hand the contrite raise :
Many the woes the righteous feel,
Yet still, in all their ways,
Kept by His power, they bear the seal
Of His redeeming grace.

JOSIAH CONDER.

PSALM XXXV.*A PSALM OF DAVID.*

IN all probability this Psalm belongs to the same period as the Thirty-fourth, and presents another side of the Psalmist's character. In the one he has expressed unshaken confidence in the Divine care, notwithstanding persecution and peril ; now, turning to his persecutors, he appeals to God against them. If the occasion of the earlier Psalm is to be sought in 1 Samuel xxi., the tone of this succeeding one is in the twenty-fourth chapter of the same book (verse 15), "The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand." It is true that in David's utterances, as recorded in the history, there is no trace of the indignation that breathes and burns through this Psalm ; but there is no reason why he should not have risen at times from his ordinary mood to this strain of lyrical passion. It should be remembered further, in reference to the energy of the Psalmist's denunciations, that he is appealing to God to assert His own eternal righteousness, which could be manifested in no more effectual way than in the downfall of those who were endeavouring to contravene His purposes. The typical reference of this Psalm to the Messiah has been recognised by most Christian expositors ; and the Rev. W. Goode, in his version, has adapted its several parts with some success to the stages of Christ's great conflict. Mr. Lyte's paraphrase is a beautifully simple expression of the Christian's trust.

C.M.

O PLEAD my cause, blest Saviour,
plead !
I trust it all to thee ;
Thou who didst once for sinners bleed,
A sinner save in me.

Assure my weak, desponding heart,
My threatening foes restrain ;
O tell me Thou my helper art,
And all their rage is vain.

When round Thy cross they rushed to
kill,
How was their fury foiled !
Their madness only wrought Thy will,
And on themselves recoiled.

The great salvation there achieved
My hope shall ever be ;
My soul has in her Lord believed,
And He will rescue me.

*H. F. LYTE.***PSALM XXXVI.***TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID, THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.*

ABRIEF description of the character of the godless man leads to a magnificent delineation of the Divine righteousness and love. The period in the Psalmist's history to which it refers was evidently one of exposure to the machinations of haughty enemies. Either the persecution by Saul or the conspiracy of Absalom may have occasioned it ; or, perhaps, some unknown event in David's history, as the Psalm is without any definite allusions. The paraphrase by Dr. Watts is one of his most successful, and that by Mr. Lyte is a beautiful Christian hymn.

First Version. L.M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

First Version, continued.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam, in distress, [spring !
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 8.8.6.

O THOU whom thoughtless men con-
temn,
And yet who ne'er neglectest them,
My soul would Thee adore.
Thy love the heaven of heaven transcends,
Thy faithfulness, Thy truth extends
Beyond where thought can soar.

Thy justice like the mountains stands ;
Vast are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments deep and broad ;
And all Thy creatures, man and beast,
Down from the loftiest to the least,
Thy bounty share, O God.

But blest, o'er all the heirs of grace,
The favoured souls that find a place
Beneath a Saviour's wing.
How from Thy table are they fed,
How drink they from the fountain
head
The mercies of their King !

The springs of life are all with Thee ;
Light in Thy light alone we see—
Creator, Father, Friend.
Still on our souls Thy graces shed,
Still feed us with Thy living bread,
And keep us to the end.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XXXVII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

THIS is the third Alphabetical Psalm (see xxv. and xxxiv.). It justifies the equity of God's dealings against the hasty conclusions drawn from partial views of human life. "It proceeds throughout on the principle of certain and complete retribution. The real peace, prosperity, deliverance, and salvation of the righteous are absolutely certain ; so also the ruin and destruction of the wicked. Some expressions point to a future state (see verses 18, 27, 29, 37) ; but the point of view is altogether that of the Law. It is the teaching of the old dispensation, which nowhere stands out more distinct, more complete, or in a nobler and more attractive form. Still it leaves the real problem of life but very partially solved, and suggests difficulties which could only be removed by Him who brought life and immortality to light." ¹ The versions selected, while true to the ethical tone of the original, do not omit to introduce the higher teaching of the Gospel.

First Version. 7s.

STRIVE not others' faults to see,
Grieve not at another's gain ;
Strive thou from thine own to flee,
Grieve alone at sin's sad stain.
Make the Lord thy sole delight,
Trust thy way unto His care ;
Thou shalt shine as morning light,
Thou shalt all His goodness share.

Fret not, though the wicked scorn,
Envy not their boasted pelf ;
Though they high exalt their horn,
Seeking but to live for self.
Better is a good man's lot,
Better far, though low it be,
Than if riches be ill-got,
Gain which leads to misery.

¹ "Speaker's Commentary."

First Version, *continued.*

Fret not, though thou slandered be,
 All is ordered for the best ;
 God shall send and comfort thee,
 Till He take thee to His rest.
 Hold thou, then, upon thy Lord,
 Patiently in Him abide ;
 Pray that He may grace afford,
 Trustfully in Him confide.

Fret not, lest thou evil do ;
 But all murmuring thoughts repress,
 Only to thy God be true,
 Thou shalt heaven and earth possess.
 Whilst below, in wisdom walk,
 Then of Him thou shalt be taught ;
 Only of His mercy talk,
 And the wonders He hath wrought.

*HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.*Second Version. *S.M.*

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To Him commend thy cause, His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

His everlasting truth,
 His ceaseless, watchful love
 Sees all His children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.

He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path, unsullied light.

Give to the winds thy fears :
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou His time—so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

*PAUL GERHARDT.
 Translated by J. WESLEY*

Third Version. *C.M.*

LET no vain thoughts disturb thy
 breast,
 No anxious doubts confound,
 When we behold the just oppressed,
 With honour sinners crowned.

O envy not their wealth or power,
 'Tis like the transient bloom
 Of summer's gay but fading flower,
 And fearful is their doom.

In God Jehovah be our trust,
 Our law His holy will,
 For He, all merciful and just,
 Can all our hopes fulfil.

He gives the treasures that endure
 When earthly stores decay ;
 Gives an inheritance secure
 Which ne'er shall fade away.

With mines of wealth are sinners poor,
 Unblessing and unblessed ;
 But rich the man, whate'er his store,
 Of inward peace possessed.

At tender pity's urgent call,
 His mite is gladly given ;
 Though poor the gift, the offering small,
 Its record stands in heaven.

Third Version, continued.

Ne'er shall he be in life bereft
Of God's protecting care;
Nor yet his duteous offspring left
Unsolaced ills to bear.

And mark the Christian's dying hour,
No fears, no doubts annoy;
His trust is in his Saviour's power,
His end is peace and joy.

HARRIET AUBER.

PSALM XXXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID, TO BRING TO REMEMBRANCE.



HIS third of the "Penitential Psalms" (see on Psalm xxxii.) is also the saddest in its misery. To the agony of a burdened conscience are added the pangs of bodily disorder; and the cry of a broken heart is not followed, as in the Fifty-first and Thirty-second Psalms, by the language of confidence and praise. All that the penitent Psalmist as yet can do is to bring his mournful call "to remembrance" before God. (See Psalm lxx. *heading*.) If the three Psalms, as is probable, relate to David's great transgression, this must be the first in order. From verse 17 Bunyan has taken the name of one of his characters—"Ready-to-halt."

It is difficult to render into modern Christian speech this cry of sore distress. The version given is perhaps the best.

L.M.

REBUKE us, Father, but in love;
Let all Thy chastenings mercies
prove;
With every stroke Thy grace impart,
And let them move, not break, the heart.

Thy hand is heavy, but our sin
Is heavier still our souls within:
It whelms, it sinks us to the grave,
Arise, Redeemer, help and save!

Our hearts are open, Lord, to Thee;
Our inmost wish Thine eye can see:
Thou know'st our dangers, foes, and
snares,
And wilt not scorn our humble prayers.

In Thee we hope, on Thee we rest,
O give us what Thou seest the best!
Our Guide through every trial past,
O lead us safely home at last!

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XXXIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, EVEN TO JEDUTHUN.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



JEDUTHUN, Asaph, and Heman were the three masters of the Tabernacle choir as designated by David (1 Chronicles xvi. 4). The Sixty-second and Seventy-seventh Psalms are also inscribed to Jeduthun. "This," says Ewald, "is the most beautiful of all elegies in the Psalter." "It is," in the words of Dean Perowne, "the sorrowful complaint of a heart not yet subdued to a perfect resignation, but jealous with a godly jealousy, lest it should bring dishonour upon its God, and longing for light from heaven to scatter its doubts. The holy singer had long pent up his feelings; and though busy thoughts were stirring within him, he would not give them utterance. He could not bare his bosom to the rude gaze of an unsympathising world. And when at last, unable to repress his strong emotion, he speaks, it is to God and not to man. It is as one who feels how hopeless the problem of life is, except as seen in the light of God. It is with the deep conviction of personal frailty and sinfulness, as well as of the frailty and sinfulness of all men. It is with the touching sadness of one who cannot be comforted. And yet the weeping eye is raised to heaven, and amidst all his grief and perplexity, notwithstanding all that is so dark and cheerless in the world, pilgrim and stranger as he is, the Psalmist can still say, 'My hope is in Thee.'"

None of the versions reproduce the Psalmist's special experience, while several express his view of life with much force and beauty.

First Version. *S.M.*

LORD ! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date ;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age is nought with Thee,
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride
Or racked with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord ?
My hope is in Thy name ;
Blot out my sins from Thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at Thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low ;
Remove Thy judgments, lest I die ;
I faint beneath Thy blow.

At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears ;
Hearken to my request ;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray !
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Second Version. 6.88 6.

LORD, at Thy feet I bow ;
In Thee I live, to Thee I die. [Thou!
How great, how changeless, Lord, art
How weak and sinful I !

This life, this eager life,
What is it but a fleeting breath ?
A little hour of toil and strife,
That hurries on to death.

Remove the veil, O God,
My true condition make me see ;
That I may spurn this earthly clod,
And soar to heaven and Thee.

Shall this poor passing show,
These shadowy joys, detain my soul ?
Shall these be all my portion ? No !
I quit for Thee the whole.

With Thee to bless and cheer,
The wilderness I safely roam,
A pilgrim and a stranger here,
But hastening on to home.

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. *L.M.*

ALmighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears :
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

Third Version, continued.

Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind :
He heaps up treasures, mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

O be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before Thy throne :
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

Save me by Thy Almighty arm [faults,
From all my sins, and cleanse my
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, nor vex my peaceful thoughts.

Beneath the chastening of Thy hand
Let not my heart or tongue repine ;
But silent and submissive bend,
And bear the stroke, because 'tis Thine.

But O let mercy soon prevail,
Each pain and sorrow to remove ;
The stroke is just, but I am frail,
Thy sparing goodness let me prove.

O spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee ;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

MISS A. STEELE.

PSALM XL.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.

THE former part of this Psalm is—to adopt Dr. Watts's title—"a song of deliverance from great distress ;" and in the expression of his gratitude the Psalmist utters the deepest truth of spiritual religion, "Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire . . . then said I, Lo, I come." *Personal dedication* is greater than all "burnt offerings and sin offerings." Regarding the Psalm as David's, we find him here re-echoing the words of his early friend and teacher, the prophet Samuel, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, to hearken than the fat of rams" (1 Samuel xv. 22). It is to learn the lesson of such obedience that the "ears" are "opened." The application of the passage to the self-dedication of CHRIST to His work is one of the most instructive parts of the Epistle to the Hebrews (chap. x. 5-10), where the words "a body hast Thou prepared me" is a quotation from the LXX. In the second part of the Psalm the author passes from his celebration of Divine mercy to implore help amid continued peril : and the concluding verses of his prayer are found again in the Seventieth Psalm.

The versions given from the Scottish Psalter and from Dr. Watts simply reproduce the Psalmist's thankful strain ; that by Miss Auber aptly introduces the evangelical application ; while Archdeacon Hare's paraphrase is a chastely beautiful rendering of the Psalm.

First Version. C.M.

I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear ;
At length to me He did incline,
My voice and cry to hear :
He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify ;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.
O blessèd is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies ;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done ;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone :
In order none can reckon them
To Thee : if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be numbered are.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

Second Version. C.M.*A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.*

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bowed to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on His word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

Firm on a rock He made me stand ;
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of His hand,
 In a new thankful song.

I'll spread His works of grace abroad,
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.

How many are Thy thoughts of love !
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.

When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on His heart.

*DR. WATTS.***Third Version. C.M.**

O LORD, how infinite Thy love !
 How marvellous Thy ways !
 Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
 Combine to sing Thy praise.

Man in immortal beauty shone
 Thy noblest work below ;
 Too soon by sin made heir alone
 To death and endless woe.

Then "Lo ! I come," the Saviour said—
 O be His name adored !—
 And with His blood our ransom paid,
 And life and bliss restored.

O Lord, how infinite Thy love !
 How marvellous Thy ways !
 Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
 Combine to sing Thy praise.

*HARRIET AUER.***Fourth Version. C.M.***First Part.*

DAY after day I sought the Lord,
 And waited patiently ;
 Until He bent down from His throne,
 And hearkened to my cry.

He drew me from the fearful pit,
 And from the miry clay ;
 He placed my feet upon a rock,
 And led me in His way.

He taught my soul a new-made song,
 A song of holy praise :
 All they who see these things, with fear
 Their hopes to God shall raise.

Most blessèd is the man whose hope
 Upon the Lord relies ;
 Who follows not the proud, nor those
 That turn aside to lies.

O Lord, what wonders hast Thou wrought,
 All number far above !
 Thy thoughts to us-ward overflow
 With mercy, grace, and love.

Second Part.

SHOW forth Thy mercy, gracious Lord ;
 O take it not away !
 Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth,
 Let them be still my stay.

For countless sorrows hem me round ;
 And my iniquities
 So hold me fast, and drag me down,
 I cannot raise my eyes.

My hairs in number they surpass ;
 Hence is my heart dismayed :
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to rescue me !
 O hasten to my aid.

Fourth Version, continued.

Let those who seek Thee faithfully
In peace and joy abide ;
Let those who love Thy grace still say,
" The Lord be magnified."

Poor am I, and in need ; yet God
Care of my soul doth take.
Thou art my help ; my Saviour Thou ;
Lord, no long tarrying make.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

PSALM XLI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.

IT can scarcely be doubted that this Psalm belongs to the period of Absalom's rebellion, when the royal Psalmist had to deplore not only the wickedness of his son, but the defection of many who, like Ahithophel, had been among his most trusted friends. To this bitter trial reference is made again in Psalm lv., which evidently belongs to the same occasion. The present Psalm, however, opens with a pathetic appeal for sympathy with the poor and afflicted, no doubt prompted by the author's own distresses. It would appear that, in addition to the special trial of this sorrowful time, the Psalmist was suffering under some form of bodily affliction. But there is no strain of self-righteousness ; sin is acknowledged as the cause of all the troubles, and the prayer is for mercy : " I have sinned against Thee ;" while the Psalmist's confidence still rests in God's promised grace (verse 12), " And I—when I was in my full strength Thou didst take hold of me, and didst establish me before Thy face for ever." (Jennings and Lowe's translation.)

Thus is the First Book of the Psalter brought to a conclusion : the closing doxology belonging, not to this Forty-first Psalm alone, but to the whole.

C.M.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest ;
When troubles compass him around
The Lord will give him rest.

His heart with blessings God will crown,
His life in peace prolong,
And disappoint the will of those
Who seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate
Through pain and sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward health supply.

The Lord will give him grace to pray,
And answer his request ;
And through a Saviour's merits bless
The man who others blest.

TATE AND BRADY.

DOXOLOGY.

Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Israel, from everlasting and
to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.



The Second Book.



PSALM XLII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, MASCHIL, FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.



It is supposed by many of the ablest critics that the First Book constituted *David's Psalter*, properly so called. The following books still contain his name, but less frequently, and were probably compiled after his time; several of his compositions, omitted in the primitive collection, being associated with those of other inspired singers. This Second Book contains eighteen Psalms ascribed to David, the Third book only one, the Fourth Book two, and the Fifth Book fifteen; whereas in the First Book there are thirty-seven. The Second Book was very probably compiled in the days of Hezekiah.

For the title *Maschil*, see Introduction to Psalm xxxii. The "Sons of Korah" were descendants of the rebellious Levite of whose fate we read in Numbers xvi. They had evidently a leading part with the Kohathites (2 Chronicles xx. 19) in the "service of song in the house of Jehovah." Eleven Psalms are ascribed to them, no doubt because prepared or adapted for public worship. See further on Psalm lxxxviii.

The language of this Psalm is that of an exile, longing and expecting speedily to be restored to the joys of the sanctuary. In his loneliness and distress he comforts himself by remembering the occasions, and the very places, in which God's delivering goodness was formerly manifested. So he takes heart and hope again. Or it may be that, as most commentators seem to understand, the places of which the Psalmist speaks were those of his present banishment, in which he pours out his soul to God. "Mizar" is literally "the little" hill; but its precise locality is unknown.

Many paraphrasts have been tempted by the poetry and pathos of this lovely song to attempt its transference into the language of the Christian. Nor have they been wholly unsuccessful.

First Version. C.M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine !

I sigh when'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent :

When I advanced, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay ;
And led the joyful, sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

First Version, *continued.*

| | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| My soul's cast down, O God ! but thinks | And when Thy presence, Lord of life ! |
| On Thee and Zion still ; [heights, | Has once dispelled this storm, |
| From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's | To Thee I'll midnight anthems sing, |
| And Mizar's humbler hill. | And all my vows perform. |

TATE AND BRADY.

Second Version. 108.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
 So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings !
 So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

On bitter tears my pining soul hath fed,
 While taunting foes deride my deep despair ;
 "Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled ?
 Thy mighty God, abandoned wanderer, where ?"

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
 When to Thy courts I led the willing throng ;
 Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
 And festal joys still closed with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart ? why sink, my saddening soul ?
 Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed ?
 My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
 And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
 O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts drear :
 E'en there Thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
 There Thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
 Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar ;
 Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
 And dash my shattered bark from shore to shore.

Yet, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day ;
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To Thee I duly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope ! great Solace of my heart !
 O why desert the offspring of Thy care,
 While taunting foes thus point the murderous dart—
 "Where is Thy God ? abandoned wanderer, where ?"

Second Version, *continued.*

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
 Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

BISHOP LOWTH.

PSALM XLIII.



HIS Psalm is evidently a continuation of the preceding, and therefore bears no separate title. Its mournful emphasis is laid on the writer's environment by enemies; yet its aspiration after God brightens into assured hope, while the Psalmist repeats for the third time his touching *refrain*, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" etc.

There is nothing very special in any of the versions. Watts altogether omits the Psalm, probably reckoning it a part of the Forty-second.

First Version. 7s.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness,
 Plead for me in my distress:
 Good and merciful Thou art;
 Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
 Cast me not despairing hence,
 Be Thy love my confidence.

Send Thy light and truth to guide
 Me, too prone to turn aside,
 On Thy holy hill to rest,
 In Thy tabernacles blest;
 There, to God, my chiefest joy,
 Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismayed?
 Why of earth or hell afraid?
 Trust in God: disdain to yield,
 While o'er thee He casts His shield,
 And His countenance Divine
 Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Second Version. 8.7.

LORD, against a cruel nation
 Plead my cause, its justice show;
 Let the proud in highest station
 Thee as my Protector know.

Send Thy Light and Truth to guide me
 To Thy holy mountain's brow;
 Sister spirits! walk beside me,
 Till within Thy courts I bow.

So unto God's altar going—
 God of my exceeding joy—
 I, to Thee all praise bestowing,
 Shall my willing harp employ.

Why, my soul, so droop dejected?
 Look above this crumbling clod;
 Hope, and wait the light expected,
 Breaking from the throne of God!

W. DIGBY SEYMOUR.

PSALM XLIV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, FOR THE SONS OF KORAH, MASCHIL.



GRAND appeal of patriotism and piety. In a time of national calamity, the Psalmist commemorates the great deliverances wrought of old, and prays for Divine interposition against heathen oppressors. It is not easy to assign a date to the Psalm. In the days of the Maccabees we are told that "each day the Levites ascended the pulpit and cried aloud, 'Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Jehovah?'" (Verse 23.) The twenty-second verse is applied by the Apostle Paul to the persecuted Church of Christ (Romans viii. 36); but its faith pierces the mystery which to the Psalmist was so dark: "*We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.*"

Miss Auber has well caught the spirit of the Psalm, and has made its strain expressive of the Christian's hope.

First Version. S.M.

Prayer in Persecution.

LET God, the mighty God,
The Lord of hosts arise;
With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rend and bow the skies:
Called down by faithful prayer,
Saviour, appear below;
Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
And quell Thy Church's foe.

Our refuge in distress,
In danger's darkest hour,
Appear as in the ancient days,
With full redeeming power:
That Thy redeemed may sing
In glad triumphant strains—
"The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
The Lord for ever reigns."

C. WESLEY.

Second Version. 7s.

LORD, to us our sires have told
All Thy wondrous deeds of old;
How Thy strong and powerful hand
Drove the heathen from the land;
How with peace Thy people blest
Entered on their promised rest.

Not by mortal's feeble sword,
Not by arm of flesh, O Lord,
But by Thine, and Thine alone,
Were their numerous foes o'erthrown.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

We, who own the gospel's light,
Richer mercies may recite.
We can tell of wonders wrought,
Great beyond the reach of thought;
Of a rest in heaven above,
Purchased by a Saviour's love.

Helpless we in danger's hour,
Weak our arms, and vain our power;
Yet, by Thine almighty aid,
We are more than conquerors made.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

HARRIET AUER.

PSALM XLV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON SHOSHANNIM (LILIES). FOR THE SONS OF KORAH, MASCHIL, A SONG OF LOVES.



FOR the title *Shoshannim* see the Sixtieth Psalm. This magnificent nuptial song may have referred in the first instance, as is generally supposed, to the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter; but the Psalmist, carried beyond the immediate occasion and the splendours of Israel's monarchy, celebrates a greater Prince and a nobler triumph: "A greater than Solomon is here." In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews the language

of the Psalm in its highest meaning is applied to Christ, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." This Psalm the Jewish Rabbis themselves interpreted of the "King Messiah."

Unnumbered as are the versions of this glorious hymn, that by Charles Wesley¹ must take the lead.

First Version. *L.M. six lines.*

MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare ;
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear ;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart :
God, ever blest ! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to Thee Thy power Divine :
Stir up Thy strength, Almighty Lord ;
All power and majesty are Thine :
Assert Thy worship and renown ;
O all-redeeming God, come down.

Come and maintain Thy righteous cause
And let Thy glorious toil succeed ;
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
Ride on and prosper in Thy deed ;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.

O God of love, Thy sway we own,
Thy dying love doth all control,
Justice and grace support Thy throne,
Set up in every faithful soul ;
Steadfast it stands in them, and sure
When pure, as Thou, their God, art pure.

Lover Thou art of purity,
And hatest every spot of sin ;
Nothing profane can dwell with Thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean,
And therefore doth Thy Father own
His glorious likeness in His Son.

Therefore He hath His Spirit shed,
Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on Thy head,
Firstborn of all the chosen race !
From Thee the sacred unction springs
That makes Thy fellows priests and kings.

Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim,
From age to age Thy praise record,
That all the world may learn Thy name :
And all shall soon Thy grace adore
When time and sin shall be no more.

C. WESLEY.

Second Version. *C.M.*

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair ;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed ;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

¹ Eight verses out of twenty-one.

Second Version, continued.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice :
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 8.7.4.

LET us sing the King Messiah—
King of righteousness and peace ;
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease ;
Ever hail Him,
Never let His praises cease.

How transcendent are Thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men ;
While Thy blessèd mediation
Brings us back to God again :
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign !

Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero !
Make the word of truth Thy car ;
Prosper in Thy course majestic ;
All success attend Thy war !
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow !

Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To insure Thy blessèd conquests :
On, great Prince, assert Thy right !
Ride triumphant
All around the conquered globe !

Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre ;
Blest are all that own Thy reign ;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain :
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

DR. RYLAND.

PSALM XLVI.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN FOR THE SONS OF KORAH. A SONG UPON
ALAMOTH (OR, AFTER THE MANNER OF MAIDENS ; i.e., FOR
SOPRANO VOICES).*



HERE can be little doubt that this and the two following Psalms commemorate the deliverance of Jerusalem from the Assyrian army in the days of Hezekiah. The prophet Isaiah as well as the Psalmist employs the figure of a tranquil stream to symbolise the Holy City in its serenity and peace (Isaiah viii. 6), while the incursion of Sennacherib is represented as a mighty raging stream. And, as Dean Perowne remarks, the name prophetically given to the child that should be born, IMMANUEL, expresses the whole sentiment of the Psalm, "The Lord of hosts is with us."

The Psalm, it is well known, was the special favourite of Luther, whose version, or rather imitation, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is the great lyric of Protestant Germany to this day. Carlyle's rendering of this battle-song of the Reformation is well known :

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell :
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in this battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore,
 Not they can overpower us ;
 And let the Prince of Ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit :
 For why ? His doom is writ,
 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger,
 But spite of Hell, shall have its course,
 'Tis written by His finger :
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honour, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small :
 These things shall vanish all,
 The city of God remaineth.

First Version. 8s and 6s.

GOD is our refuge in distress, [care,
 Our shield of hope through every
 Our Shepherd watching us to bless,
 And therefore will we not despair ;
 Although the mountains shake,
 And hills their place forsake,
 And billows o'er them break,
 Yet still will we not fear ;
 For Thou, O God, art ever near.

God is our hope and strength in woe,
 Through earth He maketh wars to cease ;
 His power breaketh spear and bow ;
 His mercy sendeth endless peace.
 Then though the earth remove,
 And storms rage high above,
 And seas tempestuous prove,
 Yet still will we not fear,
 The Lord of Hosts is ever near.

LUTHER.

Second Version. L.M.

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
 When storms of sharp distress
 invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold Him present with His aid.
 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our Divine abode.
 The sacred stream, Thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls :
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls
 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with
 power.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. C.M.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved
 Amid a stormy world ;
 We will not fear though earth be moved,
 And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
 Our comforts shall not cease :
 The Lord His saints will not forsake ;
 The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
 To us shall ever flow ;
 It issues from His throne above,
 It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
 He spake, and quelled their powers ;
 The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
 The God of grace is ours.

H. F. LYTE.

Fourth Version. 8.7.4.

GOD, our Hope and Strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding high;
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

Let them roar, his awful surges;
Let them boil; each dark-browed hill
Tremble where the proud wave urges;
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still.

Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent;
God is there, a strong salvation,
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away;
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God our Rock and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

"Silence—for the Almighty know Me
O'er the heathen throned am I, [Me."
Throned where earth must crouch below
Lord of Hosts, we know Thee high;
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our Rock on high.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM XLVII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.



HIS Psalm, like those preceding and following, is an inspired war-song: the two former expressing the devout assurance of victories yet to be won; while the last is an outburst of triumph over victories achieved. On the immediate reference of the three Psalms, see Introduction to the Forty-sixth. But some critics have regarded the present Psalm as the dedication hymn of the tabernacle on Mount Zion—"God is gone up with a shout" (verse 5)—the Forty-eighth as inaugurating the Second Temple. It is certain that each structure was consecrated to the "Lord of hosts."

"The ascent of Christ into heaven is typified in this Forty-seventh Psalm," writes Dr. Watts, "by the ark brought up to Zion; and the kingdom of Christ among the Gentiles is here represented by David's victory over the nations. I have chosen to omit the type, and do honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express language." The turn given to the sentiment in Dr. Watts's last verse is more patriotic than poetic. Keble's paraphrase is a fine hymn to God, the Ruler of all.

First Version. C.M.

Christ ascending and reigning.

OFOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

First Version, continued.

In Israel stood His ancient throne,
 He loved that chosen race ;
 But now He calls the world His own,
 And Gentiles taste His grace.

The British Islands are the Lord's,
 There Abraham's God is known ;
 While powers and princes, shields and
 Submit before His throne. [swords,

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. II.10.

O CLAP your hands together, every nation,
 Sing to the Lord with voice of melody ;
 God is most high, of dread and awful station,
 A mighty King o'er all the earth is He.

The nations He shall tame, our prowess under,
 Bid realms and regions at our footstool bend ;
 He from all lands our chosen home would sunder,
 The pride of Jacob, His own chosen friend.

God is gone up with clang and cry victorious,
 The mighty Lord, with trumpet's royal voice ;
 Praise ye our God ; sing praise to God all glorious :
 Praise ye our King ; sing praises and rejoice.

Say, " God o'er all the earth His power hath taken ;"
 Come, with deep skill entwine each awful tone ;
 God hath vouchsafed to rule the realms forsaken,
 God is set down upon His holy throne.

Now joined in one, the lords all nations swaying,
 One nation sealed to Abraham's God, draw nigh.—
 God is alone, the shields of earth arraying ;
 God is alone, lift up exceeding high.

J. KEELE

PSALM XLVIII.*A SONG-PSALM FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.*

EE remarks on the Forty-seventh Psalm. The opinion of some critics is that the present Psalm commemorates the great "Hallelujah victory" over the confederate forces of Ammon, Moab, and Edom in the days of Jehoshaphat (2 Chronicles xx.). But whatever the specific allusion, the Psalmist refers in general terms to the exaltation of God's people among the nations. "Ships of Tarshish" may be an emblem of might and pride of any kind, brought to sudden destruction.

Dr. Watts's two versions of this Psalm are fine. The historical appropriateness of the fourth and fifth verses in the former would, in his days, be deeply felt. They are now generally omitted from our hymn-books.

First Version. S.M.

The Church is the honour and safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great ;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has His salvation shone
Though all her palaces !

When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends His tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. S.M.

The Beauty of the Church ; or, Gospel Worship and Order.

FAR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well ;

The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 7s.

FAIR, O Lord, Thy dwellings are,
All besides excelling far ;
Bright abodes of peace and love,
Types on earth of those above.

Here Thy gracious voice is heard,
Here we feed upon Thy word,
Here Thy grace is shed abroad,
Here we feel a present God.

Lord, Thy Church shall onward flow
Till it fills the world below ;
Undisturbed by countless foes,
Prospering in the midst of woes.

Still to us propitious be,
Shine on those who trust in Thee ;
Living, dying, be our guide
Till we safely reach Thy side.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XLIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.

GRAND and solemn ethical poem ; as intended for temple-worship, it may have been a funeral psalm or dirge. By whom written, or on what occasion, there is no evidence, external or internal, to show. With the Thirty-seventh, the Thirty-ninth, and the Seventy-third Psalms, it helps to form an impressive commentary on human life in its uncertainty and vanity ; and, like these, it needs the Gospel to complete the delineation.

The version by Sir Robert Grant is nobly true to the inspired strain.

L.M. six lines.

WITH musings sad my spirit teems,
My heart is strung to saddest
themes :

O mortal, hear its notes complain,
Nor shun a dark but faithful strain, [span
Whose simple length, though short, shall
The mournful history of man.

How oft, with dreams of pomp elate,
The rich upbuilds his haughty state,
With eager fondness counts his gains,
And proudly names his wide domains ;
While, left to poverty and scorn,
The just in humble silence mourn !

Yet envy not the pomp, ye just,
That towers upon a base of dust :
For oh ! when death decreed shall come
To shake the proud man's lofty doom,
Will proffered gold avail to save ?
Or ransoms bribe the yawning grave ?

Lo, stretched before his anguished eyes,
A child, a wife, a brother lies ;
How vain his stores, his cares how vain,
The fleeting spirit to retain !
The form he clasps resigns its breath,
And fills his blank embrace with death.

Again it strikes—a second blow—
The man of pride himself is low :
Shall wealth, shall state, attend the
dead ?

'Tis only to his clay-cold bed.
Caressed by crowds, by hundreds known,
He fills the narrow house alone.

The funeral pomp, superb and slow,
The gorgeous pageantry of woe,
The praise that fills the historic roll—
Can these assist the parted soul ?
Or will remembered grandeur cheer
The shivering, lonely traveller ?

And when that breathless, wasting clay
Again shall feel the life-blood play,
When on the cell, where dark it lies,
A morn of piercing light shall rise,
Ah ! whither then shall guilt retire,
Or how avoid the eyes of fire ?

O man, with heaven's own honours bright
And fall'st thou thus, thou child of light ?
And still shall heirs on heirs anew
The melancholy jest pursue ?
And, born the offspring of the sky,
In folly live, in darkness die ?

But I on Thee depend, O Lord,
My hope, my help, and high reward ;
Thy word illumines my feeble eyes ;
Thy Spirit all my strength supplies ;
In sickness Thou my aid shalt be,
And death but gives me all to Thee.

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM L.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.



SAPH "the seer" (2 Chronicles xxix. 30) was also a leader of David's choir (1 Chronicles xxv. 1, etc.), poet and musician in one. His "sons" were either his lineal descendants or members of a school or "guild" which he founded; holding through successive generations a prominent place in the Temple services (see 2 Chronicles xx. 14). Twelve Psalms are ascribed to him; whether as their author, or composer of the music, or both together, is uncertain. Of these twelve, the present Psalm is the only one contained in the Second Book. It is a sublime assertion of God's greatness as the Judge of all, with a terrible denunciation of hypocrisy, in that form especially which assumes the guise of devotion. The Bible contains no more impressive warning against a hollow and pretentious ritualism. This feature of the Psalm, however, its paraphrasts have mostly passed over, restricting themselves to the general topic of God's righteous and final judgment. The stanzas of Dr. Watts here given are part of a long poem which, with some ruggedness, is full of energy and fire, and not without the majesty of the original.

First Version. IO. II.

The Last Judgment.

THE God of glory sends His summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds: hell trembles; heaven rejoices.
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall atheists mock His long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day:
Behold the Judge descends, His guards are nigh:
Tempest and fire attend Him down the sky.
When God appears all nature shall adore Him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.

"Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear My justice and the sinner's doom;
But gather first My saints," the Judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, He comes for your salvation.

"Behold, My covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new."
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

"Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near Me set My favourites and My sons:
Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began! 'tis your Divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, He comes for your salvation.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 9.8.

THE mighty God, the Lord hath
spoken,

And bids the trembling earth draw nigh :
The silence of long ages broken,
He speaks in thunder from the sky.

Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,
In perfect beauty He appears :
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,
Bright are the diadems He wears.

A fiery stream devours before Him,
And cloud and tempest veil His form :
The countless hosts of heaven adore Him,
Amidst the darkness and the storm.

He speaks, and all the nations tremble ;
Heaven, earth, and hell His voice obey :
In solemn awe His saints assemble,
The world's dim shadows flee away.

O who can stand, when Thou appearest
In robes of majesty divine ?
Though now each contrite sigh Thou
hearest,
What terrors then will round Thee shine !

O mighty God, O Lord most holy,
Prepare us for that solemn day :
O shield and guard us, save us wholly,
Thy pardoning grace to us display.

T. R. BIRKS.

PSALM LI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN.

A PSALM OF DAVID WHEN NATHAN THE PROPHET CAME UNTO HIM,
AFTER HE HAD GONE IN TO BATH-SHEBA.



N this cry of "a broken and contrite heart," the royal Psalmist has taught all penitents how to pray and how to hope. On the "Penitential Psalms," of which this is chief, see Introduction to Psalm xxxii.

Of the many who have attempted metrical versions of this Psalm, Dr. Watts still holds the foremost place. His First and Third parts, with a shorter paraphrase, are here given ; the Second also contains some fine stanzas—

"Behold, I fall before Thy face ;
My only refuge is Thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean :
The leprosy is deep within ;

Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types can cleanse me so."

"Such a glorious occasion," Dr. Watts adds, "of introducing the blood of a Saviour could not be omitted here with justice to David, or to Christ his Son."

First Version. L.M.

A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God ! Thy nature hath no bound ;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgment prove severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

First Version, *continued.*

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *L.M.*

The Backslider restored ; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry !
Though all my crimes before Thee
Behold them not with angry look, [lie,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight :
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

A broken heart, my God, my King !
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *C.M.*

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

O GOD of mercy ! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove :
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love.

Give me the presence of Thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.

No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone,
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM LII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, MASCHIL OF DAVID, WHEN DOEG THE
EDOMITE CAME AND TOLD SAUL, AND SAID UNTO HIM,
DAVID IS COME TO THE HOUSE OF AHIMELECH.*



HE contents of the Psalm well correspond with the title, and form an appropriate comment on the history in 1 Samuel xxii. It is a Psalm for the persecuted: "a lofty challenge," writes Dean Perowne, "a defiance conceived in the spirit of David when he went forth to meet the champion of Gath. The calm courage of faith breathes in every word. There is no fear, no trembling, no doubt as to the end which will come upon the tyrant. How vain is his boasting in presence of the loving-kindness of God, which protects His people; in presence of the power of God, which uproots the oppressor!" To feel the force of the Scottish version as here given, we must imagine it as sung by hunted fugitives among the mountains, in the dark days of old. This Psalm is one of the few that are wholly omitted by Dr. Watts.

C.M.

WHY dost thou boast, O mighty man,
Of mischief and of ill?

The goodness of Almighty God
Endureth ever still.

Thy tongue mischievous calumny
Doth subtilly devise;
Like to a razor, sharp to cut,
It ever forgeth lies.

Ill more than good, and more than truth,
Thou lovest to speak wrong;
Thou lovest all devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue!
And therefore God shall thee destroy,
Remove, and pluck away,
From out thine house, from out the land
Of living men for aye.

The righteous shall behold and fear,
And shall deride his fall;

"Lo! here the man that did not rest
In God his strength at all.

But he in his abundant wealth
His confidence did place;
And he took strength unto himself,
From his own wickedness."

But I am in the house of God,
Like to an olive green;
My confidence for ever hath
Upon God's mercy been.
And I, for this that Thou hast done,
For aye Thy praise will tell;
I on Thy name will wait, because
Thy saints approve it well.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

PSALM LIII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON MACHALATH (SICKNESS—A MOURNFUL
STRAIN), MASCHIL OF DAVID.*



OR the title see on the Eighty-eighth Psalm. This Fifty-third is evidently another version of the Fourteenth. Which of the two was the original cannot be decided. It is remarkable that where Psalm xiv. has JEHOVAH, as in verses 2, 4, 7, this Psalm has "God," *Elohim*. The former Divine name, as shown in the Introduction, is characteristic of the First Book, the latter of the Second.

The version subjoined, from an anonymous author, fairly represents the average. Naturally, there is but slight variation in any from the versions of Psalm xiv.

L.M.

FROM heaven the mighty Lord looked
down,
From heaven, His high exalted throne,
To search throughout the world's abode
Who understand and seek their God.

From His appointed righteous way,
All, all, alas ! are gone astray.
The way of peace they have not known,
And none is righteous ; no, not one !

Guilty, condemned, depraved, and lost,
Who before God hath aught to boast ?
Arise, O King of Zion, rise,
And bring salvation from the skies.

Then shall Thy saints rejoice to sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring ;
Pardon and peace shall then be given,
And myriads rise from earth to heaven

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PORTIONS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM LIV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON NEGINOTH (STRINGED INSTRUMENTS),
MASCHIL OF DAVID, WHEN THE ZIPHITES CAME AND SAID TO
SAUL, DOTH NOT DAVID HIDE HIMSELF WITH US?

THE narrative of base betrayal contained in 1 Samuel xxiii. 19, 20, only too well accords with the sentiments of this Psalm. The persecuted servant of God cries to Him for deliverance ; then, in triumphant confidence, anticipates an answer to his prayer. Some expositors have supposed that the *Selah* marks the point at which David, in the very act of composing the Psalm, receives intelligence which turned his foreboding into praise. But it is better to regard his joyful confidence as simply the expression of faith in God. The unexpected occurrence that frustrated Saul's designs is narrated in 1 Samuel xxiii. 27, 28.

Mr. Lyte's version gives a happy evangelical turn to the history and the song.

75-75-77.

SAVE me by thy glorious Name ;
Lord, that Name is love,
Help from Thee I humbly claim,
Send it from above ;
Hear, oh hear my suppliant voice !
Hear, and bid my heart rejoice.

Foes to Christ and every good
Fiercely throng on me ;
Soon my soul must be subdued,
Without aid from Thee :
But with Thee to make me strong,
Lord, they shall not triumph long.

Lo, He comes, He takes my part,
All my struggles cease,
Rise in praise, my grateful heart,
Bless the Prince of Peace ;
God Himself has set me free,
God my worship ever be !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM LV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN ON NEGINOTH (STRINGED INSTRUMENTS),
MASCHIL OF DAVID.

THIS Psalm, like the Forty-first, must be attributed to the time of Absalom's rebellion, when Ahithophel, the "treacherous friend," turned against his master, and aroused all the sorrow and bitterness of David's kingly soul. The Psalmist longs to be free from the turmoil and the strife ; then, returning to the cause of his trouble, he is ready to pray that the earth would open and swallow up his former associate with his perfidious allies ; while lastly, he

stays his spirit upon God and leaves all to Him. With an exquisite appropriateness has the poet-musician of our own time applied to another persecuted servant of God the words of verse 22—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."¹

It is very difficult to utter the varying moods of this Psalm in the language of the Christian. Mr. Lyte's version is perhaps the most successful in expressing the world-weariness of the troubled yet hopeful believer.

First Version. C.M.

Support for the Afflicted and Tempted Soul.

O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries;
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is levelled at my life;
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

O were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

By morning light I'll seek His face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask His grace,
Nor will He long deny.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon His word,
That saints shall never fall.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 11s.

O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast!

I flutter, and struggle, and pant to get free;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eyes, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon, may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of Glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears!

H. F. LYTE.

¹ Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

PSALM LVI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON JONATH-ELEM-RECHOKIM ("THE SILENT DOVE OF FAR-OFF LANDS"), MICTAM OF DAVID, WHEN THE PHILISTINES TOOK HIM IN GATH.

THE inscription connects this Psalm with the Thirty-fourth (see 1 Samuel xxi.). It has been thought that the enigmatic phrase, the "Silent Dove," refers to the Psalmist's own position in a land of exile; but the probability seems to be that it denotes the name of a tune (see Introduction to Psalm xxii.). The Psalm is the cry of the persecuted outcast, imperilled, yet trusting in God. In form and substance it strikingly resembles the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Psalms. The motto of all three might be taken from verse 8—"Thou tellest my wanderings."

Of the versions, Charles Wesley's (four stanzas out of nine) may be taken as giving a fine evangelical expression to the spirit of the Psalm. That by Dr. Watts is of average merit; while Miss Auber's happily amplifies verse 10—"In God will I praise His word: in Jehovah will I praise His word."

First Version. 8.8.6.

THROUGH God I will His word pro-
claim,
And bless the mighty Jesus' name,
In whom I still confide:
Jesus is good, and strong, and true;
I will not fear what man can do,
When God is on my side.

I now beneath their fury groan,
But Thou hast all my wanderings known,
The hasty flights I took;
Thou treasurest up my counted tears;
And all my sighs, and griefs, and tears
Are noted in Thy book.

Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For God is on my side;
Through Thee I will Thy word pro-
claim,
And bless the mighty Jesus' name,
And still in Him confide.

In God I trust, the good, the true;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my part:
I bless Thee, Saviour, for Thy grace,
Offer my sacrifice of praise,
And yield Thee all my heart.

C. WESLEY.

Second Version. C.M.

God's care of His People, in answer to Faith and Prayer.

IN God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, how faithful is Thy word,
How righteous all Thy ways!

Thou hast secured my soul from death;
O set Thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *L.M. six lines.*

JOIN, all ye servants of the Lord,
To praise Him for His sacred word ;
That word, like manna, sent from
heaven,
To all who seek it freely given :
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers ;
Though steep and rough the appointed
way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay :
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

It tells who first inspired our breath,
Whose blood redeemed our souls from death ;
It tells of grace—grace freely given—
And shows the path to God and heaven :
O bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
For all the treasures of His word !

HARRIET AUBER.

PSALM LVII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, AL-TASCHITH ("DESTROY NOT"), MICHAM
OF DAVID, WHEN HE FLED FROM SAUL IN THE CAVE.*



DESTROY not" is most probably the title of a tune, here, and in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth and Seventy-fifth Psalms ; although the phrase might here at least appropriately denote the topic of the strain.

Again the persecuted Psalmist utters the cry, "Be merciful unto me, O God." He has left Philistia for the rocky fastnesses of Adullam, or En-gedi (see 1 Samuel xxii. 24). His courage and hope are ready to fail ; but still he stays himself upon his God. The concluding verses, from the words "My heart is fixed," are repeated in the Hundred and eighth Psalm. "Greater words of prayer than these never came from human lips. Heaven and earth have, as they imply, a mutually interwoven history, and the blessed, glorious end of this is the sunrise of the Divine glory over both."—*Delitzsch*.

Watts and Wesley vie with each other in the beauty with which they have rendered this Psalm, while Tate and Brady are also unusually good.

First Version. *L.M.*

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On Thy protection I depend ;
Thy sheltering wings around me cast,
Till life's rude storm be overpast.

To Thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sovereign Judge and Godmost High,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And will not leave Thy work undone.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise

Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round :
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends,
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

TATE AND BRADY.

Second Version. *L.M.*

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace un-
known,

Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from the sky, [storm.
And saves me from the threatening

Be Thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed ; my song shall
raise

Immortal honours to Thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame !

High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be Thou exalted, O my God ! [dwell ;
Above the heavens, where angels
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *L.M. six lines.*

BE merciful, O God, to me !
To me who in Thy love confide :
To Thy protecting love I flee,
Beneath Thy wings my soul I hide,
Till Satan's tyranny be o'er,
And rebel sin subsists no more.

To God will I in trouble cry,
Who fully undertakes my cause ;
My God most merciful, most high,
Shall save me from the lion's jaws ;
Destroy him, ready to devour,
With all his works and all his power.

The Lord out of His holy place
His mercy and His truth shall send.
Jesus is full of truth and grace,
Jesus shall still my soul defend ;
While in the toils of hell I lie,
And from the den of lions cry.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart
Is fixed to triumph in Thy grace :
(Awake, my lute, and bear a part)
My glory is to sing Thy praise,
Till all Thy nature I partake,
And bright in all Thine image wake.

Thee will I praise among Thine own,
Thee will I to the world extol,
And make Thy truth and goodness known :
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
Thy truth and grace the heavens tran-
Thy faithful mercies never end. [scend ;

Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest name in earth or heaven ;
Let angels sing Thy glorious love,
And bless the name to sinners given ;
All earth and heaven their King proclaim !
Bow every knee to Jesus' name !

C. WESLEY.

PSALM LVIII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, *AL-TASCHITH* ("DESTROY NOT"),
MICHTAM OF DAVID.



On the phrase *Al-taschith* see Introduction to Psalm lvii. The present Psalm is an energetic and indignant protest against unrighteous judges ; on what special occasion uttered it is now impossible to say. Very striking is the accumulation of images by which the Psalmist portrays the utter destruction and vanishing away of those who pervert justice, silent (verse 1, *Heb.*) to its claims, and deaf (verse 5) to its appeals.

Dr. Watts in his bold lyric has caught the spirit of this Psalm, avoiding the fault of most other paraphrasts, who have so dwelt on its fearful images of doom as to convey the impression of human vindictiveness rather than of Divine justice and sovereignty.

*L.M. six lines.**Warning to Magistrates.*

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the injured poor before you
stands?

Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners' scape secure, [hands?
While gold and greatness bribe your

Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens His justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be
lost.

The Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears His children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

*DR. WATTS.***PSALM LIX.**

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, AL-TASCHITH ("DESTROY NOT"), MICHAM
OF DAVID, WHEN SAUL SENT, AND THEY WATCHED THE
HOUSE TO KILL HIM.*



THE occasion of this Psalm, according to the title, is given in 1 Samuel xix. 11—"Saul sent messengers unto David's house to slay him in the morning." Through the device of his wife Michal, Saul's daughter, David eluded the ambush; but while waiting for the dead of night in which to escape, he may be supposed to have uttered his feelings in this Psalm.

"I will sing aloud," he says, "of Thy mercy in the morning."

Dr. Watts has omitted this Psalm. Mr. Lyte and others have applied it to the Christian conflict.

8.7.

LORD, a thousand foes surround us;
Come, to succour and defend.
Hell's dark hosts cannot confound us,
While our souls have such a Friend.
Let their legions round us gather;
Be but Thou as nigh to aid:
Strong in Thee, Almighty Father,
We can meet them undismayed.

Holiest, greatest, best, and wisest,
Who shall dare to cope with Thee?
When to conflict Thou arisest,
Ah, how soon the boldest flee!

Thou Thy people's wrong resentest;
On Thy saving arm we rest:
Thou with grace our prayers preventest;
Thou wilt choose and give the best.

To our help, then, rise and hasten;
Check, if not destroy, the foe.
If he must be left to chasten,
Let him not our hopes o'erthrow.
Safe through suffering and temptation,
Lead us to Thy fold at last,
To adore Thy full salvation,
And our crowns before Thee cast!

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM LX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON SHUSHAN-EDUTH ("THE LILY OF TESTIMONY"), MICTAM OF DAVID, TO TEACH; WHEN HE STROVE WITH ARAM-NAHARAIM AND WITH ARAM-ZOBAH, WHEN JOAB RETURNED, AND SMOTE OF EDOM IN THE VALLEY OF SALT TWELVE THOUSAND.

TIS impossible to interpret the phrase "Lily of Testimony" otherwise than as the name of a tune to which this Psalm was sung (see inscriptions to the Forty-fifth, Sixtieth, and Eightieth Psalms). The historic record connected with the Psalm, according to its titles, is in 1 Samuel viii. 13, 14, where the completeness of the victory is indicated, but not the struggle, and even reverse, to which the early part of the Psalm evidently points. As the Hundred and eighth Psalm begins with stanzas from the Fifty-seventh, so it ends with verses (5-12) from the Sixtieth. The temporary defeat and certain final triumph of God's people form the topic of the Psalm.

Mr. Lyte's version here seems sufficient. Dr. Watts has applied the Psalm to a time of national disaster :

"Great Britain shakes beneath Thy stroke,
And dreads Thy threatening hand;
O heal the island Thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land."

L.M.

WHY hast Thou cast us off, O God !
Return, return, Thy Church to aid;
We sink beneath Thy chastening rod;
O heal the breaches Thou hast made !

'Tis sweet in trouble's gathering night
To muse on Thy unfailing word,
To think of all Thy love and might,
And trembling trust in Thee, O Lord.

How long wilt Thou Thy people prove ?
How long the cup of trembling give ?
Unfurl the banner of Thy love ;
Proclaim Thy grace, and bid us live.

Vain is the help that earth affords,
Vain all that human hands bestow :
But Thou be with us, Lord of lords,
And soon we rise o'er every foe.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM LXI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON NEGINAH (A STRINGED INSTRUMENT). OF DAVID.

THERE can be little doubt that this Psalm, like the Forty-second and Forty-third, belongs to the time of Absalom's rebellion. It has, however, a brighter and more confident tone, as though the heaviest trouble were already past. The king has broken the strength of the insurrection by his victory in the wood of Ephraim (2 Samuel xviii. 6, 7) ; and in the hope of speedy restoration to his kingdom, he chiefly dwells on the joy of once more abiding in the tabernacle. Until he has recrossed the Jordan, and finds himself near the Zion that he loves, he feels comparatively as one at the ends of the earth. Nor is the sorrow all past. There was much even yet to "overwhelm" his spirit ; especially in the death of Absalom, of which, however, the Psalm makes no specific mention.

The versions are a simple and obvious application of the Psalm to the sorrows and the hopes of the Christian.

First Version. *S.M.**Safety in God.*

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

DR. HATTS.

Second Version. 8.8.6.

LORD, hear my voice, my prayer
attend ;
From earth's far distant coasts I bend
With supplicating cry : [breast,
When the dark storm o'erwhelms my
Then lead me on the Rock to rest
That's higher far than I.

Long has my soul Thy shelter found,
And Thee I boast, when foes surround,
The tower of my defence :
Still in Thy presence I'll abide,
Beneath Thy wings securely hide,
And none shall pluck me thence.

Thou, gracious Lord, my vows didst hear,
And 'midst the men who own Thy fear
My heritage ordain :
Thine arm has raised my Saviour high,
Enthroned Him King o'er earth and
sky,
And bid His years remain !

Eternal shall His throne endure,
Mercy and truth His reign secure
In the bright realms of day.
My God, my lips exalt Thy name,
Salvation from His grace I claim,
And daily vows repay.

W. GOODE.

Third Version. 4.888.4.

LORD, hear my prayer,
And let my crying reach Thine ear !
For when I worship in Thy fear,
In distant lands I find Thee near,
In midst of care.

Thou art my rock,
My shield, my fortress and defence !
Safe shall I be in every sense,
Till Thou shalt come to call me hence,
To join Thy flock.

With Thee I'll dwell—
Who once for erring mortals died—
And to Thy courts in heaven abide,
And, with the angels by Thy side,
Thy praises swell !

Then will I sing—
O with what joy I'll sing Thy praise !
O with what bliss my anthems raise !
And worship Thee through endless days,
My God and my King !

HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.

PSALM LXII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON JEDUTHUN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



THE Thirty-ninth Psalm (which see) is inscribed to Jeduthun, the "king's seer" (2 Chronicles xxxv. 15), mentioned with Asaph and Heman, as the two who conducted the instrumental music of the tabernacle choir. This seems to identify him with Ethan (1 Chronicles xv. 17). In the present Psalm and the Seventy-seventh we have the remarkable variation, "upon," or "after the manner of," Jeduthun, suggesting some peculiarity in the music, which cannot now be known.

It is plain from the language of the Psalm that its author was surrounded by enemies, tumultuously crowding in upon him, and that his trust in the justice and goodness of God nevertheless remained unshaken. The first verse is expressively rendered by Jennings and Lowe, "Unto God alone does my soul resign itself in silence." The whole tone of the Psalm seems to suggest the days of David's persecution by Saul rather than those of Absalom's rebellion.

Charles Wesley's version is remarkably close, and full of energy. Miss Auber takes up the closing verses of the Psalm.

First Version. S.M.

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend ;
And, calmly confident, look up
Till He salvation send.
I shall His goodness see,
While on His name I call ;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

Jesus is my defence,
Almighty to redeem ;
My rock is His omnipotence,
My glory is in Him :
Into His name I fly ;
My refuge and my tower ;
And on His faithful love rely,
And find His saving power.

Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above ;
Ye people all, surround His throne,
And hang upon His love.
Pour out your hearts in prayer,
And still on Him depend ;
And He that doth your burden bear
Shall keep you to the end.

The Lord hath oft declared,
And I His voice have known ;
'Tis His to punish or reward,
All power is His alone :
In perfect righteousness
Thou dost condemn, approve ;
Thou art the God of boundless grace,
And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

Second Version. C.M.

WHEN dangers press, and fears in-
O let us not rely [vade,
On man, who, in the balance weighed,
Is light as vanity !

Riches have wings and fly away ;
Health's blooming cheek grows pale ;
Vigour and strength must soon decay,
And worldly wisdom fail.

But God, our God, is still the same,
As at that solemn hour
When thunders spake His awful name,
His majesty and power.

And still sweet mercy's voice is heard,
Proclaiming from above
That good and gracious is the Lord,
And all His works are love.

Then trust in God, and God alone,
On Him in faith rely ;
For man, and all his works, are known
To be but vanity.

HARRIET AUBER.

PSALM LXIII.*A PSALM OF DAVID, WHEN HE WAS IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDAH.*

HIS was the first stage of David's flight from the insurgents under Absalom (2 Samuel xv. 23). It was here that the king parted with the company of priests and Levites who had borne the ark of God out of the city; and in the intensity of his desolation, deprived of those outward helps and symbols which in former days had served to bring God so near, he mourns as in "a dry and thirsty land."

The longing love for the sanctuary which breathes throughout this Psalm led to its adoption as "the morning Psalm of the ancient Church, with which the singing of the Psalm was always introduced at the Sunday service." (*Apostolic Constitutions*, quoted in Delitzsch.)

Among the innumerable versions of this Psalm, those by Dr. Watts still hold the foremost place. The second especially is a noble hymn for morning congregational worship.

First Version. C.M.*The Morning of a Lord's Day.*

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so Divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. L.M.*The Love of God better than Life.*

GREAT God, permit my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties; [blood.
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with

With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. S.M.

Seeking God.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine ;
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste Thy love Divine.

My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

For life without Thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. L.M.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone ;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry :
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace !

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God :
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod :

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Fifth Version. C.M.

O GOD of love, my God Thou art ;
To Thee I early cry :
Refresh with grace my thirsty heart,
For earthly springs are dry.

Thy power, Thy glory let me see,
As seen by saints above ;
'Tis sweeter, Lord, than life to me,
To share and sing Thy love.

I freely yield Thee all my powers,
Yet ne'er my debt can pay ;
The thought of Thee at midnight hours
Turns darkness into day.

Lord, Thou hast been my help, and Thou
My refuge still shalt be :
I follow hard Thy footsteps now ;
Oh ! when Thy face to see ?

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM LXIV.*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.*

O doubt this Psalm belongs to the same period with the Sixty-second ; prominence being here given to the craftiness and slander of the Psalmist's foes. This, as it has been remarked, seems rather to fix the date to the time of David's persecution by Saul than to that of Absalom's rebellion.

The one version here given is a close and vigorous paraphrase.

7s.

WHEN in prayer to Thee I bend,
To my voice, O Lord, attend ;
When my raging foes appear,
O preserve my life from fear !

When my foes in council meet,
Hide me in some safe retreat,
Where, beneath Thy gracious eye,
I may all their rage defy.

Like a sword they whet their tongue,
Keen with meditated wrong ;
Like as arrows from the string,
Bitter words around they fling.

Close concealed, behold they aim
At the man of blameless name ;
Fear estrangèd from their hearts,
Suddenly they shoot their darts.

Leagued in mischief, they combine
To complete their ill design ;
Privily their snares they lay,
Asking, who shall them survey ?

They iniquities devise,
Searching sin with curious eyes :
All their secret counsel keep,
For the heart of them is deep.

Lo they fall, each wicked foe ;
Swift from his unerring bow,
God His arrows pours around,
And the sinner feels the wound.

So the curses of their tongue
Fall upon the guilty throng ;
Men behold their swift decay,
And with trembling haste away.

All shall fear ; and all shall own,
God the mighty work hath done ;
Wisely they His hand shall trace
In the ruin of their race.

But in God with joy the just
Shall be glad, and Him shall trust ;
All the upright shall rejoice,
Lifting high the grateful voice.

H. FARR.

PSALM LXV.*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM-SONG OF DAVID.*

WO great manifestations of God's mercy are commemorated here—a signal victory and an abundant harvest. Verse 11 should be read (with Delitzsch), “Thou hast crowned the year of Thy goodness :” *i.e.*, the great deliverance wrought for His people at the beginning of the year had been followed by the gift of fruitfulness, and plenty at its close.

There seems reason here for once to question the date given in the inscription. So applicable is the Psalm to the great year in which the destruction of the Assyrian army before Jerusalem was followed by an abundant harvest (see Isaiah xxxvii. 30), that it is almost impossible not to refer it to that era. “The fields so lately trampled beneath the feet of the invader seemed now, with their waving crops, to sing and shout for joy” (Perowne).

Mr. Lyte's version is here of surpassing merit, though he passes over the victories commemorated, which, in Dr. Watts's paraphrase, are made to symbolise the triumphs of the Gospel.

First Version. C.M.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee ;
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine ;
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose,
To bring them near Thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

In answering what Thy Church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just :
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

They dread Thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear ;
But they shall learn Thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. L.M.

PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits ;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple
gates ;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

Our spirits faint, our sins prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail ;
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !
How surely kept ! how richly fed !
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee !

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills :
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;
The clouds drop wealth the world
around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles and owns her King.

Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour ;
The moral waste within restore ;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. C.M.

THOU by whose strength the mountains stand,
Whose voice the waves obey,
Whose mighty Spirit can command
The passions' wilder sway ;

Thy goodness crowns the circling year
With nature's rich supply,
And "makes all music to the ear,
And beauty to the eye."

The clouds pour on the thirsty plain
Their fertilising showers ;
In rich profusion waves the grain,
And earth is wreathed with flowers.

Third Version, continued.

The morning with its cheering light,
 The fragrant breath of even,
 The mild effulgence of the night,
 All praise the God of heaven.

Creation's glories through all space
 Our awe and wonder move ;
 But O how sweet in each to trace
 A Father's tender love !

*HARRIET AUBER.***PSALM LXVI.***TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A SONG-PSALM.*

IN its exultation and thankfulness, this hymn of praise may well rank with the preceding. It bears no name, but may have been the outpouring of some inspired bard in Hezekiah's day. By no one, indeed, could the strain more appropriately have been offered than by the royal minstrel himself ; and were it so, the sudden change from the plural to the singular in verse 16 would be decisively explained. The triumph of the nation was in an especial manner the deliverance of the king ; and this song may be regarded as the sequel to his prayer (Isaiah xxxvii. 15-20). Then did the king "cry unto God with his mouth ;" now He is "extolled with his tongue."

Many of the versions of this Psalm are bright and spirited. Those selected are among the most striking ; the second especially so.

First Version. S.M.

"G LORY to God above !"
 'Twas thus the angels sang :
 From hill and dale, from wood and grove,
 Their heavenly voices rang.

Thus let all lands rejoice ;
 Glad hymns as offerings bring :
 And as on high we raise our voice,
 God's glory let us sing.

How glorious is our God !
 How wondrous and how great !
 How great His love on man bestowed !
 Who can His acts relate ?

All shall His name adore,
 All shall in praise unite :
 O may we love Him more and more,
 Most just, and infinite.

God heareth when I cry ;
 He casteth none away :
 He heareth from His throne on high ;
 Therefore to Him I'll pray.

*HYMNS ON THE PSALMS.**Second Version. 8.7.*

EARTH, with all thy thousand voices,
 Praise in songs the eternal King :
 Praise His name, whose praise rejoices
 Ears that hear, and tongues that sing.
 Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling
 Earth shall raise the glad acclaim :
 All shall kneel, Thy greatness telling,
 Sing Thy praise and bless Thy name.

Come and hear the wondrous story,
 How our mighty God of old,
 In the terrors of His glory,
 Back the flowing sea-streams rolled :
 Walled within the threatening waters,
 Free we passed the fettered wave ;
 Then was joy to Israel's daughters,
 Loud they sang His power to save.

Second Version, continued.

Bless the Lord, who ever liveth ;
 Sound His praise through every land,
 Who our dying souls reviveth,
 By whose arm upheld we stand.
 Now upon this cheerful morrow
 We Thine altars will adorn,
 And the gifts we vowed in sorrow
 Pay in joy's returning morn.


Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
 Him who fills the eternal throne :
 Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
 What our God for us hath done :
 When we made our supplication,
 When our voice in prayer was strong,
 Straight we found His glad salvation ;
 And His mercy fills our tongue.

Had my heart's desire regarded
 Thought of sin or deed of blame,
 Then had God's just wrath rewarded
 My dissembling words with shame :
 But His willing ear attended,
 Still he hears the prayers I pray :
 Praise be His, whose love befriended,
 His, whose mercies ne'er decay.

E. CHURTON.

PSALM LXVII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN ON NEGINOTH (STRINGED INSTRUMENTS).
 A PSALM-SONG.*

 HIS is a natural sequel to Psalm lxxv. Then the harvest was ripening, "the valleys were covered over with corn." Now it is gathered in, "the earth has yielded her increase" (as the best expositors read verse 6). But the most observable point in the Psalm is the way in which the thought passes from what is natural and local to the universal supremacy and loving-kindness of God. Israel was to be blessed, that "all nations" might share the great salvation ; and the praise uttered by the chosen people was to be echoed by distant lands. Thus the harvest-song of Palestine becomes a great missionary Psalm.

The versions given are all familiar. Dr. Watts, according to his frequent custom, reads *Britain* for *Israel*, and with much felicity makes the Psalm speak the language of the patriot and the Christian.

First Version. S.M.

TO bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline,
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known ;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
 Their Saviour to proclaim ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth ;
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of His resistless power.

TATE AND BRADY.

Second Version. C.M.*The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.*

SHINE, Mighty God, on Britain shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace ;
 Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
 And show Thy smiling face.

Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do Thou our glory stand,
 And, like a wall of guardian fire,
 Surround the favoured land.

When shall Thy name, from shore to
 Sound all the earth abroad ; [shore,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God ?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud with solemn voice ;
 While British tongues exalt His praise,
 And British hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the Sovereign Judge,
 That sits enthroned above,
 Wisely commands the worlds He made
 In justice and in love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
 And yield a full increase ;
 Our God will crown His chosen isle
 With fruitfulness and peace.

God, the Redeemer, scatters round
 His choicest favours here ;
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

*DR. WATTS.***Third Version. 7s.**

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face :
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
 Fill Thy Church with light Divine ;
 And Thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord
 Be by all that live adored ;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At Thy feet Thy tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
 God to man His blessings give ;
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy and light and love.

*H. F. LYTE.***Fourth Version. 777.5.**

GOD, to us Thy mercy show,
 Show the brightness of Thy face ;
 That the earth Thy way may know,
 And mankind Thy grace.

Let their voice the nations raise,
 Let the nations all unite,
 One and all, to chant Thy praise,
 God of power and might !

Let them sing with holy mirth ;
 Thou in justice shalt preside
 O'er the nations of the earth.
 Comfort them and guide.

Let their voice the nations raise,
 Let the nations all unite,
 One and all, to chant Thy praise,
 God of power and might !

Fourth Version, *continued.*

Then the earth shall cast abroad
Riches in abundant store ;
And on us shall God, our God,
Plenteous blessings pour.

Plenteous blessings God shall send
On His chosen Israel's race ;
And, where'er her bounds extend,
Earth His fear embrace.

BISHOP MANT.

PSALM LXVIII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM-SONG OF DAVID.

THE keynote of this sublime strain was struck in Israel's journey through the wilderness. When the ark set forward, Moses said, "Rise up, LORD, and let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee" (Numbers x. 35). Here, with the characteristic change of *JEHOVAH* into *Elohim*, the same invocation is employed as the basis of a grand "processional" hymn, in which, amid reminiscences of olden days, the symbolic entrance of the Most High into His sanctuary is celebrated, together with some signal victory achieved by His people. It would seem as though the ark itself had been borne into the fields, and is now brought back in triumph ; while, in addition to the rejoicings of the people, there are such outward signs of God's presence and glory that it seems as though Sinai itself were in the sanctuary (verse 17).

Although it may not be possible to fix upon the special victory commemorated, the contents of the Psalm well bear out its ascription to David. That it belongs to the time of the undivided monarchy is evident from verse 27 ; and the "temple at Jerusalem" (verse 27) must be taken either as meaning the tabernacle itself, or as referring to the structure which David hoped to raise, and for which he was long collecting offerings.

The entrance of Jehovah into His sanctuary is made to prefigure, not dimly, the ascension of Christ to heaven, followed by a "train of captives"—the captives of His love.

No version can do justice to the majesty and fire of this Psalm. Here the most literal rendering must be the best. But some of the paraphrasts, in their application of the language to Christ's ascension, have caught the true spirit of the ode. Churton's rendering in parts is very fine ; the conclusion of Keble's, with some abridgment, is also given.

First Version. 87.87.887.

LET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him,
Let all on Him with joy repose
Who holily adore Him.
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voice
Who rideth on the heavens.

When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending :
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.

Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending ;
Thou captive ledd'st captivity,
To heaven's high throne ascending.
Thou hast received gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again ;
E'en with our race rebellious.

Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation ;
He daily blesseth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of power and holiness ;
Eternal be our praises.

LUTHER.

* Such is the true meaning of "captivity" (verse 18).

Second Version. L.M.*Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.*

LORD, when Thou didst ascend on
high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there ;
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can
tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. L.M. peculiar.

LORD, when Thy presence led our
host,
As through the barren wild we crossed,
The trembling earth its Maker knew,
The heavens all darkening overhead
In drops their watery fulness shed,
And Sinai, melting at the view,
Bowed down, with wondering terror awed,
Before the face of Israel's God.

Then, on Thy chosen heritage,
Their toil and hunger to assuage,
Thy gifts descended like the rain ;
The freshness of that strengthening
shower
Endued the weary soul with power,
And nerved them for their task again :
In desert wild Thy pilgrims poor
Dwelt as in homes of rest secure.

The Lord of hosts gave forth the word,
And Israel's maids¹ the tidings heard ;
With timbrels in the dance they sung,
How kings, with mighty armies, fled,
In all their might discomfited ;
And how their princely spoils were flung
On the low earth, a captive prey
For feeble hands to bear away.

Ye, who amidst the kilns had lain,
And wrought the tyrant's task with pain,
Bedimmed with toil, with bondage worn,
Then saw fair Peace her wings unfold,

Her silvery wings bedropt with gold,
Fair as the dove in rays of morn,
Fair as the snow on Salmon's height,
When God had turned those kings to
flight.

The hill, where God hath set His love,
Is high all other hills above :

Not pleasant Bashan's heights excel :
What envy moves the mountains near ?
In vain their rival fronts they rear.

'Tis here our God delights to dwell.
Bow your tall crests, and vail your
pride :
Here ever shall our God abide.

Here watch around, or soar on wing,
The legions of our heavenly King,
More strong than battle-chariots far,
The countless seraphs glittering bright ;
And with them comes, in peerless might,
The God of glory and of war ;
As when, revealed in lightning-flame,
To Sinai's holy mount He came.

Thou art on high ascended, Thou
Hast led our captors captive now,
Thou hast on man Thy gifts bestowed :
E'en hearts, that once in rebel pride
Thy yoke of love had cast aside,
Are now Thy Spirit's blest abode.
Praise we in songs, as praise we may,
That weight of blessings day by day.

E. CHURTON.

¹ "Those that published it" (verse 11) is *feminine* in the original.

Fourth Version. *C.M.*

WELL seen are all Thy goings, Lord,
Thy ways of perfect grace,
The goings of my God, my King,
In His own holy place.

The singers lead the choral march,
The minstrels close the train,
The virgin timbrels all around
Guide soft the harmonious strain.

In solemn meetings praise the Lord,
The Lord, in warbled lays,
Ye who from Israel's fountain flow :
The God of all our praise.

There, least and last, yet chief of all,
The rod of Benjamin,
And, fulness of the people, there
Are Judah's princes seen.

The princes there of Zabulon,
And Naphtali the wise ;—
Thy Lord's high power on thy behalf
Is marshalled in the skies.

Lord, in our cause make sure and strong
Thy word and gracious will,
Thou Watcher of Jerusalem,
From Thy most holy hill.

See monarchs in long order spread
Their suppliant hands abroad :
Sing to the Lord, ye thrones of earth,
Sing praises to our God.

Upon the very heavens upborne
Of His eternal heaven,
With His own voice, a mighty voice,
His signal He hath given.

Ascribe ye power to God above :
His glory ever bright
Is over Israel ; in the clouds
His high-enduring might.

O awful in Thy darksome shrine !
'Tis Israel's God who gives
Might to His own, and deeds of war :
For ever blest He lives.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM LXIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON SHOSHANNIM (LILIES). OF DAVID.

SHOSHANNIM is the plural of "Shushan" (see Psalm lx. *title*), and probably designates the measure or tune of this Psalm. If a tune, it must have been one adapted to the expression of very various sentiments ; as the Forty-fifth Psalm, which also bears the title, is as bright and jubilant as this is sombre and pathetic. To what particular period of David's sorrows the Psalm refers cannot be ascertained. It was evidently a time of physical weakness and spiritual depression, as well as of persecution on account of his faith and piety. Never was the cry of the afflicted uttered with a deeper sadness, or with a more steadfast trust ; while with a strong indignation the Psalmist's persecutors are denounced, because the enemies of God.

The application of this Psalm in the New Testament to the sufferings of Christ shows to the Christian reader the true and highest significance,

See verse 9 : "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up" (John ii. 17).

21 : "They gave Me also gall for My meat," etc. (Matthew xxvii. 34, 48).

25 : "Let their habitation be desolate" (Acts i. 20).

Accordingly the versions of the Psalm fall into two classes, one expressing in general terms the sorrows of the afflicted saint, the other special in their reference to Christ.

First Version. *L.M.*

GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint ;
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

First Version, *continued.*

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forsakes me not;
And He is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

W. COWPER.

Second Version. *L.M.**Christ's Passion and Sinners' Salvation.*

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm His holy soul.

Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins which we have done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
Borne for transgressions not His own.

O for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM LXX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. OF DAVID, TO BRING TO REMEMBRANCE.



HE title of this Psalm corresponds with that of the Thirty-eighth, which see. A few verbal alterations excepted, this Psalm is identical with the last five verses of the Fortieth, from which it may have been extracted (according to Perowne's view) for some special occasion. Or, more probably, it was taken as a kind of prelude to Psalm lxxi., where see the Introduction.

The versions of the Psalm are but few, most of the paraphrasts referring to the Fortieth.

L.M.

MAKE haste, O God, my soul to bless!
My help and my deliverer Thou;
Make haste, for I'm in deep distress,
My case is urgent; help me *now*.

Make haste, O God! make haste to save!
For time is short, and death is nigh;
Make haste, ere yet I'm in my grave,
And with the lost for ever lie.

Make haste, for I am poor and low,
And Satan mocks my prayers and tears;
O God, in mercy be not slow,
But snatch me from my horrid fears.

Make haste, O God, and hear my cries;
Then with the souls who seek Thy face,
And those who Thy salvation prize,
I'll magnify Thy matchless grace.

C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXI.

IT would appear from the absence of a title, that this Psalm was originally a continuation of the Seventieth ; and the probability is that the five verses of the Fortieth were taken as the prelude or motto to this impassioned entreaty. "The Psalm," says Dean Perowne, "may not improbably have been written by Jeremiah. It would apply obviously to his circumstances. His life had been a life of extraordinary perils, and extraordinary deliverances. He had been consecrated from his birth, and even before his birth, to his office (Jeremiah i. 5, compared with verse 6 of the Psalm). He had discharged that office for more than thirty years, and might therefore be verging on old age in the days of Zedekiah (the age to which an inscription in the LXX. refers the Psalm). The prominent position which he occupied for so long a period before princes and people harmonises well with the language of the Psalm in verses 7 and 21. Finally, the style and general character of the poetry are not unlike those of Jeremiah. There is the same plaintive elegiac strain which we find in his writings, and the same disposition to borrow from earlier poets."¹

The two versions given admirably express the tone of the Psalm as an expression of deepest sorrow, mitigated by Christian faith and hope, and overcome at last by the spirit of praise.

First Version. C.M.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And, since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.

When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers !
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 8.8.6.

WITH years oppress, with sorrows
worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray ;
To Thee my withered hands arise,
To Thee I lift these failing eyes,
O cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days ;
Thy goodness watched my ripening
youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

¹ The Psalm "is little more than a cento taken from other compositions, such as Psalms xxii., xxxi., xxxv., lxx. (or rather xl.), etc."—*Jennings and Lowe*.

Second Version, *continued.*

O Saviour ! has Thy grace declined ?
 Can years affect the Eternal Mind ?
 Or time its love decay ?
 A thousand ages pass Thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, Thy name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee :
 O yet this bosom feels the fire,
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for Thee !

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice transported shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long ;
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song !

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM LXXII.

OF (OR FOR) SOLOMON.

HIS Psalm is in the Hebrew inscription distinctly attributed to Solomon, the form of expression being the same as that elsewhere pointing out the authorship, as "Of David," etc. It is chiefly on the authority of the LXX. (which is insufficient for such a conclusion) that the Psalm has been supposed to have been composed not by, but on behalf of, Solomon. There is no incongruity in supposing that the wise son of David in the early part of his reign indited this beautiful prayer, directing it to be offered in the Temple and elsewhere on behalf of the kingdom, of whose honours and promises he was the inheritor. The Psalm, it should be observed, is prayer rather than prophecy ; or, to speak more precisely, it becomes a prophecy by virtue of its being an inspired prayer. "May he judge Thy people with righteousness ! . . . May the mountains bring forth peace ! . . . May the righteous flourish, . . . may he have dominion from sea to sea !" etc. In verses 12 to 15 the language of prayer is exchanged for that of affirmation, "He delivereth the needy," etc., the strain of petition being resumed in verse 16, "Let there be abundance of corn," etc.

The immediate reference of the whole Psalm is thus to the extension and prosperity of Solomon's dominion ; this being typical of the ideal kingdom, the reign of the Messiah. In this sense, therefore, Christians have from the earliest times interpreted its glowing strains ; only following, in fact, the exposition of ancient Jewish teachers, who held the Psalm to be distinctively Messianic.

The Doxology at the close belongs to the whole of the Second Book, and the sentence following is a kind of *Finis*, not intended to intimate either that this and the other Psalms in the book individually came from David, or that there were no more Psalms of David to follow ; but simply that this particular collection, known generally by the name of their greatest author, had come to a close.

First Version. *L.M.**Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold, the islands with their kings,
 And Europe her best tribute brings ;
 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold ;
 There India shines in eastern gold ;
 And barbarous nations at His word
 Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises [†] throng to crown His head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

[†] The general reading is "princes ;" but Dr. Watts was evidently paraphrasing verse 13, "Prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be *praised*."

First Version, continued.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. L.M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son ;
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

The sceptre well becomes His hands ;
All heaven submits to His commands ;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down :
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 7.6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong :
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth :
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Third Version, continued.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion,
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is—Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Fourth Version. 888.10.

THY judgements to the King, O Lord,
To the King's Son Thy truth impart,
To rule Thine own with sure award,
And win redress for every orphaned
heart.

So may Thy mountains, far and wide,
Sweet peace unto Thy people bear ;
And the green knolls on every side
In righteousness their quiet mantle wear.

The children of the poor forlorn
In all the land to judge aright,
Is His ; to save the souls that mourn,
And dash to earth the oppressor's raven-
ing might.

Thy fear with heaven's bright sun shall
The watchful moon Thy witness be, [live,
Age after age : glad earth receive,
As showers on wool,¹ sweet silent dews
from Thee.

He shall come down as still and light
As scattered drops on genial field ;
And in His time, who loves the right,
Freely shall bloom, sweet peace her harvest
yield,

Till the bright moon be quenched and
o'er :
And He shall reign from sea to sea,
The Eastern flood shall Him adore,
The ends of utmost earth His portion be.

Wild sunburnt hordes before Him bow,
The dust shall be His foeman's meat :
From Tarshish and the isles, e'en now,
Kings of the West Thy throne with offer-
ings greet.

Sheba and Saba far away,
Kings of the East, their vows shall bring,
All monarchs worship and obey,
All nations serve the One Eternal King.

¹ "Mown grass ;" ver. 6. Many ancient authorities, however, give "fleece" as the meaning ; the reference being either to Gideon's fleece (Judges vii.), or to the silent influence of the Gospel.

Fourth Version, continued.

For souls forlorn, no helper nigh,
He frees,—the needy when he calls :
The Saviour of the poor, His eye
In gentleness upon the lowly falls.

From guile and fierce tyrannic might
'Tis His their spirit to relieve,
And dear and precious in His sight
Is their life-blood : O King, for ever
live !

He lives, and to Him gifts they bring
Of Sheba's gold ; and He will pray
For them unwearied : our high King
His awful blessing will breathe out all
day.

Lo, streaks of corn in all the land,
High waving o'er the mountain side :
Like Lebanon by soft winds fanned,
Rustles the golden harvest far and wide.

Lo, from the city, fresh and bright,
Like green herb from the vernal ground,
They spring to verdure and to light ;—
In Time's great deep His glory shall be
found.

In presence of the eternal Sun,
His Name shall live, bear fruit, and grow :
All blessings in His Name be won,
Tongues of all lands His praise and empire
show.

To Israel's God be endless fame,
The only wonder-working Lord,
And blessed be His glorious Name,
And o'er the wide earth be His glory poured.

7. KEBBLE.

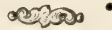
DOXOLOGY.

Blessed be Jehovah God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things : and
blessed be His glorious Name for ever ; And let the whole earth be filled with
His glory. Amen, and Amen.

The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.



The Third Book.



PSALM LXXIII.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

THIS Third Book begins with Asaph, as the Second began with the Sons of Korah. For references to what is known of this inspired "seer," or musician, see Introduction to the Fiftieth Psalm.

The question here raised is one by which devout thinkers in all ages have been sorely perplexed. Assuming that "God is good to Israel," how is it that His Providence so often permits wickedness to prosper, and the upright and holy to suffer affliction? The answer is that—

"One part, one little part alone we dimly scan,"

and that the promise of full disclosure is made in the "sanctuary of God." Thus the rising doubt is scattered, and the heart becomes strong again in confidence and hope.

"This Psalm, for the sublimity of its poetry, the depth of its thought, and the intensity of the struggle which it portrays, may be regarded as one of the most interesting in the whole Psalter. The spiritual life, illumined by only a partial revelation, is here presented to us in its inner conflicts. The various phases of the struggle, the misgivings expressed only to be repressed, the perplexity, the final reassurance and self-reproof, are portrayed with an almost dramatic reality."—*Jennings and Lowe.*

The versions of this Psalm in general very inadequately represent the sorrowful doubts of the writer: but concentrate their strength upon the utterance of his longing after God—"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"—and his anticipation of the future blessedness—"Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

First Version. C.M.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence, die:
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee—
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee :
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil ;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

O Lord ! I cast my care on Thee !
I triumph and adore :
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

DR. J. RYLAND.

Third Version. 7s.

L ORD of earth ! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath
planned ;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price—
Love—a flower from paradise ;
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but Thee ?

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O that world is passing fair !
Yet if Thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest.
I was lost ; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
I was blind ; Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O ! if once Thy smile Divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me ?
Whom have I in each but Thee ?

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM LXXIV.

MASCHIL OF ASAPH.



T would seem from this and some other Psalms that the seer Asaph, whether musician or poet, bequeathed his name to some guild or school, that during successive generations perpetuated the spirit of his strains. For it is impossible to place this mournful Psalm—a cry from the midst of bitter and prevailing persecution—earlier than the days in which the Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed by heathen hands. It is a “lamentation” kindred to those of Jeremiah; or, as some have thought, it may refer to the oppression of the Jews by Antiochus Epiphanes. To the very end the mournfulness of the strain continues. There is importunate prayer, but as yet no gleam of light.

The version by Sandys, though quaint and harsh in parts, is one of his most successful.

First Version. *L.M. peculiar.*

LORD, why hast Thou abandonèd ?
O why for ever ? Shall Thine ire
Consume, like a devouring fire,
The sheep which in Thy pastures fed ?

O think of those who were Thine own ;
By those of old from bondage brought,
The inheritance which Thou hast
bought,
And Zion, Thine affected throne.

Come, O come quickly ! and survey
What spoil the barbarous foe hath
made :

Lo ! all in heaps of ruin laid
Thy temple, their accursèd prey.

There, with wild shouts, the hostile band
Roar midst Thy courts ; and, as 'twere
given,
A token and a sign from heaven,
Point where their conquering ensigns
stand.

It was esteemed a great renown
With axe to square the mountain oaks :
Now they demolish with their strokes
And hew the carvèd fabric down ;

Who, lo ! with all-enfolding flame,
The beauty of the earth devour ;
Profanely prostrate on the floor
That temple sacred to Thy Name.

“Now,” say they, “with a sudden hand
Give we a general end to all !”
By fire the holy structures fall
Through this depopulated land.

No miracles amaze our foes ;
There is no prophet to divine
Or cheer us with the wonted sign ;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah ! how long shall our enemies
Exult and glory in our shame ?
How long shall they blaspheme Thy
Name,
Great God, and Thy slow wrath despise ?

Thy hand from out Thy bosom draw ;
No longer Thy revenge withhold !
My God, Thou wast our King : of
old
Th' amazèd world Thy wonders saw.

Thou struck'st the Erythræan waves,
When seas from seas in tumult fled ;
Brak'st the Egyptian dragon's head,
And mad'st the joining floods their
graves.

Thou clav'st the rock, from whose green
wound
The thirst-exPELLING fountain brake ;
Thou mad'st the heady streams forsake
Their channels, and become dry ground.

First Version, continued.

The cheerful day, night clothed in shade,
The moon and radiant sun are Thine ;
Thy bounds the swelling seas confine ;
Summer and winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not those
Who Thee reproachfully despise ;
Remember, Lord, the blasphemies
Cast on Thee by our frantic foes.

O ! to the wicked multitude
Surrender not Thy turtle-dove ;
Nor from Thy tender care remove
The poor, by powerful wrong pursued.

Thy covenant, bound by oath, maintain :
For darkness overspreads the face
Of all the land ; in every place
Destruction, rapine, slaughter reign.

Let not the oppressor return with shame,
But crown Thee with deserved applause ;
O patronise Thy proper cause ;
Remember, fools revile Thy name.

Lord, let not still Thy foes in peace
BlaspHEME Thee with their calumnies ;
The tumults of their pride who rise
Against Thee, every day increase.

G. SANDYS.

Second Version. C.M.

O LORD, defend us ; as of old
Thy hand salvation wrought ;
When safely to their promised fold
Thy chosen flock were brought.

E'en in the wilderness Thy hand
With plenty strewed their road ;
And from the rock, at Thy command,
Refreshing waters flowed.

The sun, obedient to Thy will,
Renews his daily light ;
Seasons and times Thy word fulfil,
And all proclaim Thy might.

Then, Lord, arise, and plead my cause
Against the oppressor's power ;
O keep the souls that love Thy laws
Safe in the trying hour.

ANONYMOUS.

PSALM LXXV.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, AL-TASCHITH ("DESTROY NOT").
A PSALM-SONG OF ASAPH.*



HERE is nothing in this Psalm to indicate the occasion or date of its composition. It evidently belonged to some time in Jewish history in which for the moment the justice of God seemed in question ; and to reaffirm the certainty of His righteous judgments is the Psalmist's special purpose. The coincidences in expression between the Psalm and Hannah's song (1 Samuel ii.) are very striking : "The pillars of the earth are the LORD's : " "He shall exalt the horn of His anointed."

The versions are of no special mark. That by Miss Auber will suffice.

8.8.6.

THAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veiled in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare ;
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds
With providential care.

Thou settest up and castest down ;
 The ruler's power, the monarch's crown,
 Thy hands alone bestow :
 In Thee all creatures live and move ;
 Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above,
 And in the earth below.

Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 Whose hand chastises and rewards,
 Thee only we adore :
 To Thee the voice of praise shall rise
 In hallelujahs to the skies,
 Till time shall be no more.

HARRIET AUBER.

PSALM LXXVI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN ON NEGINOTH (STRINGED INSTRUMENTS).
 A PSALM-SONG OF ASAPH.



T is evident from the contents of this noble Psalm that it is one of the series that celebrate the destruction of the Assyrian host under Sennacherib.

“At Thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,
 Both the chariot and horse are cast into a deep sleep.”

The Psalm must therefore be ranked with the Forty-sixth and two following : but it goes even beyond them in its assertion, not of God's power only and His regard to His people, but of His eternal righteousness ; while His judgements impressively call upon His own Israel to approach Him with a deeper reverence and more solemn awe.

The Psalm, as Keble's version shows, may be almost literally translated into metrical form. With the Forty-sixth, it ranks among the greatest lyrics of the Church militant.

First Version. 87.87.887.

IN Judah God is known ; His name
 In Israel great and glorious ;
 His tent in Salem He would frame,
 On Zion dwell victorious :
 There burning shafts from many a bow
 He shivered ; targe and spear lay low—
 The shield, the sword, and battle.
 More glorious than the hills of prey
 Thine awful light is shining :
 The proud had cast their spoils away,
 In deadly sleep reclining.
 Their warriors missed their arm of
 might—
 God of our fathers ! Thou didst smite :
 Fell car and horse astonished.

Thou awful God ! to whom is given
 In wrath to stand before Thee ?
 Thou mad'st Thy judgement heard from
 heaven ;
 The deeps of earth adore Thee.
 They heard, they sank ; for God arose
 Out of His place to judge His foes,
 The meek ones here upholding.
 Man's wrath must praise Thee, Lord, till
 Have his fierce wrath abated ; [Thou
 Vow ye to God, and pay your vow,
 Who still on Him have waited.
 Gifts to the Dreadful One be brought,
 Tamer of monarch's haughty thought,
 To kings of earth appalling.

J. KEEBLE.

Second Version. S.M.

GOD in His Church is known,
 His name is glorious there ;
 He there sets up His earthly throne,
 And hears His people's prayer.

The powers of death and hell
 In vain her peace oppose ;
 A word of His the storm can quell,
 And scatter all her foes.

The Lord to judgement came ;
 Earth trembled and was still :
 Tis His, 'tis His, the proud to tame,
 And shield the meek from ill.

The fury of His foes
 Fulfils but His decree :
 Ye saints, on Him your hopes repose,
 And He your strength will be.

H. F. LYTH.

PSALM LXXVII.

*TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN: TO (OR, AFTER THE MANNER OF) JEDUTHUN.
A PSALM OF ASAPH.*



HIS Psalm," says Dean Perowne, "is the record, first of a sorrow long and painfully questioning with itself, full of doubts and fears, longing in vain to find in itself or in the past a light for the present ; and then of the triumph over that sorrow by the recollection of God's love and power, as manifested in the early history of Israel." It is evident that the sorrow, whatever its immediate cause, is personal rather than national. "The allusions to the national history may indeed show that the season was a season of national distress, and that the sweet singer was himself bowed down by the burden of the time, and oppressed by woes which he had no power to alleviate ; but it is his own sorrow, not the sorrow of others, under which he sighs, and of which he has left the pathetic record." The resemblance between the concluding verses of the Psalm and part of the prophecy of Habakkuk (iii. 10-15) is very noticeable. Whether the prophet or the psalmist were the earlier is quite uncertain.

The versions here given are selected from many which, with considerable success, apply the Psalm to the sorrows of God's children of all ages. Keble's transcript of the last part of the Psalm is truly magnificent.

First Version. 7.6.

IN time of tribulation
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries ;
With humble supplication
To Thee my spirit flies.
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain ;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring banished bliss to view ;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew.
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever ?
Can time His truth impair ?
His tender mercy never
Shall I presume to share ?
Hath He His lovingkindness
Shut up in endless wrath ?
No ; this is mine own blindness
That cannot see His path.

I call to recollection
The years of His right hand ;
And, strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder ;
Holy are all Thy ways ;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw ;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe.
The clouds shot hail, they lightened ;
The earth reeled to and fro ;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known,
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone.
Through the wild seas Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore ;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Second Version. 8.7.4.

HEAR, O Lord, our supplications,
 Look upon our souls' distress ;
 On through trials and temptations,
 To Thy sheltering side we press.
 Friend of sinners,
 Hear our prayer, O hear and bless.

Musing on Thy grace and favour
 Through so many years gone by,
 "Can the Lord cast off for ever ?
 Can His mercies fail ?" we cry.
 "He hath blessed us ;
 Can the fount of love run dry ?"

No ; it is our own delusion ;
 God must still the same abide.
 Contradiction or confusion
 Cannot, Lord, in Thee reside.
 Thou hast promised !
 In that promise we confide.

By Thy many ancient wonders,
 By Thy deeds in Egypt's sea,
 Canaan's conquest, Sinai's thunders,
 Lord, our God, we trust in Thee.
 Israel's Shepherd,
 Still Thy people's guardian be.

H. F. LYTF.

Third Version. *L.M. six lines.*

IN musings high Thy work I trace,
 Thy glorious deeds I tell abroad :
 God's way is in the Holy Place ;
 Who is a great God like our God ?
 O wonder-working Lord of light !
 Thou bidd'st the nations own Thy
 might.

Thou with strong arm Thine own hast freed,
 Even Jacob and his darling son ;
 The waters saw Thee, and gave heed,
 The waters saw Thee, and are gone ;
 The caves of ocean feared Thee, Lord,
 Their waste of rain the dark clouds
 poured.

The deeps of heaven gave out their sound,
 A thousand ways Thy shafts were
 hurled,
 Thine eddying thunder rolled around,
 Thy keen fires lightened all the world :
 They start, they tremble ; earth and sea
 Are fled away, for fear of Thee.

Thy way is in the sea, O God,
 Along the many waters dark
 Thy viewless path : where Thou hast
 trod,
 No heart may guess, no eye may mark.
 Like sheep Thou leddest Thy true band
 By Moses' rod and Aaron's hand.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM LXXVIII.

MASCHIL OF ASAPH.

HE Psalmist here recounts at length the Divine dealings with Israel in Egypt and the wilderness, with the perversity and unfaithfulness of the people. In doing this he has a special purpose in view, for he speaks of the history as a *parable*—i.e., as a narrative with a spiritual application ; and from the allusions to the disgrace of "Ephraim" and the honours of "Judah," it can scarcely be doubted that this lesson is connected in some way with the revolt of the Ten Tribes. As in Stephen's address (Acts vii.), the story of the past became a terrible indictment of a rebellious people. The Psalm would thus appear to belong to a period not long after the disruption, when the northern and southern kingdoms were arrayed against each other.

Most of the paraphrases of this Psalm, like Miss Auber's, here given, pass by the special lesson of warning, and simply dwell upon the thought of pilgrimage and Divine support.

C.M.

O PRAISE our great and gracious
And call upon His name; [Lord,
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim.
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.

He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night;
To guide His Israel on their way,
He made their darkness light.
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh?
The same clear light to guide our feet,
The Day-spring from on high?


We too have manna from above,
"The bread that came from heaven;"
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows; [King,
"That rock is Christ," our Priest, our
Who life and health bestows.

O let us prize this blessed food,
And trust our heavenly Guide;
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide;
And safely reach the happy shore,
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence blessed.

HARRIET AUBER.

PSALM LXXIX.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

 **I**KE the Seventy-fourth Psalm, this pathetic strain is a "lamentation," and evidently refers to the same catastrophe. Two verses (6, 7) are found almost word for word in Jeremiah (x. 25), and there are several other coincidences of expression between the psalmist and the prophet. The two versions given apply the Psalm in general terms to the "godly sorrow" of the afflicted penitent.

First Version. S.M.

THOU gracious God, and kind,
O cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

So we Thy flock, Thy choice,
The people of Thy love,
Through life shall in thy care rejoice;
But praise Thee best above.

W. GOODE.

Second Version. L.M.

LOW in the dust, O Lord, we lie,
O'erwhelmed beneath Thy chas-
tening rod;
Yet to Thy throne we humbly cry,
Yet look for all to God, our God!

How long shall we Thy succour crave,
And Thou refuse Thy grace Divine?
Arise Thy suffering Church to save,
And scatter all her foes and Thine.

Our past neglects no more reprove,
Our countless sins forget, forgive;
Shine forth once more a God of love;
Break off our bonds, and bid us live.

Accept the captive's lowly plea;
The contrite sinner's hope restore.
Be Thine to guide, to guard, to free;
Be ours to praise Thee evermore.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM LXXX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON SHOSHANNIM EDUTH
(LILIES—A TESTIMONY). A PSALM OF ASAPH.



OR the title *Shoshannim*, see Introduction to Psalms lx. and lxix. That the present Psalm was composed in a time of national disaster is plain ; but to what historical event it relates is quite uncertain. From the reference in verse 2 to "Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasseh," it has been thought to refer to a time before the secession of the Ten Tribes ; but, as has been often pointed out, the allusion may be simply to the march through the wilderness, when the three tribes in question immediately followed the ark, on the western side of the Tabernacle (Numbers ii. 17-24). That the days of the exodus were before the Psalmist's mind is clear, from his pathetic and beautiful parable of the vine out of Egypt. The application of the Psalm to the varying history of the Church of Christ, especially when times of persecution and depression bring former deliverances to mind, is natural and obvious ; while in a more literal construction it adapts itself to prayer on behalf of the Jewish nation. These two lines of thought are respectively taken in the following versions.

First Version. L.M.

OF old, O God, Thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root ;
Perennial verdure crowned its head,
It bore in every season fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its shoots low in the dust are laid ;
High o'er its branches springs the thorn,
The wild boar revels in its shade.

Lord God of hosts, Thine ear incline,
Change into songs Thy people's fears ;
Return and visit this Thy vine,
Revive Thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continual dew
Of Thy rich blessing here descend ;
So shall Thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and fair,
While realms beneath its shadow rest :
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall Thine enemies be dumb,
Thy banished ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Second Version. C.M.

AND is the day of mercy set
On Israel's fallen line ?
And canst Thou, gracious Lord, forget
Thy long-regarded vine ?
Thy vine which once from Egypt's sands,
To Canaan's fostering dew,
Transported by Thy tender hands,
So fair, so fruitful grew ?

Second Version, *continued.*

Like goodliest cedars, wide and vast,
 Around her arms were spread ;
 Deep in the rock her roots she cast,
 To heaven she reared her head.
 Her fruits, from farthest east to west,
 With wonder kings surveyed ;
 And earth, and earth's glad sons, were blest
 Beneath her cooling shade.

Alas ! where once in joy she stood,
 Her fences now are bare,
 And boars and monsters of the wood
 Her richest clusters tear.
 Then turn Thee, Lord, and from above
 Once more in mercy shine ;
 With looks of pity and of love
 Regard Thy fallen vine.

W. PETERS.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON GITTITH. OF ASAPH.



OR the title *Gittith*, see Introduction to Psalm viii. The present Psalm appears to be a "New Year's Song," intended for the Feast of Trumpets, at the new moon of the month Tisri (October). But from this the mind of the Psalmist passes to the yet greater festival which followed the full moon of the same month, as intimated by the phrase rendered "the time appointed" (*Delitzsch*), the Feast of Tabernacles. At each and every festival, together with the joy of grateful remembrance, let the voice of solemn warning be heard. "The sound of trumpet and timbrel and sacred song must be hushed, while Jehovah speaks to tell His forgetful people the lesson of their past history associated with that festival, the warning and the expostulation suggested by their own perverseness. If they would praise Him aright, it must be with hearts mindful of His goodness, and sensible of their own unworthiness and ingratitude."

Bishop Mant has rendered the Psalm with unusual fire.

66.10.66.10.10.12.

SHOUT for the God of hosts,
 Whose arm His Jacob boasts !
 Shout for the majesty of Israel's Lord !
 Triumphant anthems sing ;
 The cheerful timbrel bring,
 The pleasant harp and psaltery's dulcet chord ;
 Loud the new moon proclaim with trumpet call
 On God's appointed day, our solemn festival.

Of old this law from heaven
 To Israel's seed was given :
 To Joseph's sons the mystic rite was shown ;
 When he from Egypt's shore
 His course victorious bore,
 From a strange nation and a speech unknown :
 I from his shoulder galling loads displaced,
 I from the potter's kiln his bondsman's hand released.

By toil, by wandering spent,
 To Me thy voice was sent ;
 I rescued thee from dark affliction's night ;
 Thou heard'st My voice resound,
 Where rolled the thunder round
 The pillared cloud, and Sinai's secret height ;
 And there the measure of thy faith I tried,
 Where Meribah's first spring gushed forth from Horeb's side,

Hear, O My Israel's seed ;
 My law, My people, heed ;
 If thou to Me thy duteous ear incline,
 No idol god shall stand
 Within thy favoured land,
 Thy vows be offered at no idol shrine ;
 I am thy God, Jehovah ; thee I led
 From Egypt ; ope thy mouth, and thou shalt full be fed.

But Israel's faithless seed
 Refused My voice to heed ;
 My people spurned and cast their God away ;
 Then, of My grace bereft,
 The reprobates I left,
 Slaves of their sin in wayward paths to stray.
 O had the ways of right my people trod,
 And Israel humbly walked obedient to their God,

Their enemies had felt
 My might, and suppliant knelt ;
 My hand had made the hostile squadrons run :
 Who dared with God contend
 Had found a speedy end ;
 But Israel's days had lasted as the sun :
 With finest wheat had I thy wish fulfilled,
 And with the honey fed, from stony rocks distilled.

BISHOP MANT.

PSALM LXXXII.

A PSALM OF ASAPH.

NO evil was more prevalent in the darker times of the Israelite history than judicial iniquity and corruption. This abuse of a high calling was the theme of indignant comment from many of the prophets, whose scathing words are like an echo of this Psalm. See Isaiah iii. 10-15 ; Amos v. 12-15, etc. Our Lord quotes the language of the Psalm, John x. 34, against the Jews who charged Him with blasphemy.

The paraphrasts have very generally omitted this Psalm. Dr. Watts remarks, "The last verse of the Psalm may not improperly be applied to Christ ; for He is that God who must 'judge the earth,' Psalm xcvi. and xcvi., and have the nations for His inheritance, Psalm ii. 8."

First Version. L.M.*God the Supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates warned.*

AMONG the assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes His seat ;
 The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

Why will ye, then, frame wicked laws ?
 Or why support the unrighteous cause ?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That sinners vex the saints no more ?

They know not, Lord, nor will they know ;
 Dark are the ways in which they go :
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.

Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son
 Possess His universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod ;
 He is our Judge, and He our God.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *C.M.*

THE kings of earth are in the hands
Of God, who reigns on high ;
He in their council chamber stands,
And sees with watchful eye.

Though foolish princes tyrants prove,
And tread the godly down ;
Though earth's foundations all remove,
He weareth still the crown.

They proudly boast a godlike birth,
In death like men they fall ;
Arise, O God, and judge the earth,
And rule the nations all.

When shall Thy Son, the Prince of Peace,
Descend with glorious power ?
Then only shall oppression cease :
O haste the welcome hour !

C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A SONG-PSALM OF ASAPH.



GREAT confederacy, including all the neighbouring tribes, and extending even to Assyria, had formed itself against the Chosen People. There can be little doubt that this was the expedition against the kingdom of Jehoshaphat, of which we read in 2 Chronicles xx., and which was so singularly routed in the "Hallelujah Victory." It is observable that the inspired bard whose words then inspired the troubled hosts of Judah was Jahaziel, "a Levite of the sons of Asaph," and this stirring Psalm may well have been his invocation to the Most High to protect His people, and bring their enemies to shame.

L.M.

MY God, no longer silent stand,
No longer let Thy powerful hand
Withhold its oft-requested aid,
While thus thy foes our peace invade ;

While flushed with hope, the impious band,
In mingled tumult round us stand,
Exulting in our sorrow's rise,
And brave with lifted head the skies.

Behold them, Lord, their arts employ
The heaven-raised people to destroy,
The souls whom, with Thy favour crowned,
Thy secret presence wraps around.

"Come," thus by lawless fury led,
Aloud they cry, "destruction spread
Along their desolated shore,
Till Israel's name be known no more."

Their league, their plans, with frantic aim
Against Omnipotence they frame ;
And, fired to rage, with fierce alarms,
The headlong nations rush to arms.

Swift as the fiery deluge strays,
And wraps the forest in its blaze,
Or, furious onward as it pours,
The mountain's shaggy waste devours,

Pursue them, mightiest Lord, pursue,
And let Thy vengeance to their view
Presented, whelm their souls in dread,
And burst in tempests o'er their head.

"Jehovah," shall the rebels cry,
"Jehovah only reigns on high,
And o'er the earth from day to day
Asserts His everlasting sway."

MERRICK (abridged).

PSALM LXXXIV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN UPON GITTITH. A PSALM FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.



THE tenderness and poetic beauty of these aspirations after Zion have found an echo in the heart of Christians throughout all ages. This Psalm, like the Twenty-third and the Hundred and forty-fifth, is emphatically *universal*; they so appropriately utter the language of every devout soul, that the question of their original application becomes comparatively unimportant. Many expositors have assigned it to David at some period when he was

debarred from the privileges of the sanctuary ; and the references to " the ways," the " valley of Baca," the travellers to Jerusalem, seem to indicate the period of one of the great national feasts.

The paraphrasts have in general well caught the spirit of this noble Psalm, some giving utterance mainly to the longing of the absent, others to the joys of the present, worshipper.

First Version. 6666.88.

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still,
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill !

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears ;
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

The Lord His people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee !

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 1047h.

HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God !
'Mid worldly commotion
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

The birds have their home ;
They fix on their nest :
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest.

From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing ;
To thee so returning,
My God and my King.

O happy the choirs
Who praise Thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres,
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

Second Version, continued.

Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow :
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure,
By worldlings enjoyed.

The Lord is a sun ;
The Lord is a shield ;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

J. CONDER.

Third Version. 7s.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and fains
For the fellowship of saints ;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High !
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast ;
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies :
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win !
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place :
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

H. F. LYTE.

Fourth Version. 7s.

BEAUTIFUL, desired, and dear,
Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings here !
How we long for Thine abode,
How our spirits faint for God !
Birds are happy in their nest,
So Thy people find their rest
In their Father's house of prayer ;
Blessed are the dwellers there.

Fourth Version, *continued.*

Blessèd are the ways of them
 Seeking loved Jerusalem ;
 On, with eager joy they press,
 Cheerful make the wilderness,
 Easy, the divided length ;
 So they go from strength to strength,
 Till they stand before Thy shrine,
 In the presence all Divine.

Lord of Hosts, we too draw near ;
 Through our Great Anointed, hear ;
 Show through Him Thy love untold,
 For His sake no good withhold.
 God in Christ ! be shield and sun,
 Grace and glory here begun ;
 And these courts the witness be,
 Blessèd all that trust in Thee !

G. RAWSON.

Fifth Version. C.M.

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair,
 O Lord of Hosts ! How dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where Thou dost dwell so near !

My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for Thee.

There, even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
 Hath found a house of rest ;
 The swallow there to lay her young,
 Hath built her brooding nest

Happy, who in Thy house reside,
 When Thee they ever praise !
 Happy, whose strength in Thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts Thy ways !

They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
 The dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale,
 Where springs and showers abound

Then journey on from strength to strength,
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion do appear.

For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory bright :
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
 They are the truly blest,
 Who only will on Thee rely,
 In Thee alone will rest.

J. MILTON.

PSALM LXXXV.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.



HIS Temple-Psalm evidently belongs to the period of the return from captivity : it is a fitting and joyful sequel to the Eightieth. Yet it is not without its conflict of feelings. The "wrath" of God is taken away ; but much of sorrow and trial remains to be endured before the ancient order can be fully and happily reinstated. Hence with the strain of praise there mingles that of imploring prayer : the whole being followed by the expression of triumphant hope. In that day of blended gratitude and anxiety the "joy of the Lord" was emphatically the "strength" of Israel. (See Nehemiah viii. 10.) Many of the expressions in the Psalm recall the words of Zechariah, the youthful prophet of the Return, and he may have been the poet-seer who delivered the Psalm to the "Sons of Korah" for the devotions of the people.

The versions given are very various in tone ; that by Dr. Watts appropriately introduces the work of the Redeemer, in whom "Mercy and Truth are met together ; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

First Version. *L.M. peculiar.*

AT length Thou hast Thy mercy shown;
 Drawn from the Babylonian yoke,
 Our sins removed which did provoke
 Thy wrath, even that now overblown.
 Great God, our ruined state restore,
 And let Thy anger flame no more.

I will the voice of God attend,
 Who to His people speaks of peace,
 Such as in sanctity increase;
 Nor to their sins again descend:
 These soon with freedom shall be blest,
 That glory may our land invest.

O shall it like a comet range,
 Extending to the yet unborn?
 Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn,
 That Thine in Thee may joy again?
 O shower Thy mercy from above,
 Preserve and fix us in Thy love!

Those days shall consummate our bliss:
 Sweet Clemency with Truth shall meet;
 High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
 Saluting with a holy kiss:
 For Truth shall from the earth arise,
 And Righteousness look from the skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
 His blessings with a liberal hand;
 The rich and ever-grateful land
 Abundantly produce her fruit.
 For Justice shall before Him go,
 And her fair steps to mortals show.

G. SANDYS.

Second Version. *L.M.*

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is for ever nigh [Lord;
 The souls that fear and trust the
 And grace, descending from on high,
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again;
 And heavenly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
 Since Christ the Lord came down from
 heaven;
 By His obedience, so complete,
 Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

His righteousness is gone before,
 To give us free access to God;
 Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
 But mark His steps, and keep the
 road.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *7s.*

LORD, thine heart in love hath yearned
 On Thy lost and fallen land;
 Israel's face is homeward turned,
 Thou hast freed Thy captive band:
 Thou hast borne Thy people's sin,
 Covered all their deeds of ill;
 All Thy wrath is gathered in,
 And Thy burning anger still.

Third Version, *continued.*

Turn us, stay us, now once more,
 God of all our health and peace ;
 Let Thy cloud of wrath fleet o'er,
 From Thine own Thy fury cease.
 Wilt Thou ne'er the storm assuage
 On the realm of Thy desire,
 Lengthening out from age to age
 Thy consuming jealous ire ?

Art Thou not a God to turn ?
 Turn, and be our life again,
 That Thy people's heart may burn
 With the gladness of Thy reign.
 Show us now Thy tender love,
 Thy salvation, Lord, impart.
 I the voice Divine would prove,
 Listening in my silent heart :

Listening what the Lord will say :—
 "Peace," to all that own His will,
 To His saints that love His way,
 "Peace," and "turn no more to ill."
 Ye that fear Him, nigh at hand
 Now His saving health ye find,
 That the glory in our land,
 As of old, may dwell enshrined.

Mercy now and Justice meet,
 Peace and Truth for aye embrace,
 Truth from earth is springing sweet,
 Justice looks from her high place.
 Nor will God His goodness stay,
 Nor our land her bounteous store ;
 Marking out her Maker's way,
 Righteousness shall go before.

J. KEELE.

Fourth Version. C.M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err ;
 Before Him Righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then ;
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in might,
 This longing earth redress :
 For Thou art He who shall by right
 The nations all possess.

The nations all whom Thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
 And glorify Thy name.

For great Thou art, and wonders great
 By Thy strong hand are done ;
 Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
 Remainest God alone.

J. MILTON.

PSALM LXXXVI.

A PRAYER OF DAVID.



HIS is the only Psalm of the Third Book expressly attributed to David, although the Eighty-fourth may also have been his. The likeness between the present Psalm and many others attributed to David has been well pointed out by Jennings and Lowe. "The plea, 'I am afflicted and needy' (verse 1), is to be found in lxx. 5 : the address, 'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul' (verse 4), forms the first verse of Psalm xxv., written under like afflicting circumstances : the complaint of persecution in verse 14 is almost word for word that made by David when betrayed to Saul by the Ziphites (liv. 3). Further, verse 2 is strikingly similar to xxv. 20 ; verse 3 to lvii. 1 ; verse 6 to xvii. 1 ; verse 7 to xvii. 6 ; verse 11 resembles xxvii. 11 ; verse 9 expresses the same expectation as xxii. 27 ; and in verse 13 the writer's danger is treated of in a form of expression peculiarly Davidic." (Compare xviii. 5 ; lvi. 13.)

The persecution by Saul or the rebellion of Absalom—the two eras in David's history to which so many of his Psalms belong—may have prompted this touching "prayer."

Of the versions, Archdeacon Churton's deserves attention for the closeness with which, though somewhat diffuse, it keeps to the original, without at all sacrificing the character of a Christian hymn.

First Version. *C.M.*

THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
Our help and refuge be :
Preserve our souls, for they are Thine,
And look for all to Thee.

To Thee we lift our daily prayer ;
O shall we pray in vain ?
Thou hast redeemed us from despair ;
Descend and save again.

Our hearts to Thee in love unite ;
Our mouths with praises fill.
Direct our wandering steps aright,
And form us to Thy will.

Plenteous in grace and truth Thou art ;
On us that grace outpour ;
And seal and fix each erring heart
Thine own for evermore.

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. *C.M.*

BOW down Thine ear, all-gracious
Lord,

For I am weak and poor :
No other help, no grace but Thine,
Can work my sorrow's cure.
Preserve my soul, for I am Thine,
Whose mercy made me free :
O grant me life to serve Thee still,
Whose trust is built on Thee.

Have mercy, Lord ! To Thee in prayer
Each day my spirit flies :
Grant comfort to the labouring soul,
That fain to Thee would rise.
Thou art the good and gracious God,
The help in grief and care :
Whoe'er in trouble cries to Thee
Thy mercy meets the prayer.

O listen to the meek desires
That move my lips to pray ;
Still have I found Thy answering word,
In trouble's needful day.
Among the lords whom heathens fear,
O who is like to Thee ?
How may their works compare with
Thine
In heaven and earth and sea ?

The time shall come, when tribes and
tongues

From every clime and shore
Shall own Thy glory, and with vows
Their Maker's name adore ;
For Thou art great : majestic dread
Surrounds Thy peerless throne :
Thou, Thou dost work with wondrous
power,
Eternal and alone.

Teach me Thy way, and I will walk
Where Thou with truth shalt guide,
Bound in heart-bonds of holy fear,
Which time shall ne'er divide.
With all my heart, O Lord my God,
Thy praise I will proclaim ;
For ever speak in thankful songs
Thy glory's changeless Name.

The greatness of Thy mercy shown
Is more than words can tell,
Who didst my struggling soul set free
From snares of death and hell.
For Thou, eternal God, art true,
The gracious King of kings,
From whom, as from its fount unspent,
Long-suffering mercy springs.

O let that mercy flow to me,
That strength in troubles known ;
That love that beamed in sorrows past,
To cheer Thine handmaid's son.
Show forth some happy sign of good,
That foes with shame may see,
Taught by that token sure, that Thou
Wilt help and comfort me.

E. CHURTON.

PSALM LXXXVII.

A PSALM-SONG FOR THE SONS OF KORAH.



HIS brief but glorious lyric was primarily intended to foreshow the ingathering of heathen nations into the family of God. For the fourth verse should plainly read, "I will make mention of Rahab (Egypt) and Babylon *amongst* them that know Me." (Compare Isaiah xix. 24, 25.)

The Psalm is responsive—first the full chorus (verses 1-3), celebrating the glories of Zion ; then the voice of God declaring His purpose of mercy to the nations (verse 4) ; the grateful and joyous response (verses 5, 6) followed by full chorus of "singers and players," and ending with the acknowledgment of each individual soul, that in the sanctuary all his "springs" of blessedness arise.

The versions show a diverse interpretation of the thrice-repeated phrase, "This man was born there." Expositors generally, with Dr. Watts, take it to refer to the new birth of Zion's citizens : but some, with Bishop Mant, apply it prophetically to HIM whose birth has glorified for ever the Jewish race. The Psalm thus becomes a great *Messianic* as well as *missionary* Hymn.

First Version. 8.7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ;
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering ;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them priests and kings of God
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings :
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

J. NEWTON.

Second Version. *L.M.*

The Church the Birthplace of the Saints ; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>GOD in His earthly temple lays Foundations for His heavenly praise : He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell.</p> <p>His mercy visits every house That pay their night and morning vows ; But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray</p> | <p> What glories were described of old ! What wonders are of Zion told ! Thou city of our God below, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know !</p> <p>Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew, Shall there begin their lives anew : Angels and men shall join to sing The hill where living waters spring.</p> |
|--|--|

When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. *L.M.*

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>FIXED firmly, His foundations keep Their station in the holy steep ; O lovely in Jehovah's eyes The portals fair of Zion rise.</p> <p>And all the pleasant seats excel The goodly tents of Israel ; Bright is thy fame, and far abroad Diffused, thou city of our God.</p> <p>"In times to come among my race Proud Babel's daughter will I place ; And Egypt rank with those who bring Due homage to their Sovereign King.</p> | <p>"With them shall Ethiopia join, And Tyre, and they of Palestine ; Whilst all with one accord declare, <i>Behold, His going forth was there.</i>"</p> <p>And each and all shall lift on high Their voice, and thus of Zion cry, <i>Behold, His going forth was there,</i> And God most high shall stablish her.</p> <p>Yea, God Himself, the mighty Lord, His works of wonder shall record ; And to the listening world declare, <i>Behold, His going forth was there.</i></p> |
|---|--|

With joy shall sing the choral train,
The minstrels breathe the answering strain ;
"O Zion, Zion fair, I see
The fountains of my bliss in thee."

BISHOP MANT.

Fourth Version. *C.M.*

UPON the holy mountains high
Are HIS foundations still,
Though silent, sad, and desolate
Is Zion's ruined hill.

God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled ;
His one Church, reared on faithful hearts,
That rise above the world.

Fourth Version, *continued.*

Beyond earth's mists, its turrets stand
 In the clear light of heaven ;
 And there Jehovah dwells in power,
 There is His Spirit given.
 Jehovah loves His children's homes,
 But more His own abode ;
 All glorious is thy destiny,
 O city of our God !

The Highest shall establish thee
 To glorify His name ;
 All nations soon shall flocking press,
 In thee a place to claim.
 Within thy safe and beauteous walls,
 The songs shall never cease ;
 In thee are all our springs of joy,
 The fountains of our peace !

G. RAWSON.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

*A SONG-PSALM FOR THE SONS OF KORAH, TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN
 UPON MACHALATH (SICKNESS) LEANNOOTH (FOR RESPONSIVE
 SINGING), MASCHIL OF HEMAN THE EZRAHITE.*



THE title of this Psalm contains several distinct points : (1) its authorship, by Heman the Ezrahite, a Levite, probably connected with the family of Zerah (1 Chronicles ix. 6), of whom it is only known that he was famous for wisdom (1 Kings iv. 31), and belonged to the Temple choir (1 Chronicles vi. 33 ; xxv. 1) ; (2) its employment in the service of the Temple, as shown by the inscription, "to the Sons of Korah," and according to the best interpreters by the word *leannooth* ; (3) its topic, or possibly its tune, *machalath*—literally, "sickness"—as in the title to Psalm liii. Either these Psalms were to be sung to the tune of a song beginning with this word, or the mournful nature of their respective subjects is thus described. This Eighty-eighth Psalm is the saddest of the whole book. Bodily and mental anguish have crushed the writer down, and the agonizing prayer is for the time unrelieved even by hope. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" is the substance of its bitter cry, but without the light which irradiates the close of the Twenty-second Psalm. Both Psalms are used in the Good Friday services of the Church of England as eminently appropriate to the sufferings of the Redeemer.

First Version. 7.6.

LORD God of my salvation,
 To Thee, to Thee I cry :
 O let my supplication
 Arrest Thine ear on high.
 Distresses round me thicken ;
 My life draws near the grave :
 Descend, O Lord, to quicken ;
 Descend my soul to save.

Thy wrath lies hard upon me ;
 Thy billows o'er me roll ;
 My friends all seem to shun me,
 And foes beset my soul.
 Where'er on earth I turn me,
 No comforter is near ;
 Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me ?
 Wilt Thou refuse to hear ?

No ! banished and heart-broken,
 My soul still clings to Thee ;
 Thy promise Thou hast spoken
 Shall still my refuge be.
 So present ills and terrors
 May future joy increase,
 And scourge me from mine errors,
 To duty, hope, and peace.

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. 10s. and 6s.

HEAVY on me, O Lord, Thy judgments lie :
And curst I am, for God neglects my cry ;
O Lord, in darkness, in despair I groan ;
And every place is hell, for God is gone.
O Lord arise, and let Thy beams control
These horrid clouds that press my frightened
soul,
O rise and save me from eternal night !
Thou art the God of Light.

Downward I hasten to my destined place :
There none obtain Thy aid, none sing Thy
praise : [drowned ;
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean
Is mercy there, is sweet forgiveness found ?
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand :
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on
land.
O make my longings and Thy mercy sure !
Thou art the God of Power.

Behold the weary prodigal is come,
To Thee, his hope, his harbour, and his home.
No father can he find, no friend abroad ;
Deprived of joy, and destitute of God.
O let Thy terrors and Thy anguish end ;
Be Thou his Father, Lord, be Thou his Friend ;
Receive the son Thou didst so long reprove !
Thou art the God of Love.

M. PRIOR.

PSALM LXXXIX.

MASCHIL OF ETHAN THE EZRAHITE.



ACCORDING to the title, this Psalm, like the preceding, is by a Levite connected with the family of Zerah, one who also was famed for wisdom (1 Kings iv. 31), and a member of the Temple choir (1 Chronicles vi. 44) ; most probably the same with Jeduthun (1 Chronicles xxv. 1 ; see Psa. xxxix., *title*). If he were the author, he must now have been a very old man, possibly one of the aged counsellors whose advice Rehoboam so madly rejected (1 Kings xii.). For the Psalm evidently belongs to a time when it seemed as if the stability of the covenant with David were imperilled ; while yet the Psalmist takes his stand upon the unchangeable purpose of God. The earlier part of the strain is an expansion of the Divine promises made to David through Nathan (2 Samuel vii. 4-17).

The versions naturally dwell chiefly on the language of faith and hope with which the Psalm begins, the darker conclusion being softened or omitted ; while the application to the Messiah's kingdom is both obvious and scriptural. Dr. Watts's three paraphrases are familiar from their high excellence.

First Version. *C.M.*

The Faithfulness of God.

MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is His word.

The sacred truths His lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure ;
And if He speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of Israel held
The promised Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

First Version, continued.

His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of His grace
Shall to that glory rise.

Lord God of Hosts, Thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To Thine unchanging love.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.*The Power and Majesty of God.*

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His word.

The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand :
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command,

How terrible Thy glories be !
How bright Thine armies shine !
Where is the power that vies with Thee,
Or truth compared with Thine ?

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep :
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll—
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. C.M.*The Blessed Gospel.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound :
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. 8.7.4.

HOW blest the congregation
Who the Gospel know and prize ;
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies !
He is near them,
Knows their wants and hears their cries.

In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting, in His favour,
Something here of bliss above ;
Happy people !
Who shall harm them ? what shall move

Fourth Version, continued.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>In His righteousness exalted, On from strength to strength they go ; By ten thousand ills assaulted, Yet preserved from every foe ! On to glory, Safe they speed through all below.</p> | <p>God will keep His own anointed, Naught shall harm them, none condemn ; All their trials are appointed, All must work for good to them ; All shall help them, To their heavenly diadem.</p> |
|---|--|

H. F. LYTE.

Fifth Version. C.M.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>THE mercies of my God and King My tongue shall still pursue ; O happy they who, while they sing Those mercies, share them too !</p> <p>As bright and lasting as the sun, As lofty as the sky, From age to age Thy truth shall run, And chance and change defy.</p> | <p>The covenant of the King of kings Shall stand for ever sure ; Beneath the shadow of Thy wings Thy saints repose secure.</p> <p>Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies, Created at Thy will : The waves at Thy command arise. At Thy command are still.</p> |
|--|--|

In earth below, in heaven below,
 Who, who is Lord like Thee ?
 O spread the gospel of Thy love
 Till all Thy glories see.

H. F. LYTE.

DOXOLOGY.

Blessed be Jehovah for evermore. Amen, and Amen.



The Fourth Book.



PSALM XC.

A PRAYER OF MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD.



HERE is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this superscription. For, while the tradition preserved in the title must be taken as worth something in the absence of opposing evidence, both the substance and the style of the Psalm favour its Mosaic origin. Never was there a time in the history of Israel to which the mournful declarations of the Psalm could have been more apposite than the period of the desert-wandering, especially after one of those terrible visitations brought upon the people by their sins ; nor was there ever a crisis in the long story to which the prayer at the conclusion could more appropriately apply. There are also many coincidences of phrase and expression between the Psalm and the Pentateuch which confirm the theory of one authorship. The Psalm may thus be regarded as one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, in the whole collection.

The Fourth Book of the Psalter, in which this "Prayer of Moses" stands first, contains but two Psalms attributed to David (ci. and ciii.). Many are without titles. The use of the name *JEHOVAH* to designate the true God is almost invariable. Probably the compilation was made in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Dr. Watts's version of the Ninetieth Psalm is one of the classics of English hymnody. That by Robert Burns is also famous. But the precedence must be given to Bacon's lofty strain.

First Version. 10s.

O LORD ! Thou art our Home, to whom we fly,
And so hast always been from age to age :
Before the hills did intercept the eye,
Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,
One God Thou wert, and art, and still shalt be ;
The line of Time, it doth not measure Thee !

Both death and life obey Thy holy lore,
And visit in their turns as they are sent :
A thousand years with Thee, they are no more
Than yesterday, which ere it is, is spent ;
Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,
And goes and comes unwares to them that sleep.

Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of waking eye ;
Or, as the grass that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again.

First Version, continued.

At morning fair, it musters on the ground ;
At even, it is cut down and laid along ;
And though it sparèd were and favour found,
The weather should perform the mower's wrong ;
Thus hast Thou hanged our life on brittle pins
To let us know it will not bear our sins.

Thou buriest not within oblivion's tomb
Our trespasses, but enterest them aright ;
Even those that are conceived in darkness' womb
To Thee appear as done by broad daylight.
As a tale told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end.

The life of man is threescore years and ten ;
Or, if that he be strong, perhaps fourscore ;
Yet all things are but labour to him then,
New sorrows still come on, pleasures no more.
Why should there be such turmoil and such strife
To spin in length this feeble line of life ?

But who considers duly of Thine ire ?
Or doth the thoughts thereof wisely embrace ?
For Thou, O God, art a consuming fire ;
Frail man, how can he stand before Thy face ?
If Thy displeasure Thou dost not refrain,
A moment brings all back to dust again.

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his ways
Is meditation of mortality ;
This bubble light, this favour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.

Return unto us, Lord, and balance now
With days of joy our days of misery ;
Help us right soon,—our knees to Thee we bow,
Depending wholly on Thy clemency ;
Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,
All the days of their life in Thee rejoice.

Begin Thy work, O Lord, in this our age,
Show it unto Thy servants that now live,
But to our children raise it many a stage,
That all the world to Thee may glory give ;
Our handy work likewise, as fruitful tree,
Let it, O Lord, blessed, not blasted be.

Second Version. C.M.*Man frail and God eternal.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

*DR. WATTS.***Third Version. C.M.**

GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new !

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

*DR. WATTS.***Fourth Version. C.M.**

THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command,

Fourth Version, continued.

That Power which raised and still upheld
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight,
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature man
Is to existence brought ;
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into naught !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As in a flood, Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All withered and decayed.

R. BURNS.

Fifth Version. 7.6.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

PSALM XCI.



HERE seem to be two speakers in this Psalm, singing in responsive strain ; while the voice of God (verses 14-16) crowns the song by the words of heavenly promise. The whole, without name or date, forms a grand expression of the love and care of the Most High towards His people in every age. "Can the providence of God," asks Herder, "be taught in a more trustful or tender spirit? The language is the language of a father, growing ever more fatherly as it proceeds, till at last the Great Father Himself takes it up and declares His truth and faithfulness." "The variety of figures employed," says Dean Perowne, "shows that the Psalmist is thinking of peril of every kind, coming from whatever source, and that he paints all dangers and fears vividly to the eye of his mind, in order to express the more joyfully his confidence that none of these things can move him, that over all he is more than conqueror. It is St. Paul's fervid exclamation, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' expressed in rich and varied poetry." Stier mentions that some years ago an eminent physician in St. Petersburg recommended this Psalm as the best preservative against the cholera.

First Version. L.M.*Safety in Public Diseases and Dangers.*

HE that hath made his refuge God
 Shall find a most secure abode ;
 Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say, My God, Thy power
 Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
 I, that am formed of feeble dust,
 Make Thine almighty arm my trust.

If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 Thou art my life ; Thy wings are spread
 To shield me with a healthful shade.

If vapours, with malignant breath,
 Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe ; the poisoned air
 Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
 Receive commission from the Lord
 To strike His saints among the rest,
 Their very pain and death is blest.

The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil our best desire ;
 From sins and sorrows set us free,
 And bring thy children, Lord, to Thee.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 8.7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee
 In eternal safety there.

From the sword of noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence ;
 Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow ;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection,
 He will shield thee from above :
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PSALM XCII.*A PSALM-SONG FOR THE SABBATH DAY.*

WE now enter upon a series of Psalms (xc.—c.) evidently designed for liturgical use, and without any note of authorship or occasion.

This Ninety-second Psalm was sung, as we learn from the Talmud, in the morning service of the seventh day, when, "on the offering of the first lamb, the wine was poured out in a drink-offering unto the Lord" (Numbers xxviii. 9). Its association with the Sabbath was probably due to the commemoration of Jehovah's "works" (verse 4). But from these works the Psalmist passes to the contemplation of God's righteous government, which it requires spiritual insight to understand, and on which the hopes and blessedness of the righteous all depend.

Dr. Watts's "Lord's Day Song," founded upon this Psalm, is among the most familiar, as it is of the choicest treasures of modern Psalmody.

First Version. L.M.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks
and sing :
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

Then shall I share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 7s.

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
O how sweet with heart and tongue
To resound Thy name in song,
When the morning paints the skies,
When the evening stars arise !

From Thy works my joy proceeds :
How I triumph in Thy deeds !
Who Thy wonders can express ?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless :
Lord, Thou art most great, most high ;
God from all eternity.

All who in their sins delight
Shall be scattered by Thy might ;
But, as palm-trees lift the head,
As the stately cedars spread,
So the righteous shall be seen,
Ever fruitful, ever green.

G. SANDYS (*abridged*).

Third Version. L.M.

The Church is the Garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thine hand ;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with Thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live,
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM XCIII.

ACCORDING to the Talmud and the Septuagint, this is the Psalm for the day before the Sabbath (Friday). Its one thought is that the throne of Jehovah is exalted above all the storm and turmoil of this lower world ; and that His "house"—the Church—is blest by the revelation of His eternal truth.

Dr. Watts's first version is again exceptionally fine. George Wither's is close to the original, and not without poetic fire.

First Version. 7.6.

THE Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright :
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

The earth He hath so grounded,
That moved it cannot be ;
His throne long since was founded ;
More old than time is He.

The waters highly flowèd,
And raised their voice, O Lord :
The seas their fury showèd,
And loud their billows roared.

But God in strength excelleth
Strong seas and powerful deeps ;
With Him all pureness dwelleth,
And firm His truth He keeps.

G. WITHER.

Second Version. 66.8.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned :
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by Thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey Thy word :
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky :
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against Thine empire rage and roar :
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky :
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down :
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new :
There fixed, Thy Church shall ne'er remove :
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear
And sing Thine everlasting love.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 8.7.4.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light,
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth,
He hath girded Him with might.
Hallelujah !
God is King in depth and height.

Third Version, continued.

In her everlasting station
 Earth is poised to swerve no more ;
 Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
 From all time where thought can soar.
 Hallelujah !
 Lord, thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have lift their roar ;
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore.
 Hallelujah !
 For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep,
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on Heaven's high steep.
 Hallelujah !
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity :
 Of Thine high eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Hallelujah !
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

J. KEELE.

Fourth Version. 66.8.

LET all the world rejoice,
 The great Jehovah reigns ;
 The thunders are His awful voice ;
 Our life His will ordains ;
 The glories of His name
 The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim.

He rules by sea and land,
 O'er boundless realms He sways,
 He holds the oceans in His hand,
 And mighty mountains weighs :
 Unequalled and alone
 In majesty He fills His throne.

The universe He made
 By His prevailing might ;
 The earth's foundations He hath laid,
 And scattered ancient night :
 When heaven and earth and sea
 Proclaimed His awful majesty.

When the bright orb of day,
 First gleamed with ruddy light,
 And yonder moon, with silver ray,
 Marched up the vault of night ;
 And stars bedecked the skies,
 That seemed creation's thousand eyes.

And earth's fair form was seen,
 With flowers and blossom drest ;
 And trees and fields and meadows green
 Adorned her youthful breast,
 Hung out in boundless space,
 Amid the ocean's cool embrace ;

Glad was the angel throng
 To see His might prevail ;
 And loud they sung a joyful song
 This universe to hail,
 While yet in youth it stood ;
 The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

But this fair world shall die,
 The creature of a day ;
 In ashes and in ruins lie,
 Its glory passed away ;
 As when before her birth,
 Again shall be this mighty earth.

Soon shall the day be o'er
 Of yonder brilliant sun ;
 And he shall rise to set no more,
 His race of glory run ;
 And soon, alas ! all soon
 Shall fade the stars, and yon pale moon.

But ever fixed, the throne
 Of the Eternal One
 Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
 Unequalled and alone :
 New worlds to make at will,
 And His own wise designs fulfil.

J. HUNT.

PSALM XCIV.



ACCORDING to the Talmud and the Septuagint, this Psalm was appointed for the Temple service on the fourth day of the week (Wednesday). It is throughout a grand appeal to God against the injustice and insolence of tyrannical rulers, combined with the utterances of a calm and restful faith. These characteristics of the Psalm are well brought out in the striking version subjoined.

C.M.

RISE, God of vengeance ; for our
wrongs

Thy wrath proclaim aloud !
For vengeance unto Thee belongs ;
O recompense the proud !

How long shall guilt, O Lord of Hosts,
How long shall guilt rejoice ?
How long the wicked make their boast,
And lift their scornful voice ?

Thy people, Lord, they make their prey,
Thine heritage oppress :
The widow and the stranger slay,
And kill the fatherless.

And yet, " God shall not see the deed,"
Within themselves they cry :
" Nor shall the God of Jacob heed
The works that Him defy."

O souls most dark ! behold and fear ;
How long refuse ye light ?
Shall He not hear, who framed the ear,
Nor see, who gave us sight ?

Shall not the world's High Judge chastise ?
The Source of Knowledge know ?
He knows the thoughts that men devise,
A vain and fleeting show.

How blest the man, in chastenings
blest,

Whom Thou hast taught and tried !
In evil days Thou giv'st him rest,
Till guilt the grave shall hide.

For God will ne'er forsake His own,
Nor cast His saints away ;
But justice shall resume her throne,
The just shall own her sway.

O who, when wicked men invade,
Stands forth my soul to save ?
Unless the Lord had been my aid
Its home had been the grave.

But when I said, " My footsteps fail,"
Thy mercy made me whole ;
And though a thousand griefs assail,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

Shall thrones have fellowship with Thine,
That frame the lawless deed ?
Against the righteous they combine,
And doom the just to bleed.

The Lord our God, my rock and tower,
Shall all their crimes repay ;
The Lord our God shall break their power,
The slayer's self shall slay.

G. BURGESS.

PSALM XCV.



THE constant use of the *Venite Exultemus* in public worship has made this brief and thrilling Psalm among the most familiar in the whole collection. Most striking is the transition from its strain of joyous adoration to the language of solemn warning. Hence, too, the appropriateness of its application in the Epistle to the Hebrews to those who share the loftiest privileges, and are yet in danger of the most awful fall. The "rest" of God is the description of the highest Christian blessedness, here and hereafter.

First Version. L.M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King :
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great ;
The strength of hills is in His hand,
He made the sea, He fixed the land.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock, draw near,
To-day—if you His voice will hear.

*TATE AND BRADY.***Second Version. S.M.**

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And grateful anthems sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His works, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.

To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

*DR. WATTS.***Third Version. 8s.**

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice ;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise with one spirit, one voice :
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns
The God of all gods on His throne ;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are His own.

The sea is Jehovah's ; He made
The tide its dominion to know :
The land is Jehovah's ; He laid
Its solid foundations below.
O come, let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God ;
The people who serve Him with zeal,
The flock whom He guides with His rod.

As Moses the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works we behold,
With manna from heaven are fed.
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the Voice that speaks from above,
And all His commandments obey ;
For all His commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in His favour unite ;
His service is freedom, His yoke
Is easy, His burden is light.
But O of rebellion beware,
Rebellion that hardens the breast ;
Lest God in His anger should swear,
That we shall not enter His rest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PSALM XCVI.



HIS "New Song," in which all earth is summoned to adore its King, reaches its highest significance when regarded as a prelude to the song of redemption. For it is only in the kingdom of the Messiah that all "the kindreds of the peoples" (verse 7) are gathered into one to praise and serve Jehovah.

This Psalm, with some variations, formed a part of the triumphal song, when the ark was brought by David into Zion (1 Chronicles xvi. 23-33). The Septuagint translators are, therefore, plainly right in attributing its authorship to the royal Psalmist.

First Version. *C.M.*

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord His way !

Behold, He comes ! He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *8.7.*

RAISE the psalm : let earth adoring,
Through each kindred, tribe, and
tongue,
To her God His praise restoring,
Raise the new accordant song.
Bless His name with furthest nation ;
Sing His praise, His truth display :
Tell anew His high salvation
With each new return of day.

Tell it out beneath the heaven,
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Tell it out from morn till even
In your unexhausted song :
Tell that God for ever reigneth,
He, who set the world so fast,
He, who still its state sustaineth
Till the day of doom to last.

Tell them that the day is coming
When that righteous doom shall be :
Then shall heaven new joys illumine,
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.
Yea, the far resounding ocean
Shall its thousand voices raise,
All its waves in glad commotion
Chant the fulness of His praise.

And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array,
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holy-day ;
When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

E. CHURTON.

PSALM XCVII.



HIS Psalm takes up the strain of the preceding, but seems to refer to some recent and signal triumph over heathen powers. And seeing that the greater the mercy the greater the responsibility, the Psalmist's thought is concentrated on the solemn and awful, rather than on the joyous, aspects of His appearing. "And as he sees its effects on all that is material or evil around him, he argues in the very strain of the Apostle, 'Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of men ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?'"—*Jennings and Lowe.*

The version of Keble is a peculiarly fine interpretation of the Psalm.

First Version. 87.87.887.

THE Lord hath reigned and reigns : let
 Arise in glad commotion ; [earth
 Before Him rise in awful mirth,
 Ye thousand isles of ocean,
 Deep cloud and darkness round Him fold,
 High righteousness and truth uphold
 The throne of His abiding.

Before Him goes a fire, to sweep
 Away the faithless-hearted,
 His bolts have pierced the mighty deep,
 The wide earth saw and started.
 Before Him mountains melt and flow,
 As wax before the Lord they flow,
 The whole earth's Lord and owner.

The heavens have told His righteousness,
 The realms beheld His glory ;—
 Shame to the men who serve and bless
 Carved forms, of mortal story ;
 Who in vain gods their joy and crown
 Would find : to Him, ye gods, bow down,
 Him worship, all ye angels.

Glad Zion heard ; 'twas joy and glee
 To Judah's loyal daughters,
 When of Thy judgments, Lord, and Thee,
 Enthroned o'er earth and waters,
 The song went out : O Lord our Lord,
 On high above all gods adored !—
 "Love ye the Lord ? loathe evil."

Thou keep'st Thy chosen souls, O God,
 Won safe from sinners' madness :
 Light for the just is sown abroad,
 For true hearts joyful gladness :
 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
 And cherish, with adoring voice
 High thoughts of Him Most Holy !

J. KEEBLE.

Second Version. 87.87.887.

THE Lord is on His throne on high :
 Let all the world adore Him !
 The clouds and tempests of the sky
 Frown dark and solemn o'er Him.
 Wide from His hand the lightnings fly ;
 Earth trembling feels her Maker nigh,
 And bows in awe before Him.

Second Version, *continued.*

Behold your God, behold and own,
 Ye dark and senseless nations,
 That long to gods of wood and stone
 Have raised your supplications !
 Ye gods, fall down like Dagon prone,
 And to the God of gods alone,
 Yield now your adorations !

He reigns His people's hearts to cheer,
 He reigns their bonds to sever,
 Long have they sought to serve Him here,
 Though vain their best endeavour.
 Now God, their Saviour God, is near,
 To bear them high from toil and tear
 To light and joy for ever.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM XCVIII.

A PSALM.



WHETHER this glorious hymn of praise was termed "a Psalm," without any further designation, on account of its exclusively jubilant character, or whether some word or words may have dropped out of the title, it is impossible to decide. The Psalm takes up the strain of the Ninety-sixth ; but, if possible, with a yet more exalted fervour. Here, as there, the "sea roars," the "hills are joyful" before JEHOVAH ; while the Psalmist further summons the worshippers in the Temple courts to echo the chorus of creation by the music of the sanctuary—"with the harp, and the voice of a psalm ; with trumpets and sound of cornets."

The brief version of Dr. Watts felicitously applies the strain to the joy which shall welcome Messiah's reign.

First Version. 8.8.7.

PRAISE Jehovah ! bow before Him ;
 O be joyful ! saints adore Him,
 Evermore His deeds proclaim.
 He is mighty in creation,
 He is good in His salvation,
 Ever magnify His name.

By His providence directed,
 We are guided and protected,
 We receive our daily bread ;
 He sustaineth each that liveth,
 All that we enjoy He giveth,
 From His hand we all are fed,

Ye, who from His ways have turned,
 Ye, who His commands have spurned,
 Come, and His commands obey ;
 Sinners, when He draweth near,
 Shall like darkness disappear,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away.

But the righteous, who revere Him,
 Shall remain for ever near Him,
 Evermore before His face ;
 They that through much tribulation
 Waited here His great salvation—
 Heaven shall be their dwelling-place.

There, with saints and angels blending,
 Hallelujahs never ending,
 All their griefs shall turn to joy ;
 Joy that shall be never ceasing,
 Everlasting, still increasing,
 Happiness without alloy.

IV. BARTHOLOMEW.

Second Version. C.M.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ, [plains,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy.

Second Version, continued.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM XCIX.

AS the keynote of the former Psalm was exultant gladness in the sovereignty of God, so that of the present strain is reverential awe. Thrice is the awful declaration uttered. **HE IS HOLY** (verses 3, 5, 9) ; as attested first by His own glorious being—His "great and terrible Name;" then by His righteous rule, especially over "Jacob" His people ; and lastly by His dealings both in mercy and in love with the chosen race ; the lesson "Exalt ye Jehovah our God," twice repeated, forming the burden of the strain.

The more modern paraphrases of this Psalm are among the best. That by Conder takes the Psalmist's words as a prophecy of the yet sublimer apocalyptic utterance. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

First Version. L.M.

THE Lord is King ; lift up Thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice.
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King ; who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?

The Lord is King ; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all His ways ;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns ! Ye saints, exalt your strains !
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens
known ;

He will present them at the throne ;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

O ! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie ;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And the thin boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall
The Lord Omnipotent is King. [ring,

J. CONDER.

Second Version. 8.7.4.

GOD the Lord is King—before Him
Earth, with all thy nations, wait !
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state :
He is holy !
Blessed, only Potentate !

God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world His fame ;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim ;
He is holy ;
Holy is His awful name.

Second Version, *continued.*

In old times when dangers darkened,
When invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened —
Answered them in all their fear :
He is holy ;
As they called, they found Him near.

Laws Divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud ;
Sacred precepts ! quickly broken ;
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed :
He is holy ;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once more,
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore :
He is holy ;
We, too, will His grace implore.

God in Christ is all-forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil ;
Come, exalt Him, all the living ;
Come, ascend His Zion still ;
He is holy ;
Worship at His holy hill.

G. RIVINGTON.

PSALM C.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.



HE Hundredth Psalm has been the specially chosen language of the Church through all ages for the utterance of its noblest adoration. As it stands in Scripture it closes and crowns the great series beginning with Psalm xc. — Psalms, all of them, of holiest reference and most exalted praise. This, it has been well said, is their Doxology. In all ordinary occasions of Jewish synagogue worship this Psalm was employed from a very ancient time ; and in the Anglican Liturgy, the *Jubilate* (as it is called from its first word in the Vulgate) is as familiar as the *Venite Exultemus* (Psalm xc.).

A special metre and a particular tune seem to be set apart by general consent for the rendering of this Psalm. The "old" version has been variously attributed to John Hopkins and to William Kethe ; it is also contained in the Scottish Psalter.

The version by Dr. Watts is notable for the most felicitous alteration, perhaps, ever introduced into a hymn. Originally it commenced :

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice ;
Let every land His name adore ;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations, attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy.

For this stanza and a half Wesley substituted the first couplet as it here stands, and the change has been ratified by general approval.

First Version. *L.M.*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

J. HOPKINS or W. KETHE.

Second Version. *L.M.*

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise :

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple-gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

Third Version. *L.M.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DR. WATTS.¹

PSALM CI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



UTHER terms this Psalm "the Mirror of a King." David's self-communion and his most earnest resolutions are here expressed, before the distractions and sins of his later years. He has newly entered on his kingdom ; the ark, the object of his anxious desire, is yet at a distance. "O when," he exclaims, "wilt Thou come unto me?" (Compare 2 Samuel vi. 9.) Meanwhile, his own house shall be as a sanctuary, the home of uprightness and purity ; while, by the consistency of his example and the rigour of his government, he will maintain the high standard he has set up.

The tone of the Psalm corresponds with its subject : there is no lofty flight of poetry : all is calm, definite, and clear, as is well shown in the following versions.

First Version. *C.M.*

LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
To whom all praise belongs,
Thy justice and Thy love shall be
The subject of my songs.

Let wisdom o'er my heart preside
To lead my steps aright,
And make Thy perfect law my guide,
Thy service my delight.

¹ See Introduction to this Psalm.

First Version, *continued.*

All sinful ways I will abhor,
All wicked men forsake ;
And only those who love Thy law
For my companions take.

Lord ! that I may not go astray,
Thy constant grace impart ;
When wilt Thou come to point my way,
And fix my roving heart ?

W. H. BATHURST.

Second Version. *C.M.*

MERCY and judgment will I sing,
I sing, O Lord, to Thee !
O when wilt Thou descend and bring
The light and life to me ?

A perfect way in wisdom trod,
A perfect heart at home,
A way, a heart, a house, O God,
I seek, where Thou wilt come.

I seek the faithful and the just ;
May I their help enjoy !
Be these the friends in whom I trust,
The servants I employ !

From lies, from slander, and deceit,
My dwelling shall be free ;
May it be found a dwelling meet,
O righteous Lord, for Thee !

WESLEYAN HYMN BOOK.

PSALM CII.

*A PRAYER OF THE AFFLICTED, WHEN HE IS OVERWHELMED, AND
POURETH OUT HIS COMPLAINT BEFORE JEHOVAH.*



TWOFOLD sorrow breathes throughout this Psalm. Evidently the sufferings of the writer are in a great measure personal. He is lonely, feeble, and depressed ; brought down to the very gates of death ; but more than this, he is an exile, scorned and persecuted by heathen enemies, while the home of his fathers and the temple of their worship are in the dust. All this points to the era of the Babylonish captivity and to an inspired bard like Jeremiah, with whose *Lamentations* this Psalm has much affinity. And yet the utmost confidence is expressed, not, indeed, in his own recovery, but in the eternal faithfulness of God to His people and in the certainty of Zion's restoration. The verses which declare the unchangeableness and eternity of Jehovah are applied, in the First Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, to Christ the Son of God, showing that it is *His* kingdom of which the Psalmist speaks.

First Version. *L.M.*

GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore Thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

Before Thine infinite survey
Creation rose as yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall Thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies :—

Calm as the summer ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Second Version. C.M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
Behold the promised hour !
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes :
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord shall raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM CIII.

OF DAVID.



O indissolubly is this noble hymn of praise associated with the name of the "sweet singer of Israel," that it is hard to tolerate the criticism which, on the ground of certain peculiarities of phrase, assigns it to a much later period. And, on the whole, the Jewish tradition, as preserved in the title, as well as in the Syriac version, which attributes the Psalm to the time of David's old age, may be regarded as of high probability, if not authoritative. The whole strain would certainly well befit the latest years of one who had proved in every way the loving-kindness of His God ; who had been wonderfully sustained, mercifully healed, graciously forgiven ; and who could appropriately blend with his own thanksgiving the national tribute of Israel and the anthem of all creation. The words in which Jehovah declared His glory to Moses (Exodus xxxiv. 6) are the keynote of the Psalm, being quoted in its eighth verse : "Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

There is, perhaps, no paraphrase of this Psalm which worthily expresses at once its majesty and tenderness, its abounding personal gratitude and its exultant praise. The versions by Dr. Watts and Mr. Lyte are, however, among the favourite hymns of the Churches.

First Version. L.M.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove
abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind He heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

Our youth decayed His power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will His justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

His power He showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands,
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations by His son.

Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

DR. WATTS

Second Version. *S.M.*

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide ;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 87.87.77.

O MY soul, with all Thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name :
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim :
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us His care extends.

He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus :
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spareth his son, He spareth us :
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful ;—but soon,
When the south wind softly bloweth,
Look again—the flower is gone :
Such is man ; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity—the Lord,
Still His people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps His covenanted word :
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Fourth Version. 8.7.4.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet Thy tribute bring !
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress !
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless !
Praise Him ! praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Fourth Version, continued.

Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish ;
Blows the wind, and it is gone ;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the High Eternal One !

Angels, help us to adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

H. F. LYTF.

Fifth Version. *L.M. six lines.*

WITH every faculty combined,
My soul, of body and of mind,
The praises of the Lord proclaim,
And bless, O bless His holy name ;
Nor ever let the memory part,
Of all His goodness from my heart !

'Tis He who doth thy sins forgive,
Thy sickness heals, and bids thee live ;
When death's dark shades were gathering
round,
He saved thee, and with mercy crowned ;
Thy wasted power with youth renewed,
And with an eagle's strength endued.

'Tis He who doth the wronged redress,
In judgment and in righteousness ;
His ways to Moses He revealed,
His outstretched arm was Israel's shield ;
They saw His wonders and adored
The mercies of the living Lord.

How doth His kindness still o'erflow !
Long-suffering and to anger slow,
Our faults He will not always chide ;
In wrath He doth not long abide,
Nor with us deal, when we transgress,
According to our wickedness.

For look, how high this earth above
Is yonder heaven ; so vast His love :
From east and west the space survey ;
So far He puts our sins away.
Yea, as a Father, is He moved
With pity towards a child beloved.

For God, still merciful as just,
Remembers that we are but dust.
Man's days are but as grass, a flower
That springs and withers in an hour :
The winds pass o'er it, and 'tis not ;
Where late it bloomed, unknown, forgot.

But the Lord's mercies, ever sure,
Through generations shall endure ;
Towards children's children still displayed
Of such as in His faith have stayed,
And ever thought upon His will,
How best His precepts to fulfil.

The Lord in heaven hath set His throne ;
His power through all the world is known.
Ye angels, who in strength excel,
With trumpet tongue His praises tell ;
Ye who, still hearkening to His voice,
To execute His word rejoice.

Praise Him, all ye His hosts, who stand
Prompt to perform your Lord's command ;
Bless ye His works, your Maker's name,
In every place His power proclaim :
And Thou, my soul, unite to raise
The universal song of praise.

ANTHOLOGIA DAVIDICA.

PSALM CIV.



HIS has been called the Hymn of Creation, as the Hundred and Third Psalm is the Hymn of Life. It is possible that the omission of a title here was intended to show that both were by the same author—a supposition confirmed by the correspondence in the beginning and ending of both: “Bless the Lord, O my soul!” The former Psalm celebrates God’s mercies in the kingdom of grace; the latter, His goodness in the kingdom of creation, and the one call to gratitude and praise re-echoes and supplements the other.

The close correspondence between the successive parts of this Psalm and the narrative of creation in the First Chapter of Genesis has often been observed. The account of the Six Days’ work is here set to immortal music.

Among the numerous versions of this Psalm the highest place by common consent is given to that by Sir Robert Grant.

First Version. *L.M.**The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.*

MY soul, thy great Creator praise :
When clothed in His celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, His glory wears.

The heavens are for His curtain spread,
The unfathomed deep He makes His bed ;
Clouds are His chariot when He flies
On wingèd storms across the skies.

Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires ;
As swift as thought their armies move
To bear His vengeance, or His love.

The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
He bids the crystal fountains flow
To cheer the valleys as they go.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in His praise.

God from His cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers ;
The grove, the garden, and the field
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

How strange Thy works ! how great Thy
And every land Thy riches fill ; [skill !
Thy wisdom round the world we see ;
The spacious earth is full of Thee !

Vast are Thy works, Almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon Thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from Thy hands.

The earth stands trembling at Thy stroke,
And at Thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see Thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

In Thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *104th.*

OWORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space ;
Whose chariots of wrath
Deep thunderclouds form ;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Second Version, continued.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might !
Ineffable love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

SIR R. GRANT.

PSALM CV.



HE made known His ways unto Moses ; His acts unto the children of Israel." These words from the Hundred and Third Psalm might be the motto of Psalms cv. and cvi., of which two the former takes the history as illustrating the goodness of God ; the latter, as showing the perverseness of His people.

It is probable that both Psalms were composed at the period of the return from the Captivity. There is a striking likeness to both combined in the solemn Psalm of the Levites recorded in the ninth chapter of Nehemiah.

First Version. C.M.

God's Conduct of Israel.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke His name,
And tell the world His grace ;
Sound through the earth His deeds of
That all may seek His face. [fame,

His covenant, which He kept in mind
Through numerous ages past ;
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure ;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find His truth endure.

The Lord Himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right ;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow ;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

O wondrous stream ! O blessèd type
Of overflowing grace !
So Christ, our rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

Thus guarded by the Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And their enjoyed there rest.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
The Church renounce her fear ;
Israel must live through every age,
And be the Almighty's care.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *C.M.*

O RENDER thanks, and bless the
 Invoke His sacred name ; [Lord ;
 Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise in lofty hymns,
 His wondrous works rehearse,
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His almighty name,
 Alone to be adored ;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
 That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength
 Devoutly still implore ;
 And where He's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.

TATE AND BRADY.

Third Version. *L.M. peculiar.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, sound high His
 name,
 His deeds in every realm proclaim ;
 Own Him with airs and solemn lays,
 And deeply search the minstrel maze
 To tell aright His wondrous ways.

Come, triumph in His name adored ;
 Joy to their heart who seek the Lord :
 Inquire ye out the Lord of light,
 Our God and His eternal might ;
 For ever seek His aspect bright.

Muse o'er the wondrous acts He wrought,
 His signs, the love His lips have taught,
 Thou seed of Abraham, tried and known
 His servant ; Israel's children, won
 Out of the world to be His own.

He is the Lord, our only God,
 On earth His judgments are abroad ;
 He hath remembered evermore
 His covenant and His oath of yore,
 To thousand ages given in store.

To Abraham how He pledged His
 troth,
 To Isaac sware His awful oath,
 And made it stand to Jacob sure,
 A holy law, a covenant pure,
 With Israel ever to endure.

Thus spake the Lord : " To thee by line
 " The realm of Canaan I assign,
 " Your heritage and portioned land ;"
 When few they were, a scanty band,
 And aliens on the fated strand.

From realm to realm they come and go,
 From prince to tribe ; to work them woe
 He suffered none : with kings He chode ;
 " Spare ye my prophets on their road,
 Nor touch the anointed ones of God."

J. KEELE.

PSALM CVI.



THIS Psalm, like the preceding, commemorates the dealings of Jehovah with His people Israel, while it impressively sets forth the fickleness and ingratitude with which His mercies were received.

In adapting the Psalm to Christian uses, modern paraphrasts have found the faithfulness of God a more congenial theme than the faithlessness of His people. No better versions, perhaps, within brief compass can be found than the two by Dr. Watts here given.

This Psalm, with its Doxology, closes the Fourth Book.

First Version. L.M.

Praise to God ; or, Communion with Saints.

TO God, the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed,
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

Who knows the wonder of Thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

O may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. S.M.

Israel punished and pardoned ; or, God's unchangeable Love.

GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways !
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace !

They saw Thy wonders wrought,
And then Thy praise they sung ;
But soon Thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

Now they believe His word,
While rocks with rivers flow ;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And He reduced them low.

Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans ;
Brought His own covenant to His thoughts,
And called them still His sons.

Their names were in His book ;
He saved them from their foes :
Oft He chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that He chose.

Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race ;
And Christians join the solemn word,
AMEN, to all the praise.

DR. WATTS.

DOXOLOGY.

Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting : and
let all the people say, Amen. Hallelujah.





The Fifth Book.



PSALM CVII.

THERE can be little doubt that this Fifth Book of the Psalter was compiled some time after the others ; from which it differs, most of all, in its *miscellaneous* character. One of the latest of the prophets, or perhaps Ezra, the inspired scribe, gathered the waifs and fragments of Divine song which as yet had found no place in the collection, including also the "Songs of Degrees"—a small but priceless "hymn-book within a hymn-book"—with that wonderful acrostic, the Hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and the succession of Hallelujah-Psalms at the close of the Book. With these are inserted several Psalms bearing the name of David—more than in any other Book excepting the First—but not always, as will be seen, with sufficient reason.

This Hundred and seventh Psalm is general rather than historical in its character, and its authorship is quite unknown. In a succession of vivid pictures, each closed with a summons to "praise Jehovah for His goodness," the Psalm "describes various incidents of human life ; it tells of the perils which befall men, and the goodness of God in delivering them, and calls upon all who have experienced His care and protection gratefully to acknowledge them. Such a Psalm," continues Dean Perowne, "would have been admirably adapted to be sung in the Temple-worship, at the offering of the Thankofferings."

Of the paraphrases that follow, and that well express the spirit of the Psalm, that by Addison is adapted from No. 489 of the *Spectator*, where it consists of ten stanzas, forming a record of personal experience in his travels.

First Version. *L.M.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

GIVE thanks to God ; He reigns above ;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is
His mercy ages past have known, [Love.
And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemèd of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

From age to age exalt His name ;
God and His grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

O let us all with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord :
How great His works ! how kind His ways !
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *C.M.*

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

J. ADDISON.

Third Version. *7s.*

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For His mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home.

Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

J. MONTGOMERY.

PSALM CVIII.

A SONG-PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS Psalm is made up of portions of two others, the last five verses of the Fifty-seventh, and the last eight of the Sixtieth. David himself, or some later poet, may have combined the two passages for some special occasion, perhaps to commemorate a victory over the Edomites or Philistines.

The versions mostly follow those of the two Psalms above mentioned and call for no special comment.

First Version. *C.M.*

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake, my lute, nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay,
Whilst I, with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell.

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

First Version, *continued.*

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

That all Thy chosen people Thee
Their Saviour may declare,
Let Thy right hand protect me still,
And answer Thou my prayer.

TATE AND BRADY.

PSALM CIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS last of the "Psalms of imprecation" is also the most terrible. In interpreting them all it must be remembered that the foes of David were the enemies of God and of His truth, so that it became the awful duty of the Psalmist to declare the Divine sentence against unrighteousness, fraud, and cruelty. There is here also, as in the Sixty-ninth Psalm, a prophetic undertone, and the Apostle Peter applies one sentence, at least, from the Psalm to the betrayer of our Lord (verse 8, quoted in Acts i. 20).

The attempt has been made to show that the words of this Psalm which seem most harsh to us are a *quotation* from the language of David's enemies, as though the Psalmist had written, "This is *what they say of me*" (verses 6-19). The interpretation is ingenious, but doubtful ; and after all it is unnecessary. This Psalm, like the Thirty-fifth, the Sixty-ninth, and some others, attests God's eternal hatred against human malignity and falsehood. Yet these are not bolts which we, the uninspired, have any right to throw ; and we rather turn for guidance to HIM, who prayed, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" Such is the thought of Dr. Watts in his paraphrase.

First Version. C.M.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song ;
Though sinners speak against Thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed Him around.

Their miseries His compassion move,
Their peace He still pursued ;
They render hatred for His love,
And evil for His good.

Their malice raged without a cause ;
Yet, with His dying breath
He prayed for murderers on His cross,
And blessed His foes in death.

Lord, shall Thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes ?
Give me a soul akin to Thine,
To love mine enemies.

The Lord shall on my side engage ;
And in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. L.M.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

STRANGER and pilgrim here below,
I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee ;
Thou know'st my every want and woe ;
O smite my foes, and rescue me !

Thy name is Love ; for that name's sake
Sustain and cheer my sinking soul ;
Low as I am, and poor, and weak,
One word of Thine can make me whole.

Help, Lord ! let all my foes perceive
'Tis Thine to comfort or condemn ;
With Thee to bless me and relieve,
I little heed reproach from them.

Arise, then, on my soul arise ;
Thy sheltering wings around me cast ;
And all that now afflicts or tries
Shall work my peace, O Lord, at last.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CX.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



IN the very highest authority we are assured that DAVID was the author, and that the MESSIAH was the subject, of this prophetic Psalm. Our Lord Himself argues from it that the son of David was also David's Lord : and the Pharisees are compelled, in spite of their unbelief, to admit this interpretation. See Matthew xxii. 41-46 ; Mark xii. 35-37 ; Luke xx. 41-44. In the passages of the New Testament, the Psalm is applied to the royalty of the Messiah—especially in that wonderful argument by which the Epistle to the Hebrews sets forth His kingly priesthood “after the order of Melchizedek.”

First Version. C.M.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near the Father sit :
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

What wonders shall Thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what He swore :—
Eternal shall Thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
That King of high degree,
That holy man, who Abraham blest,
Was but a type of Thee.

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

ALL heaven was hushed ; our risen
Lord

Passed by where angels stand ;
And then Jehovah spake the word,
“ Sit Thou at My right hand :

“ Be Thou the Mediator King,
And wear Thy glory-crown ;
Till to Thy name each haughty thing
In earth and heaven bows down.

“ Redeeming love Thy strength shall be,
Thy gospel quell Thy foes ;
The whole world's fierce malignity
Shall all in vain oppose.”

Lord, let Thy day of power be shown,
Thy people be confessed,
Eager and valiant—priests, each one
In holy garments dressed.

Countless they shine as dews from
heaven

When eastern skies grow bright ;
More glorious than those dews are given
Sparkling in morning light.

And Thou art High-priest over all ;
’Twas thus Jehovah swore :
King, Priest, and Warrior mystical
And Thou shalt go before.

On to the victory ! who shall stay
Omnipotence in wrath ?
Bow, earthly kingdoms, to His sway ;
Why will ye cross His path ?

Jesus, my Priest ! my soul is Thine,
My spirit owns Thy power ;
Jesus, my King ! Thy right Divine
I worship from this hour.

G. RAWSON.

PSALM CXI.

HALLELUJAH.



HIS Psalm and the next are acrostic Psalms, the clauses beginning with successive letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The word "Hallelujah," it should be remembered, constitutes the title, although in our English Bible incorporated into the first verse, "Praise ye the Lord." So in Psalm cvi., etc.

First Version. *C.M.*

The Perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord : His works of
Demand our noblest songs : [might
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
He gives His children food ;
And, ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure ;
Holy and reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise
Must with His fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *L.M. six lines.*

I PRAISE the Lord with heart entire
In secret with the faithful choir,
And 'mid the assembly of the just :
How wondrous are Thy works, O Lord,
So deeply traced, so dearly stored
In all true hearts, for love and trust !

All glory are His deeds, all grace,
And in its own eternal place
His righteousness for ever lives :
Of old, His marvels to proclaim,
He wrought Himself a mighty name ;
"The God who pities and forgives."

And He hath spread His sacred cheer
For every heart that owns His fear,
Remembering aye the troth He plight ;
The portion of each heathen throne
Assigned at will, and taught His own
Of His high deeds the power and might.

The workings of his mighty hands
Are truth and judgment, His commands
Fixed one and all, for ever fast :
They have an arm whereon to lean,
In truth and equity serene
Through deeps of time ordained to last.

Redemption to His own He bore,
His covenant sealed for evermore,
Holy and awful is His name ;
The fear of God is wisdom's crown,
Sound wisdom, to the obedient known :
Stands evermore His matchless fame.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.



HIS Psalm, like the preceding, is in Hebrew an acrostic, and both are probably by the same author. The topics do not appear to be taken from any occurrences of the period ; they utter general truths applicable to all time. Psalm cxi. treats of the Divine perfections—especially that of goodness ; the present Psalm depicts the character of God's servants, as an illustration of His grace.

First Version. *C.M.*

HAPPY the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in His sight,
Make all the precepts of His word
Their study and delight.

That precious wealth shall be their dower
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illumine
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
For ever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

HARRIET AUBER.

Second Version. 8.7.4.

BLESSED is the man that feareth,
And delighteth in the Lord,
Wealth, the wealth which truly cheereth,
God shall give him for reward ;
And his children
Shall be blessed around his board.

He shall not be moved for ever,
Though with evil tidings tried ;
Nought from God his faith shall sever,
Fixed his heart shall still abide ;
For believers
Are secured on every side.

To the upright light arises,
Darkness soon gives place to day ;
While the man who truth despises,
And refuses to obey,
In a moment,
Cursed of God, shall melt away.

Therefore let us praise Jehovah,
Sound His glorious name on high,
Sing His praises, and moreover
By our actions magnify
Our Redeemer,
Who by blood has brought us nigh.

C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM CXIII.

HALLELUJAH.



WHEN they had sung a hymn," we read of Jesus and His disciples after the last Supper, "they went out unto the Mount of Olives." In all probability this hymn was the concluding portion of the "Hallel" which comprises Psalms cxiii.-cxviii. inclusive. These six Psalms were stately sung at the Feast of the Passover, the Hundred and thirteenth and Hundred and fourteenth before the second cup, the remaining four at the close of the meal.

The main subject of the present Psalm is the condescension of God and His sovereign goodness in exalting the lowly.

First Version. *L.M.*

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest.
Above the heavens His power is known ;
Through all the earth His goodness shown.

Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

First Version, continued.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

*J. MONTGOMERY.**Second Version. 7s.*

HALLELUJAH ! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise :
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore :
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?

Yet to view the heavens He bends,
Yea, to earth He condescends
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land :
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways,
Praise his name—for ever praise.

*J. CONDER.***PSALM CXIV.**

HIS is one of the most vivid, terse, and finished compositions in the Psalter. Its eight verses fall into couplets, each made up of carefully-balanced phrases, and all together forming a brilliant picture of the marvels that attended the Exodus from Egypt.

First Version. C.M.

WHEN forth from Egypt's trembling
The tribes of Israel sped, [strand
And Jacob in the stranger's land
Departing banners spread ;

Then One, amid their thick array,
His kingly dwelling made,
And all along the desert way
Their guiding sceptre swayed.

The sea beheld, and struck with dread,
Rolled all its billows back ;
And Jordan through his deepest bed
Revealed their destined track.

What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea ?
Why rolled thy waves in dread ?
What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee
And bare its deepest bed ?

O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, tremble still ;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

G. BURGESS.

Second Version. L.M. six lines.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's
land,

Conducted by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of His hand;
The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
And Judah was His favourite throne.

The sea beheld His power, and fled;
Disparted by the wondrous road,
Jordan ran backwards to his head;
And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
The mountains skipped like frightened
rams,
The hills leaped after them as lambs.

What ailed thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turned the river back?
Was nature's God displeased at thee?
And why should hills and mountains
shake?
Ye mountains huge, who skipped like rams,
Ye hills, who leaped as frightened rams?

Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,—
Her only law, His sovereign word:
He shakes the centre with His nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's
God.

Creation, varied by His hand,
The Omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The sea is turned to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

C. WESLEY.

PSALM CXV.



HE thoughts which this Psalm expresses must have often been in the minds of the Israelites during their sojourn in a land of idolaters. They had now been happily delivered, and their triumphant cry is, "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?" Evidently, the Psalm is composed for responsive singing; and its whole tone and structure show that it was intended for the worship of the Second Temple—very possibly as one of its dedication songs. The choral antiphones are very discernible in verses 9, 10, 11.

Levite. O Israel, trust thou in Jehovah.

Chorus. He is their help and their shield.

Levite. O house of Aaron, trust in Jehovah.

Chorus. He is their help and their shield.

Levite. Ye that fear Jehovah, trust in Jehovah.

Chorus. He is their help and their shield.

It will be interesting to the student to trace the alternations of the strain throughout.

Dr. Watts has paraphrased the Psalm, in some vigorous verses, for use on the Fifth of November; but the versions selected here are of more general application.

First Version. L.M.

NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
But to Thyself the glory be!
Created by Thine awful word,
We only live to honour Thee.

Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds His
own.

Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend;
O fear His power, His goodness own,
And love Him, trust Him, to the end.

Who lean on Him, from strength to
strength,
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high His saving love.

H. F. LYTE.

Second Version. 66.86.88.

ALL glory be to Thee,
 Who dwellest high in heaven ;
 Not to a feeble child of clay
 Be praise or worship given :
 Thy hand the mightiest can o'erthrow,
 And dash their every idol low.

All glory, Lord, be Thine,
 Our fortress and our shield ;
 Whose arm upholds Thine Israel,
 And strengthens for the field :
 In Thee Thy faithful people trust,
 And lay the proudest in the dust.

Blest by Thy favour, Lord,
 No foe can work us ill ;
 Supported by Thy gracious word,
 We feel Thee present still ;
 And e'en in death and in the grave
 Shall own Thy power to help and save.

R. A. SCOTT.

PSALM CXVI.

THERE is much in this Psalm to remind us both of David and of Hezekiah, each of whom had commemorated in grateful and pathetic strains his release from what had seemed mortal disease. The style and language, however, are judged by critics to belong to the period of the Captivity or of the Return. No doubt the author may have followed earlier models, but the rapture of thankfulness is all his own. The references to the "House of Jehovah," and to the assembled congregation, place this among the liturgical Psalms ; in which the individual worshipper blends his tribute of praise with the adoration of the multitude.

First Version. C.M.

Public Thanks for Private Deliverance.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all His kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit Thine abode,
 My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thy house,
 My offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy Thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God !
 How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !

How happy all Thy servants are !
 How great Thy grace to me !
 My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
 Lord, I devote to Thee.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hands hath loosed my bands of pain,
 And bound me with Thy love.

Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
 And Thy rich grace record :
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

I LOVE the Lord, he lent an ear
 When I for help implored :
 He rescued me from all my fear,
 Therefore I love the Lord.

Return, my soul, unto Thy rest,
 From God no longer roam ;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness called thee home.

Second Version, continued.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy power proclaim!—
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon Thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
And at Thine altar bow :

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Third Version. L.M.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed
from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine?

What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek?
A heart to feel my mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before Thy saints my debt to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart;
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CXVII.



HIS shortest of the Psalms strikes, as it were, the keynote of modern missions; for nowhere in the Old Testament is there a clearer recognition of the truth that "all nations" are to unite in the praise of God. In this view also it forms a supplement to many Psalms which utter from beginning to end the homage of *Israel*. It may have been used at their close, as a Doxology.

Dr. Watts, in his two well-known stanzas, has finely caught the meaning and spirit of the Psalm.

First Version. L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 7s.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be;
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know His love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PSALM CXVIII.



IT is clear that this noble Psalm was intended for some great national festival, and almost as certain that the feast was celebrated in the Second Temple. The Psalmist speaks of signal deliverance, of enemies overthrown, of great calamities overpast, of a day of thankful rejoicing set apart, the gates of righteousness thrown open for the entrance of a festal throng. Very probably, as many critics have thought, the occasion was the Feast of Tabernacles celebrated after the dedication of the Second Temple (Nehemiah viii. 14-18).

The prayer which blends with the jubilant strain has given to the Church the word *Hosanna*—"Save now, I beseech thee" (verse 26). It was the word with which the multitudes hailed the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem; and He—the rejected Saviour—employed language from the same Psalm to express the popular perverseness and His own final exaltation: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

The application of the phrase, "the day which the Lord hath made," to the "Lord's day" has been made familiar to all by Dr. Watts's spirit-stirring hymn.

First Version. *L.M.*

PRAISE our good God, that King of
kings

From whom eternal mercy springs !
Let Israel, let Aaron's race,
Let all that flourish in His grace,
Confess that from the King of kings
Eternity of mercy springs.
He in my trouble heard my prayer,
And freed me from the deadly snare.

He fights my battles, then how can
I fear the power of feeble man ?
His help is mine, and I shall see
My will upon mine enemy.
'Tis better to have confidence
In God, than trust in man's defence ;
On Him 'tis safer to rely,
Than on the strength of monarchy.

The nations all at once assailed :
But by His aid my sword prevailed :
Their armies had beset me round,
But in His aid my strength was found,
Though they, like bees, about me swarm ;
His holy Name and powerful arm
Shall soon consume their scattered
powers,
As fire the crackling thorn devours.

Madmen ! his fall ye seek in vain
Whom great Jehovah's hands sustain :
He is my strength ; His praise my song ;
By Him I am preserved from wrong.
Within our dwelling is the voice
Of health ; the righteous shall rejoice.
He with His own right hand hath fought,
His own right hand hath wonders
wrought.

I shall not die, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolonged my days ;
Who with His scourge my sin corrects,
Yet from the hand of death protects.
You to His service sanctified,
The temple-doors set open wide,
That I may enter in His name
And celebrate His glorious fame.

These are the doors, at which all they
Shall enter who His will obey.
I'll praise Thee, for that Thou from
heaven
Hast heard me, and salvation given.
That stone the builders from them cast,
Is highest on the corner placed ;
God hath revealed these mysteries,
So full of wonder to our eyes.

First Version, continued.

This is His day, a day of joy,
Of everlasting memory.
Great God of gods, Thine own protect ;
Propitious prove to Thine elect !
O blest is he whom God shall send !
We, who within His courts attend,
You from His sanctuary bless,
And daily pray for your success.

God, e'en the Lord, hath shed His light
Into our souls, and cleared our sight :
Bind to the altar's horn with cords
The sacrifice ; it is the Lord's.
Thou art my God ; my songs shall praise
Thy name, and high Thy glory raise.
Praise our good God, the King of kings,
From whom eternal mercy springs.

G. SANDYS

Second Version. C.M.

Hosanna ; the Lord's Day.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell :
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The higher heaven in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM CXIX.



T is probable that this Psalm is among the latest compositions in Old Testament Scripture. The writer has under his view the whole course of Divine Revelation in history, law, prophecy, warning, promise : in measured, meditative strain he celebrates its excellence, pledges himself to thoughtful and loving obedience, and invokes the help and guidance of his God. The structure of the Psalm is studiously artificial. It consists of 176 verses, arranged in twenty-two equal paragraphs according to the successive letters of the Hebrew alphabet, as prefixed in most English Bibles ; every verse in a paragraph beginning with the letter that stands at its head. Thus the first eight verses begin with *Aleph*, or A ; the second eight with *Beth*, or B, and so on. The word **JEHOVAH**, it is also noticed, occurs just twenty-two times in the Psalm. Every verse, again (excepting 122 and 132), contains a specific reference to the Divine word under one of ten different titles.* Under such conditions any continuity or even close connection of thought would be impossible, and the Psalm is a collection of disassociated utterances, vows, and prayers, often very beautiful and suggestive, but hardly suited for rendering into metrical form in the same order. Most paraphrasts, therefore, have been contented with a selection from the ample material which the Psalm contains, without attempting to follow the original arrangement.

First Version. C.M.

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

THOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice :
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

* Word, saying, testimonies, way, judgment, precept, commandment, law, statutes, faithfulness.

First Version, *continued.*

The testimonies of Thy grace
 I set before mine eyes ;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

If once I wander from Thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
 And trust Thy pardoning grace.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
 O save Thy servant, Lord ;
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
 My hope is in Thy word.

Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;
 And thus, till mortal life shall end,
 Would I perform Thy will.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.

Breathing after Holiness.

O THAT the Lord would guide my
 To keep His statutes still ! [ways
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do His will !

O send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
 Restore Thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head or heart or hands
 Offend against my God.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. C.M.

FATHER of mercies ! in Thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored,
 For These celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near :
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

MISS A. STEELE.

Fourth Version. C.M.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
 Our path when wont to stray ;
 Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
 Brook by the traveller's way.

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
 True manna from on high ;
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read
 Of realms beyond the sky.

Fourth Version, *continued.*

Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?

Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

B. BARTON.

Fifth Version. *C.M.*

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. COWPER.

Sixth Version. *C.M.*

HOW should a youth make clear his
course ?
How thread his tangled way ?
'Tis but to watch Thy holy word,
To watch Thee and obey.

I with the eyes of all my heart
Have sought my God and Guide :
O leave me not from Thy commands
And Thee to wander wide.

Thy teaching deeply have I stored
My heart and soul within,
So never might I grieve my God,
Nor swerve from Thee in sin.

Teach me Thy laws, Thou blessed
One,
My Lord, and only God !
No edict of Thine awful voice
But I have told abroad.

Along the way of Thy commands
With brightening eye I walk :
Beyond all wealth they gladden me ;
Of Thy decrees I talk :

I talk of Thy decrees ; mine eye
Upon Thy paths is set ;
Thy will is all my joy ; Thy word
I never can forget.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM CXX.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



WITH the Hundred and twentieth Psalm begins the series of fifteen short and beautiful compositions termed "Songs of Degrees," or "of Steps," or "of Goings-up." Very various explanations have been given of the title; some critics referring the phrase to the metrical construction of the Psalms as exhibiting *gradations* of thought; others to the exalted character of the odes—the *ascent* of the soul to God; a few to the entrance into the Temple at Jerusalem by fifteen *steps*, one song being chanted upon each by the procession of worshippers; others to the *orchestra* from which the Psalms were sung; while many have referred the Psalms to the *stages* of the pilgrim journey to Jerusalem, the collection being for the use of the travellers "going-up" to keep the feast. But perhaps the best sustained opinion is that which associates the Psalm with the return from Captivity, and, in particular, with the erection of the Temple, or with the "goings-up" upon the city wall of those who wrought in its construction or manned the trenches for its defence. These were the songs by which the tribes cheered one another, and expressed the hope of a happy issue out of all their sorrows.

Three of these songs are attributed to David, one to Solomon; the rest are anonymous. But the probability is that they are all the work of one writer or school belonging to the period of the Restoration. Whatever their more immediate intention, they formed a little manual of praise apart from the larger collection in which they were at length incorporated.

This Hundred and twentieth Psalm is a cry to God from the midst of oppression and insolent associates. Most probably the speaker personifies the nation, which in the days succeeding the Captivity had much to endure from the malice and falsehood of neighbouring tribes.

First Version. 668.668.

WHEN sinking in distress,
From God I sought redress,
He heard me, and avenged my wrongs :
"From lying lips," I cried,
"My soul in safety hide,
The slander of deceitful tongues."

What judgments shall the Lord
In righteousness award [framed?
The slandering tongue where falsehood's
Sharp arrows shot abroad,
Aimed from the mighty God,
And burning coals, with wrath inflamed.

Ah why, 'midst scenes of woe,
Depressed so long below,
Far from the sweet abode of love?
On earth my dwelling lies,
Where sinners peace despise,
Nor can my harassed soul remove.

Sweet peace ! with tranquil mind,
I long the bliss to find,
And spread the heavenly blessing round :
But when I peace invite,
The world in war delight :
When shall I tread the heavenly ground?

W. GOODE.

Second Version. C.M.

ON God I've called in trouble's hour,
And never called in vain ;
Again afflictions round me lower,
Lord, hear and help again.

A stranger's lot, a pilgrim's fare,
Is all I meet below ;
In every sweet I find a snare,
In every smile a foe.

Ah, woe is me, that I must roam
So long this land of tears !
When shall my spirit reach her home,
Above all foes and fears ?

There is a peace that none can break,
A joy that ne'er shall flee ;
When shall I lay me down to wake
To these, O Lord, and Thee ?

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CXXI.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



HE sense of Divine guardianship and protection have never been more exquisitely expressed than in this Psalm ; the care of Jehovah for His nation, and for His servants individually, being expressed in corresponding terms :—He that keepeth *thee* . . . He that keepeth *Israel*.

The version by Dr. Watts is one of his choicest ; many others also are good.

First Version. C.M.

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord Thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul ; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill,
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

SCOTTISH PSALTER.

Second Version. L.M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. C.M.

LO ! from the hills my help descends,
To them I lift mine eyes ;
My strength on God alone depends,
Who made the earth and skies.
He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide ;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide.

God, at thy hand, arrayed in might,
His shade shall o'er thee spread ;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favoured head.
He shall each coming ill discern,
And shall thy soul defend ;
And both thy going and return
For evermore attend.

J. MERRICK.

Fourth Version. 66.88.6.

TO heaven I lift mine eye,
To heaven, Jehovah's throne,
For there my Saviour sits on high,
And thence shall strength and aid supply
To all He calls His own.

He will not faint nor fail,
Nor cause thy feet to stray :
For Him no weary hours assail,
Nor evening darkness spreads her veil
O'er His eternal day.

Beneath that light Divine
Securely shalt thou move ;
The sun with milder beams shall shine,
And eve's still queen her lamp incline
Benignant from above.

For He, thy God and Friend,
Shall keep thy soul from harm,
In each sad scene of doubt attend,
And guide thy life, and bless thine end,
With His almighty arm.

J. BOWDLER.

PSALM CXXII.

A SONG OF DEGREES OF DAVID.

WITH the Forty-eighth, the Eighty-fourth, and the Eighty-seventh, this ranks among the most appropriate and beautiful of the Temple-psalms. It may well have expressed the joy of the restored people when they could once more resort to the holy mountain, and, after long deprivation, engage in the services of Jehovah's house. There is an allusion to the past in the fourth verse : "Whither the tribes *went* up ;" and the reference to the "thrones of the house of David" (verse 5) sufficiently disproves the notion that he was himself the author. The title was probably given owing to some misconception of this verse.

As might be expected, the versions of this Psalm are very numerous, with obvious and manifold applications to Christian worship.

First Version. 8.8.6.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy honoured dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing step Thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

Even now to our transported eyes
Fair Zion's towers in prospect rise :
Within her gates we stand ;
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy sons unite
In friendship's fervent band.

Hither from Jacob's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend,
Their offerings hither bring :
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

Be peace by each implored on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee,
To Jacob's God we pray :
How blest, who calls himself thy friend !
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store !

Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode ?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God ?

J. MERRICK.

Second Version. C.M.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 668.668.

Going to Church.

HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God,
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. S.M.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
"Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day."

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Fourth Version, continued.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode !

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found :
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace !

*J. MONTGOMERY.***PSALM CXXIII.***A SONG OF DEGREES.*

THIS Psalm," says Dean Perowne, "is either the sigh of the exile towards the close of the Captivity, looking in faith and patience for the deliverance which he had reason to hope was now nigh at hand ; or it is the sigh of those who, having already returned to their native land, were still exposed to the 'scorn and contempt' of the Samaritans and others who, favoured by the Persian government, took every opportunity of harassing and insulting the Jews. Compare Nehemiah ii. 19 ('They laughed us to scorn and despised us') with verse 4 of the Psalm ('the scorn of them that are at ease, the contempt of the proud')." But, above the chafing tumult and vexation, the Psalmist lifts his eyes to heaven.

First Version. 7s.

LORD, before Thy throne we bend ;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend ;
Servants, to our Master true,
Lord, we yield Thee homage due ;
Children, to our God we fly,
Abba ! Father, hear our cry.

Low before Thee, Lord, we bow ;
We are weak, but mighty Thou ;
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait Thy holy will ;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear and grant Thy pardoning grace ;
In temptation's dangerous hour,
Leave us not beneath its power :
God, our Saviour, still be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

*J. BOWDLER.**Second Version. C.M.*

I WOULD commune with Thee, my
E'en to Thy seat I come : [God ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

O ! this is life ! O ! this is joy !
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

G. B. RUBIER.

PSALM CXXIV.

A SONG OF DEGREES OF DAVID.



WHILE there is nothing in this Psalm, as there is in the Hundred and twenty-second, which distinctly negatives its ascription to David, there is good reason for placing it among the Songs of the Restoration. Its language well befits the circumstances of a people that had narrowly but decisively escaped extinction.

First Version. *S.M.*

“**T**HE Lord is on our side,”
His people now may say :
“The Lord is on our side, or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

“Sin, Satan, death, and hell,
Like fire, against us rose ;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repelled our foes.

“Like water they returned,
When wildest tempests rave ;
Then had the floods gone o’er our head,
But God was there to save.

“From jeopardy redeemed,
As, from the lion’s wrath ;
Mercy and truth upholds our life,
And safety guards our path.

“Our soul escaped the toils,
As, from the fowler’s snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

“Our help is from the Lord ;
In Him we will confide, [the earth :
Who stretched the heavens, who formed
The Lord is on our side.”

J. MONTGOMERY.

Second Version. *L.M. six lines.*

“**W**ERE not the Lord upon our
side,”
May Israel now adoring say,
“Were not the Lord upon our side
When men around us rose for prey,
They had devoured us quick ; so stern
We saw, that hour, their fury burn.

“Then o’er us burst the waters deep,
The torrent stream ; our soul had
bowed,
Our soul had bowed beneath their sweep ;
Dark waters, cruel waves and proud.
Praise God, who hath not cast away
Our soul, to their wide jaws a prey.

“Even as a bird from fowler’s snare,
Our soul is wafted high and free ;
The snare is broken ; free as air
We soar at large, and cling to Thee.
Our help is in Jehovah’s name,
Who heaven and earth alone did frame.”

J. KEELE.

PSALM CXXV.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



THIS Psalm is closely connected with the two preceding, the three forming a progressive series. First, in Psalm cxliii., we have the uplifting of the soul to God for protection and peace in the midst of scornful enemies ; Psalm cxxiv. joyfully commemorates deliverance ; and now the aspiration is for continuance in stedfastness by the help of God.

First Version. *S.M.*

WHO in the Lord confide,
 And feel His sprinkled blood,
 In storms and hurricanes abide,
 Firm as the mount of God :
 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
 His Zion cannot move ;
 His faithful people stand secure
 In Jesus' guardian love.

As round Jerusalem
 The hilly bulwarks rise,
 So God protects and covers them
 From all their enemies.
 On every side He stands,
 And for his Israel cares ;
 And safe in His Almighty hands
 Their souls for ever bears.

But let them still abide
 In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
 Till every soul is sanctified,
 And perfectly restored :
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend ;
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.

C. WESLEY.

Second Version. 6666.88.

THEIR hearts shall not be moved
 Who in the Lord confide ;
 But firm as Zion's hill,
 They ever shall abide :
 As mountains shield Jerusalem,
 The Lord shall be a shield to them.

His blessing on them rests,
 Like freshening dew from heaven ;
 And succour from His throne
 In all their need is given :
 Omnipotence shall guard them well,
 And peace remain on Israel.

One like the Son of God
 Is walking at their side,
 When by the fervid flame
 And fiery furnace tried ;
 And 'tis enough that He is near,
 To strengthen them in every fear.

*ANONYMOUS.***PSALM CXXVI.***A SONG OF DEGREES.*

WHATEVER difficulty there may be in assigning some others of these "Songs" to the period of the Return, at least there is no question about the present Psalm. With wonderfully graphic strokes, in a few verses, it depicts the alternations of feeling caused by the Divine interposition on His people's behalf—the stupefied astonishment, succeeded by exulting gladness, the surprise and sympathy of the very heathen, the acknowledgment on all sides of the finger of God ; while the whole passes into a solemn prayer for a renewal of former prosperity, closed by the expression of assured confidence in the result of past and present sorrows.

The quaint version of George Wither and the paraphrase by Lyte illustrate respectively the literal and the spiritual method of dealing with the Psalms.

First Version. *S.M.*

WHEN God made Zion free,
And her from thrall did bring,
It seemèd as a dream to be,
And we did laugh and sing.

"The Lord," the heathen said,
"Great marvels wrought" for us :
Great marvels He hath wrought indeed,
And therefore sing we thus.

Lord, back our captives bring,
As sea-floods backward flow ;
So shall they then rejoice and sing,
Who did in sorrow sow.

Who going forth doth mourn,
If he good seed employ,
Shall doubtless home again return,
And bring his sheaves with joy.

G. WITHER.

Second Version. *C.M.*

WHEN Jesus to my rescue came,
And set my spirit free,
It seemed at first some happy dream
Of all I longed to see.

My heart with raptures sweet and
strange,
My lips with song o'erflowed ;
And all around beheld the change,
And owned the hand of God.

"The Lord," they said, "great things hath
done."

"Yea, things," I cried, "Divine."
Then perfect, Lord, Thy work begun,
And make me wholly Thine.

Thrice happy they in tears that sow,
To reap in joy and love ;
That drop their seed in earth below,
And find their sheaves above.

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. *7s.*

WHEN Jehovah turned again
Zion's sore captivity,
Like the dreamers of a dream,
Seemed we in that day to be ;
Filled with laughter was our mouth,
And our tongue with melody.

Spake our heathen lords, "Great things
Hath Jehovah for them done :"
Great things hath He done for us,
We will joy in Him alone.
Turn our bondage, Lord, like streams
Dried up by the southern sun.

They shall reap their fields in joy,
Who in sowing weep and mourn ;
He that goeth forth in tears
With his seed, shall yet return
In the gladness of his heart
With his sheaves of harvest corn.

DR. H. BONAR.

PSALM CXXVII.

A SONG OF DEGREES OF SOLOMON.



HE style and sentiment of this short Psalm very nearly resemble those of the Proverbs ; and thus far internal evidence supports the title. But on the whole it seems probable that this Song of Degrees, like the rest, belongs to the later era, when domestic order and peace began to be established in the land. For "the house," in verse 1, is not the Temple,

but the *home*.

The words in verse 2, rendered in our version, "He giveth His beloved sleep," should rather be, "He giveth to His beloved in sleep;" *i.e.*, "His care and bounty continue even while they are resting from toil." This interpretation has been generally missed by paraphrasts, who, indeed, have found in the former rendering a stimulus to poetic thought, as in Mrs. Barrett Browning's well-known and beautiful poem beginning—

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,
He giveth His beloved sleep?"

The Psalmist's own thought, on the other hand, is kindred with that in Mark iv. 26, 27.

First Version. *C.M.*

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>EXCEPT the Lord do build the house. The builders lose their pain ; Except the Lord the city keep, The watchmen watch in vain. 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes, Or late from rest to keep, To feed on sorrow's bread ; for God Gives His belovèd sleep.</p> | <p>So children are an heritage And gift, which comes from heaven ; As arrows in the giant's hand, Are sons to young men given. O happy is the man that hath His quiver stored with those ; They unashamèd in the gate Shall speak unto their foes.</p> |
|--|--|

SCOTTISH VERSION.

Second Version. *C.M.*

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>IN vain we build, unless the Lord The fabric still sustain ; Unless the Lord the city keep, The watchman waits in vain. In vain we rise before the day, And late to rest repair, Allow no respite to our toil, And eat the bread of care.</p> | <p>But, if we trust our Father's love And in His ways delight, He gives us needful food by day, And quiet sleep by night. Then children, relatives, and friends, Our real blessings prove ; And all the earthly joys He grants Are crowned with heavenly love.</p> |
|--|---|

DR. B. H. KENNEDY.

PSALM CXXVIII.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



HIS Psalm is a companion picture to the last. The family is depicted as happy and prosperous, rejoicing in the goodness of God, and with sympathies flowing out beyond the household circle to the nation at large. Domestic prosperity and true patriotism are thus beautifully combined in the ideal of Israelite character.

Mr. Lyte's version adds the further thought of citizenship in heaven.

L.M.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>HOW blest the man who fears the Lord. Who walks by His unerring word ; His labours find a full increase, [peace. His days are crowned with health and</p> | <p>Domestic comfort builds her nest Beneath his roof, within her breast ; And earth's best blessings hourly rise To cheer his pathway to the skies.</p> |
|---|---|

But earth's best gifts are poor to
those
The Spirit on his soul bestows ;
The earnest here of joys above,
The foretaste of eternal love.

Onward he goes, from strength to strength,
Till heaven's bright morning breaks at
length,
And calls him to his full reward :—
How blest the man who fears the Lord !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CXXIX.

A SONG OF DEGREES.

HERE we have a retrospect of Israel's sorrows, with the expression of calm confidence in Him who has delivered, and who will still bring the foes of His people to shame. The imagery of verses 6-8 stands in striking contrast with that in Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6. There a harvest of gladness springs from the tear-watered seed ; here, the frustrated schemes of Israel's foes leave their fields, as it were, bare and desolate, calling down no such benedictions from the passers-by as in Ruth ii. 4.

76.76.7776.

MANY times since days of youth,
May Israel truly say,
Foes devoid of love and truth
Afflict me day by day ;
Yet they never can prevail,
God defends His people still ;
Jesus' power can never fail
To save from all that's ill.

God hath Zion set apart
For His abiding place ;
Sons of wrath and guileful art
He'll banish from His face :
God for Israel doth fight,
Israel, on thy God depend ;
Christ shall keep thee day and night,
Till all thy troubles end.

J. BEAUMONT.

PSALM CXXX.

A SONG OF DEGREES.

THE *De Profundis*, as this Psalm is called, has been the chosen language of the penitent in all ages. Never have the pangs of conscious sin, the longing for heavenly light and the intensity of trust and hope found more beautiful expression.

Luther being asked on one occasion which were the best Psalms, replied "*The Pauline Psalms*," and being pressed to say which they were, he answered, "The thirty-second, the fifty-first, the Hundred and thirteenth, and the Hundred and forty-third ; for they teach us that the forgiveness of sin is vouchsafed to them that believe without the law and without works, therefore are they Pauline Psalms."

This is the seventh of the "Penitential Psalms." (See on Psalm xxxii.).

First Version. 87.87.887.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing !
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing :
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee ?

Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living :
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

First Version, continued.

Thou canst be merciful while just,
 This is my hope's foundation ;
 On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
 Grant me, then, Thy salvation :
 Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
 Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
 And I rely upon Thee.

Like those who watch for midnight's hour
 To hail the dawning morrow,
 I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
 Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
 So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
 And he shall find Thy mercy free,
 And Thy redemption plenteous.

Where'er the greatest sins abound.
 By grace they are exceeded ;
 Thy helping hand is always found
 With aid, where aid is needed :
 Thy hand, the only hand to save,
 Will rescue Israel from the grave,
 And pardon his transgression.

*LUTHER.**Second Version. S.M.*

FROM deeps so wild and drear
 I call Thee, Lord most high :
 Lord, hear my prayer, unseal Thine ear,
 Receive my mournful cry.

If Thou, Lord, bear in mind
 All evil deeds, O Lord,
 Who might abide ? But Thou art kind,
 With Thee is pardon stored :

With Thee is pardon stored,
 Thine holy fear to aid.
 I stayed for mine Almighty Lord,
 My soul in quiet stayed.

Even for His word and will
 I waited patiently ;
 Mine heavenward soul is seeking still
 My sovereign Lord on high.

My soul is heavenward borne ;
 Less eagerly they wait
 Who watch the morning—watch till morn
 Unbar the glorious gate.

Thou, Israel, wait His hour,
 Thine own true God : for He
 Comes fraught with love ; in Him is power
 From every yoke to free.

The freedom He bestows
 Is perfect ; He will win
 His own, His Israel whom He chose,
 From all their shame and sin.

*J. KEEBLE.**Third Version. 8.8.6.*

OUT of the depths ! the gulfs ! the
 night !

Dark with despair, or strangely bright
 With lightning gleams abroad ;
 Wild the storm-voices rise on high ;
 Above them all, I send my cry—
 My soul's cry to my God.

Out of the depths ! Lord, hear my
 voice !

And bid the very deeps rejoice
 In Thy delivering love !
 O let Thine ear consider well
 The cry of Thy poor Israel,
 And help him from above.

Third Version, continued.


| | |
|--|--|
| <p>Yea, <i>in</i> the depths ! with doom so near ! To teach a deeper, wondering fear, Forgiveness is with Thee ! When sin Thou markest, who can stand ? But One Divine lifts piercèd hand— "The guilt was borne by Me."</p> | <p>He is my ransom, He can free ! Infinite mercy is for me, Plenteous redemption stored ! With strong right hand He lifts me up, I hear His voice of cheering hope— "Trust thy redeeming Lord."</p> |
|--|--|

I trust, I watch, I humbly wait—
 Night wanes : around the Eastern gate
 Faint gleams of dawn I see ;
 Bright streaks are creeping o'er the dark ;
 My soul is rising like the lark—
 Lord, it mounts up to Thee !

G. RAIFSON.

PSALM CXXXI.

A SONG OF DEGREES OF DAVID.

NDoubtedly, the spirit of David is in this exquisite little Psalm ; whether it was written by his hand is more than doubtful. By the general consent of the best interpreters, it belongs, like the rest of the "Songs of Degrees," to the post-exile period. To the Christian the motto of the preceding Psalm might be, "Blessed are they that mourn ;" that of the present might be, "Blessed are the meek."

One verse of a well-known hymn by Miss Waring expresses the spirit of this Psalm as truly as any of the versions given—

"I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know :
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go."

First Version. 7s.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild ;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

J. NEWTON.

Second Version. 7s.

LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Clothed with humility;

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child ;
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee ;
 Every evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in Thy precious love.

O that all may seek and find
 Every good in Christ combined :
 Him let Israel still adore ;
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

M. MADAN.

Third Version. 8.4.

ME EK, O Jehovah, is my heart ;
 Not proud mine eye ;
 Nor do I seek to take a part
 In things too high.

Humble my spirit is, and mild ;
 Meekly I go ;
 My soul is as a weaned child,
 Quiet and low.

Let Israel trust Jehovah's grace,
 And Him adore ;
 Henceforth their hope upon Him place,
 And evermore.

J. BENTHALL.

PSALM CXXXII.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



HE eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of this Psalm are taken from the conclusion of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple (2 Chronicles vi. 41, 42). It has, therefore, been supposed that the whole Psalm was written for that dedication service, Solomon himself being the "Anointed" of verse 10. Against this, however, is the place of the Psalm among the "Songs of Degrees ;" and the probability seems to be that this, like the rest, belongs to the period of the Return. If so, we must take it as a prayer that the glory of the second Temple may correspond with that of the first ; the "Anointed" of God being Zerubbabel, the heir of David's line.

In any case, whether for the second Temple or the first, the Psalm is a magnificent dedication-hymn, while pointing not obscurely to the glories of Messiah's kingdom.

First Version. C.M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest !
 Lo, Thy Church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word ;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
 Here let Thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And feed Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign ;
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and power Divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne ;
 And as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *L.M.*

REMEMBER, Lord, the pious zeal
Of every soul that cleaves to Thee,
The troubles for Thy sake they feel,
Their eager hopes Thy house to see ;
Their vows to cry, and never rest
Till Thou art in Thy Church adored,
And dwell'st in every faithful breast,
And count'st them worthy of their Lord.

Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest,
Thou, and Thy ark of perfect power :
God over all, for ever blest,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.
Thy priests be clothed with righteousness,
Thy praise their happy lives employ,
The saints in Thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy.

O for Thy love, Thy Jesus' sake,
Us Thine anointed ones receive,
In the Beloved accepted make,
And bid us to Thy glory live.
"Zion," God saith, "My rest shall be,
The faithful shall My presence feel ;
I long for all who long for Me,
And will in them for ever dwell.

"I will increase their gracious store,
My Zion every moment feed,
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread :
With garments of salvation deck [praise ;
Her priests, and clothe with robes of
Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout My all-sufficient grace.

"There shall the horn of David bud ;
There I have set the lamp divine :
The wisdom and the power of God
In Mine anointed Son shall shine.
Messiah on My throne shall sit
Supreme, till all his foes are slain :
Till death expires beneath His feet,
The sinner's Advocate shall reign."

C. WESLEY.

Third Version. *L.M.*

GOD in His temple let us meet ;
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat ;
Here on His Sabbath we attend.

Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou and Thy ark of strength, O Lord ;
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array ;
Joyful Thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all, be holiness to Thee.

J. MONTGOMERY.

PSALM CXXXIII.

A SONG OF DEGREES OF DAVID.



IT is the unity of the nation and of the Church, rather than that of the family, which this Psalm portrays by a lovely twofold emblem—the fragrance diffused through the high-priestly robes on some day of solemn service, and the freshness of the morning dews wafted from Hermon in the north to Zion in the south. The two mountains are thus one in the "blessing" of God—a picture of His all-harmonising grace.

First Version. *C.M.*

BEHOLD how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell !

Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Zion's hills descend ;
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

Second Version. 8.8.7.

O HOW good the hallowed union,
O how sweet the pure communion
Of the family of God !
When in peace together dwelling,
Kindred love each bosom swelling,—
This is pleasure's blest abode.

Rich the sweetness, far transcending
All the costly spices blending
On the head with mitre crowned ;
Down the sacred vestments flowing,
O'er the rich embroidery glowing,
Breathing balmy fragrance round.

Lovely as the dews of morning,
Hermon's sacred mount adorning,
All in fresh and sparkling pride ;
Soft on Zion hills distilling,
Every sense with pleasure filling,
Spreading joy on every side.

Zion ! 'Tis Jehovah's dwelling :
There, from purest fountains welling,
Flow the streams of peace and love ;
Israel's wants and woes redressing,
There the Lord commands the blessing,
Everlasting life above.

*DR. R. WARDLAW.***PSALM CXXXIV.***A SONG OF DEGREES.*

SOLEMN and beautiful "Good-night !" Retiring from the Sanctuary, the people salute the Levites who are left to keep watch there through the nightly hours ; and these again respond in benediction. See 1 Chronicles ix. 33, and compare Revelation vii. 15. The blessing "out of Zion" follows the true Israelite to his home. Thus do the Songs of Degrees end with a Benediction.

First Version. *C.M.**Daily and Nightly Devotion.*

YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend His holy place ;
Bow to the glories of His power,
And bless His wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high :
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 7s.

PRAISE to God on high be given,
Praise from all in earth and heaven,
Ye that in His presence stand,
Ye that walk by His command,
Saints below, and hosts above,
Praise, O praise, the God of love !

Praise Him at the dawn of light,
Praise Him at returning night ;
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In His praises bear your parts ;
Thou that madest earth and sky,
Bless us in return from high !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CXXXV.

HALLELUJAH.



HIS Psalm is almost wholly taken from earlier compositions. Compare vers. 1, 2 with Psalm cxxxv. 1 ; ver. 3 with Psalm cxlvii. 1 ; ver. 4 with Exodus xix. 5 ; ver. 5 with Psalm xc. 3 ; vers. 6 and 15-20 with Psalm cxv. ; ver. 7 with Jeremiah x. 13 ; vers. 8-12 with Psalm cxxxvi. 10-22 ; ver. 13 with Psalm cii. 12 ; ver. 14 with Deuteronomy xxxii.

36. The 21st verse forms a kind of response to the last verse of the Psalm preceding—"Jehovah bless thee *out of Zion* . . . Blessed be Jehovah *out of Zion*."

The Psalm, being thus composite, was no doubt an adaptation for the services of the second Temple.

First Version. 86.86.8886.

SING Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
Sing with a cheerful voice ;
Exalt our God with loud accord,
And in His name rejoice ;
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

There we, to all eternity,
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God the Saviour's praise ;
"He hath redeemed us by His blood,
Hath made us kings and priests to God ;
For us the heavenly Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord ! Amen."

J. SWERTNER.

Second Version. 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, our mighty King !
Sing His power, His mercy sing ;
He whose undisputed sway
Ocean, earth, and skies obey.
Hark ! the pealing thunders sound,
See the lightning blaze around :
Conscious guilt grows pale and fear,
'Tis the voice of God we hear !

He the imprisoned winds unchains,
He their angry rage restrains ;
At His word they wildly sweep
O'er the bosom of the deep ;
Now, with mild propitious gales,
Gently fill the swelling sails ;
Softly fan the spicy grove,
Breathing fragrance, breathing love.

When the curling vapours rise,
And with clouds adorn the skies ;
Or descend in gracious showers,
Filling earth with fruit and flowers ;
His the mandate they obey,
All creation owns His sway :
All His works one chorus raise
To their mighty Maker's praise.

HARRIET AUBER

PSALM CXXXVI.



IS mercy endureth for ever," was the constant burden of Jewish song. Here the phrase is the *refrain*, or chorus, to a series of brief declarations of Jehovah's mighty acts. The former part of each verse would be chanted by the Levites, the latter being the response of the whole congregation. The Psalm is called in the Jewish liturgies the "Great Hallel."

Milton's well-known version was composed by him at the age of fifteen. It consists of twenty-four stanzas, which are generally abbreviated in our collections, as below.

First Version. 7s.

God's Mercy Eternal.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all commanding might,
Filling the new-made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a pitying eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth,
His high majesty and worth :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. MILTON.

Second Version. L.M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity work within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

Second Version, continued.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM CXXXVII.

IN strains of deepest pathos, a Babylonian exile, newly returned to the now desolated land of his fathers, recalls the sorrows of the long captivity. He could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land ; and now the mournfulness of his reminiscences overbears for a time even the joy of his return, It is no wonder that in the end he breaks out into an indignant invective against the people who had been the author of his nation's sorrows, and against their perfidious Edomite allies. The Saviour's law of forgiveness and the spirit of the Gospel forbid the reproduction of these closing stanzas for Christian worship.

It will be instructive to contrast the extremes of simplicity and of floridness in rendering, as exhibited in the first and second versions below.

First Version. C.M.

BY Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on ;
In midst thereof we hanged our harps
The willow trees upon.
For there a song required they,
Who did us captive bring :
Our spoilers called for mirth, and said,
" A song of Zion sing ! "

O how the Lord's song shall we sing
Within a foreign land ?
If thee, Jerusalem, I forget,
Skill part from my right hand.
My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
If I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above
My chief joy do not set !

SCOTTISH VERSION.

Second Version. 9.8.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey ;
And ye, O her desolate daughters !
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river,
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded a song ; but O never
That triumph the stranger shall know !
May this right hand be withered for ever
Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem ! its sound should be free :
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee :
And ne'er shall its soft notes be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me.

LORD BYRON.

Third Version. *L.M. six lines.*

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers
roll,
In exile we sat down to weep ;
For thoughts of Zion o'er the soul
Came, like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs
reclined ;
The chords untuned and trembling rung
With mournful music on the wind ;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, " Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land ?
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem, forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Fourth Version. *S.M.*

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, " Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest !"

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung ;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.


To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near !
On Thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert drear,
And bring me home at last !

H. F. LYTE.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

HE compilers of this Fifth Book have now introduced a series of eight Psalms traditionally attributed to David, probably in most cases with correctness. In the present Psalm the grateful remembrance of prayer heard and mercy bestowed is very characteristic of the royal Psalmist ; but, on the other hand, the reference to "all the kings of the earth" (verse 4), as joining in the praise of God, has been thought by some to bespeak a later era. The Psalm is well fitted to express the thankfulness and hope of God's children in every age.

It will be observed that in both versions given below, the phrase in verse 1, "before the gods," is understood of the presence of *angels* in earthly worship. Some critics understand the allusion to be to *idol deities*, others to *earthly rulers*, as in Psalm lxxxii. 1.

First Version. *L.M.**Restoring and Preserving Grace.*

WITH all my powers of heart and
tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels that make Thy Church their
care
Shall witness my devotion there :
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

First Version, continued.

I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word ;
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;
But from His throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 888.6.

MY heart's dear praise on Thee I spend ;
In sight of all the powers Divine,
I chant Thee, Lord, I lowly bend
Toward Thy sacred shrine.

I for Thy mercy praise Thee, Lord,
For Thy sure truth Thy name I praise ;
For Thou hast loved Thy faithful word
O'er all Thy name to raise.

What time I called, Thine answer came,
Brightening my soul with joy and might ;
Earth's monarchs all tell out Thy name,
Thy glorious name recite.

For they the counsel of Thy tongue
Have heard ; along the immortal road,
" How glorious, Lord ! " is all their song,
" How mighty is our God ! "

How high the Lord ! and yet His eyes
Behold the lowly nestling heart :
At distance He the proud espies,
He keeps them far apart.

If in the midst of grief I walk,
Thou art my life ; in wrath Thine arm
Thou wilt reach out, my foe to balk ;
Thy right hand stays mine harm.

God, for my sake, will all achieve :
Thy mercy, Lord, will ever stand ;
Then wherefore scorned and worthless leave
The work of Thine own hand ?

J. KEBLE.

PSALM CXXXIX.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



THAS been shown by many critics from the language of this Psalm that it must be assigned to a later period than that of David. The present, therefore, is one of the instances in which the title is plainly erroneous. As a meditation on the Omnipresence and Omnipotence of God, the Psalm is of an almost awful solemnity. It is further remarkable among the Psalms for its reference to the Divine workmanship as exhibited in man's physical frame :—

Psalm CXXXIX.

"I thank Thee, for in fearfulness
And wonder I am wrought.
Thy works, how dread, my soul oppress
With ever-deepening thought.

"My very self, that hidden spark,
Was known to Thee ere birth,
Though framed and fashioned in the dark,
Here in the low cold earth.

"Thine eyes beheld me as I lay,
Ere face or form began,
And in Thy book, from day to day,
Was marked the growing man."—*KERLE.*

The versions of this Psalm well reflect its solemn tone ; that by Blacklock, rough and unfinished as it is, having some gleam of poetic fire.

First Version. L.M.*The All-seeing God.*

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen
me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I
boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

*DR. WATTS.***Second Version. C.M.***God is Everywhere.*

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign Love.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to Thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. C.M.

LORD, Thou with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers ;
My rising steps are watched by Thee,
By Thee my resting hours.

My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to Thee,
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclosed
With Thine immensity.

To Thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without Thy listening ear.

Behind I glance, and Thou art there ;
Before me shines Thy name :
And 'tis Thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

Such knowledge mocks the vain essay
Of my astonished mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

Where from Thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight ?
Or where, through Nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude Thy sight ?

Scaled I the skies, the blaze Divine
Would overwhelm my soul ;
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore
That bounds the ocean's flood ;

Thither Thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wondrous way,
And Thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before Thy piercing sight.

If in Thy being so enclosed,
How vain the attempt to fly,
Since every rising bud of thought
Is naked to Thine eye !

R. BLACKLOCK.

PSALM CXL.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. A PSALM OF DAVID.



INTERNAL evidence seems decidedly here to confirm the title ; and the Psalm strikingly corresponds with Psalms by David in the earlier books, especially the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth. It is an appeal to God against malicious and deceitful enemies, closed by the assurance that God will protect His own.

The versions of this Psalm are but few : it is wholly omitted by Dr. Watts.

8.8.6.

MY God, when dangers press me round,
And safety but in Thee is found,
O leave me not alone :
Preserve my soul from every snare,
Grant me Thine aid, and let my prayer
Reach Thine eternal throne.

Thou art my God, my strength, my stay ;
Who in temptation's evil day

Hast shielded me from harm :
Now to the malice of my foes,
Lord, the resistless force oppose
Of Thine Almighty arm.

I know that God His Church will keep,
Will bid the mourner cease to weep,
And plead the poor man's cause :
When wrath the wicked shall destroy,
They shall abide in peace and joy
Who love Thy righteous laws.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

PSALM CXLI.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



ADMITTING the correctness of the title to this Psalm, it is uncertain whether to assign it to the time of David's persecution by Saul, or to that of Absalom's rebellion ; the latter, however, appears supported by verse 6, which may be interpreted of the dispersion and destruction of the rebellious leaders and the glad return of the tribes to allegiance. The outburst of devotional fervour, at the beginning, is very characteristic of the royal Psalmist.

First Version. 7s.

LORD, I daily call on Thee,
Hear my voice and answer me ;
Save me, for in faith I pray,
Take, O take my sins away.

Let my prayer as incense rise,
Pure accepted sacrifice ;
Let my life with virtue shine,
Fill my soul with love Divine.

Keep, O keep my lips and heart,
Let me ne'er from Thee depart ;
Holy, happy, may I be
Perfect, O my God, like Thee.

℟. BEAUMONT.

Second Version, 86.86.88.

LORD, to Thy throne I raise my cry,
Let not Thy help delay ;
Give me to feel that Thou art nigh,
And hear me when I pray ;
Like incense let my prayer arise,
Or smoke of evening sacrifice.

Lord, let Thy grace my lips restrain,
That dangerous portal guard ;
Nor let my heart e'er entertain
Regret to be debarred
From doing all that sinners dare ;
Nor let me in their revels share.

But let the righteous still in love
Rebuke me ; it will be
A blow that bruiseeth not, but prove
A healing balm to me.
So when adversity is theirs,
I will repay them with my prayers.

And when, 'mid rocks and mountains
Their rulers are o'erthrown, [drear,
My songs their fainting hearts shall cheer,
And they its soothing own.
But now, like wood for fuel hewn,
Our whitening bones around are strewn.

Yet, Lord, to Thee I look for aid,
Preserve me from despair ;
My cruel foes their toils have laid,
O save me from the snare !
Caught in their own nets let them be,
While I pass on from danger free.

℟. CONDER.

PSALM CXLII.

MASCHIL OF DAVID: A PRAYER WHEN HE WAS IN THE CAVE.



THE inscription to this Psalm corresponds to that of the Fifty-seventh, and there is internal corroboration of its genuineness in both cases. Tradition has probably not erred in the assignment of the following eight Psalms to the period of David's persecution by Saul: vii., xxxiv., lii., liv., lvi., lvii., lix., cxlii. These may profitably be read together, and will give a most vivid delineation of the Psalmist's character as exhibited at that crisis of his history. See Introduction to Psalm lvii.

First Version. *C.M.*

I LIFTED to the Lord my voice,
I poured my soul in prayer;
What time my spirit waxèd faint,
I showed to Him my care.
Thou knew'st my path; where privily
The sinners laid their snare.

I looked on my right hand for aid,
But none was found for me;
I saw no refuge for my soul,
No shelter where to flee.
Then turned I heavenward my complaint,
And cried, O Lord, to Thee.

Thou art my portion and my hope,
My all on earth below;
Consider, then, my soul's desire
In this abyss of woe:
And save me, in Thy mercy save,
From my too powerful foe.

From the dark prison lift my soul,
That I may thank Thy name;
To me then shall the righteous throng,
With me exalt Thy fame;
For kindly shalt Thou deal with him
Who doth Thy bounty claim.

ANTHOLOGIA DAVIDICA.

Second Version. 888.4.

I TO Jehovah raised my prayer,
To Him my supplication made;
Before Him I poured out my care,
My trouble laid.

When I am overwhelmed with woe,
My path Thou knowest; Thou art there:
Hid in the way wherein I go
They lay a snare.

Lo, on my right hand there is none
To know me, nor to help supply,
None for my soul to care, not one;
No refuge nigh.

Jehovah! I have cried to Thee,
Thou who in life my portion art,
The refuge whereunto may flee
In grief my heart.

Incline Thine ear unto my cry,
Low in the dust behold me laid:
My foes are stronger far than I;
O send Thine aid.

My soul from prison set Thou free,
That I to Thee may praise address;
Then shall the just resort to me,
Whom Thou shalt bless.

J. BENTHILL.

PSALM CXLIII.

A PSALM OF DAVID.



HIS Psalm most probably belongs to the time of Absalom's rebellion, and is kindred in sentiment with such Psalms as xxv. and lxxxvi. The difference, as noted by Delitzsch and others, between the Psalms of this period and that of the persecution by Saul, is in their conscience-stricken character, the confession of sin, and the entreaty for pardon. In the

earlier days the fugitive son of Jesse spoke only of his sorrows ; but now the suppliant monarch bewails his guilt as well. This is the seventh and last of the "Penitential Psalms."

Many of the versions here are excellent, the Psalm being directly and easily applicable to the case of penitent mourners universally.

First Version. *L.M. six lines.*

O HEAR my prayer, and answering
bless

These supplications, Lord, of mine :
Make answer in Thy faithfulness,
And in Thy righteousness Divine
Judge not Thy servant ; in Thy sight
No man is pure, no heart upright.

My soul is followed by the foe
Who smote my life, yea, down to earth :
In darkness made me dwell, as though
Gone like the dead from light and mirth.
O'erwhelmed, my spirit mourns its fate ;
My heart within is desolate.

Lord, from my memory hath not gone
Remembrance of the olden days :
On what Thy hands have wrought and done,
On Thy great works, I muse always.
For Thee, for Thee I stretch my hands,
My soul doth thirst like thirsty lands.

O hasten, Lord, Thine answer send,
My spirit fails ; hide not Thy face,
That I be not like those who wend
Down to the pit : through Thy dear
grace.

Cause me at dawn to hear Thy love,
For all my trust is placed above.

Make me to know the path wherein
My feet unfaltering still should stay ;
Thou knowest all my soul within
I lift unto my God alway.
O save me from the foe abhorred,
I flee to Thee, O hide me, Lord.

Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou
Alone art God ; to Thee I plead ;
Unto the holy land allow
Thy blessed Spirit me to lead.
For Thy name's sake, Jehovah, give
Thy quickening power, and bid me live,

And in Thy righteousness Divine
Bring forth my soul from all distress ;
All enemies of me and mine
Cut off in Thy true faithfulness.
O let my soul's foe feel Thy rod,
I am the servant of my God.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Second Version. *S.M.*

HEAR Thou my prayer, O Lord,
And listen to my cry :
Remember now Thy faithful word,
And graciously reply.

Do not in judgment rise
Thy servant's life to scan ;
For righteous in Thy spotless eyes
Is found no living man.

I stretch my longing hands
Toward Thy holy place,
With soul athirst, like weary lands,
For Thy refreshing grace.

Haste Thee, O Lord, I pray,
My failing heart to save !
Hide not Thy face : I droop as they
That sink into the grave.

Thy mercy's early light
My faith desires to see ;
O let me walk before Thy sight,
I lift my soul to Thee !

Let Thy good Spirit lead
My feet in righteous ways :
And for Thy Name's sake, Lord, my head
Above my troubles raise.

DR. B. H. KENNEDY.

PSALM CXLIV.

OF DAVID.



HE former part of this Psalm (verses 1-11) is largely made up of passages from the Eighteenth (see Psalm xviii. verses 1, 2, 8, 9, 16, 17, 34, 43, 50). In both, the Psalmist, surrounded by peril, implores deliverance and victory, expressing at the same time his assured hope in the Divine favour.

In the last four verses the theme is suddenly changed : the blessings of prosperity and peace being depicted with much beautiful imagery. This part of the Psalm has been thought by many to have belonged originally to a different composition, but the reasons for this supposition appear inconclusive.

First Version. *C.M.*

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by His word ;
His arm supports them well.

He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name ;
And we can witness, to His praise,
His love is still the same.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, let us then most highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship Thee above.

J. NEWTON.

Second Version. *C.M.*

BLEST is the mighty God,
My rock and sure abode,
Who deigns in warlike lore mine arm to
guide,
By whom my fingers fight,
My hope and tower of might,
My refuge high, and my deliverer tried.

My shield, to whom I flee
For peace and aid—'tis He
Who bows my people to my sovereign
rod.
Lord, what is mortal man,
For Thee to search and scan ;
The son of man, to win the thoughts of
God ?

Man is a thing of nought,
His weary days are brought
To dim decay, a passing shadow frail.
Lord, bow Thy heavens, come down,
Touch every mountain crown,
And they shall smoke ; Thy bolts around
them hail.

Thy lightnings glance—they fly ;
Thine arrows speed—they die ;
Thine arm reach out from Thine eternal
height,
My prison doors throw wide,
Through many waters guide,
And free me from proud aliens' whelming
might.

From alien children free,
Whose lips are vanity,
Their stay and strong right arm, an arm of fraud.
Till a new song I sing
To mine Almighty King :—
My ten-stringed lute shall hymn my guardian God.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM CXLV.*DAVID'S HYMN.*

HE title *Tehillah*, rendered "Hymn," is given only to this Psalm, while in its plural form it is used to designate the whole book. This Psalm appears to be placed here as the climax of this group of David's compositions. Psalms cxlii., cxliii., show him as a mourner, invoking deliverance and forgiveness. Psalm cxliv. expresses still the sense of need, mingling with the prayer some notes of praise; but now the praise in full triumphant outburst has become the spirit of the strain. The Psalm in the Hebrew is alphabetical, one letter only being omitted, between verses 13 and 14.

The version of Dr. Watts are among the most familiar of his hymns. That by Bishop Mant has some fine touches: and Mr. Benthall's is remarkable for its closeness throughout to the original.

First Version. C.M.*The Goodness of God.*

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies; [shines,
Through the whole earth His bounty
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thy anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. C.M.*The Greatness of God.*

LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways!
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

The world is managed by Thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

DR. WATTS.

Third Version. 8.7.

GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
 Ever will I bless Thy name :
 Day by day Thy throne addressing,
 Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
 Honour great our God befitteeth,
 Who His majesty can reach ?
 Age to age His work transmitteth,
 Age to age His power shall teach.

They shall talk of all Thy glory,
 On Thy might and greatness dwell,
 Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
 And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
 Works by love and mercy wrought,
 Works of love surpassing measure,
 Works of mercy passing thought.

Full of kindness and compassion,
 Slow to anger, vast in love,
 God is good to all creation ;
 All His works His goodness prove.
 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee ;
 Thee shall all Thy saints adore :
 King Supreme shall they confess Thee,
 And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

They Thy might, all might excelling,
 Shall to all mankind make known ;
 And the brightness of Thy dwelling,
 And the glories of Thy throne.
 Aye, as age to age descendeth,
 Shall Thy royal might remain ;
 Evermore Thy rule extendeth,
 Ever lasts Thy thronèd reign.

Them that fall, the Lord protecteth,
 He sustains the bowed and bent ;
 Every eye from Thee expecteth,
 Fixed on Thee, its nourishment.
 Thou to all, great God of nature,
 Giv'st in season due their food ;
 Spread'st Thy hand, and every creature
 Is by Thee full filled with food.

God is just in all He doeth,
 Kind is He in all His ways ;
 He His ready presence showeth
 When a faithful servant prays.
 Who sincerely seek and fear Him,
 He to them their wish will give :
 When they call, the Lord will hear them ;
 He will hear them, and relieve.

From Jehovah all who prize Him
 Shall His saving health enjoy ;
 All the wicked, who despise Him,
 He will in their sin destroy.
 Still, Jehovah, Thee confessing,
 Shall my tongue Thy praise proclaim,
 And may all mankind with blessing
 Ever hail Thy holy name !

BISHOP MANT.

Fourth Version. 8.8.6.

THEE will I bless, my God and King ;
 Thy praise I will for ever sing,
 Each day shall thanks ascend :
 Yea, ever will I bless Thy name :
 Great is Jehovah, great His fame ;
 His greatness knows no end.

Age shall to age Thy works unfold,
 By each Thy wonders shall be told,
 Thy mighty power forth-shown ;
 I of Thy majesty will tell,
 My tongue shall on Thy glory dwell,
 Thy wondrous works make known.

Fourth Version, continued.

So shall mankind Thy might declare ;
 With me they shall recall Thy care,
 And sing Thy righteousness :
 Great pity doth Jehovah show ;
 He gracious is, to anger slow,
 Of mercies numberless.

To all Jehovah shows His love,
 His tender mercies from above,
 To all His works extend.
 Thy works, Jehovah, Thee shall praise,
 To Thee Thy saints their songs shall raise,
 Their blessings shall ascend.

They in Thy kingdom shall delight ;
 They shall be talking of Thy might,
 That men Thy power may know ;
 Thy kingdom shall for ever last,
 And Thy dominion standeth fast
 While endless ages flow.

Jehovah holdeth up the weak,
 The bowed down His love doth seek,
 He raiseth them that fall.
 All wait on Thee with watchful eyes ;
 Thy bounteous hand their wants supplies,
 With plenty filling all.

Righteous in every work and way
 Jehovah is : to those who pray
 In truth He will be nigh :
 He will the supplications hear
 Of all His holy name who fear,
 And save them when they cry.

All those who love Him He will keep,
 But all the wicked He will sweep
 From earth with judgment sore.
 My mouth His praises shall proclaim ;
 O let all creatures bless His name
 Both now and evermore !

*J. BENTHALL.***PSALM CXLVI.***HALLELUJAH.*

THE Psalms which follow, to the end of the book, form together one magnificent ascription of praise to God, and are called by the Jews the Hallel, or the "five Hallelujahs," being used as part of the Synagogue morning prayer. This Psalm and the two following are attributed in the Septuagint to Haggai and Zechariah : they were probably composed for the service of the Second Temple, and the traditions which connects them with the names of these two prophets is not improbable.

Here among the versions, that of Dr. Watts again indisputably bears the palm.

First Version. L.M. six lines.*Praise to God for His Goodness and Truth.*

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
 Their breath departs, their pomp and
 power
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; He made the sky
 And earth and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
 And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience
 peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

First Version, continued.

He loves His saints, He knows them well,
He turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. 86.86.8886.

PRAISE, my soul, the Eternal Guide :
Thee, Lord, through life I praise :
While in being I abide
Jehovah's hymn I'll raise.
Trust no more in monarch dread,
In child of mortal trust no more,
For their hope is gone and fled,
Their strength and hope are o'er.

For the breath of man will fleet,
He to his earth will fall :
Counsels high and musings sweet,
That day they perish all.
Blest is he who God discerns,
The God of Israel on his side,
Whose calm hope in silence turns
To God, his own true Guide.

Earth and sea and boundless heaven
He made, and all their store ;
His sure word and promise given
He keeps for evermore.
For the opprest He right maintains,
Gives bread to hungry souls and pined ;
'Tis the Lord who looseth chains,
The Lord who lights the blind.

He the bowed will straighten ; He
The righteous loves, the wanderer
Widow's cause and orphan's plea, [guides ;
Sure patron, He provides.
He will lead the sinner's way
In tangled paths afar : thy Lord,
Zion, rules with endless sway,
From age to age adored.

J. KEBLE.

PSALM CXLVII.

HALLELUJAH.



TN this second of the five Hallelujah Psalms there is a special reference to the restoration from captivity ; Jehovah's mercy to His people being taken as an illustration of His universal loving-kindness and care.

None of the versions are very noticeable. Those by Dr. Watts are perhaps the best.

First Version. L.M.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to
raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise ;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Great is our Lord, and great His might ;
And all His glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

First Version, *continued.*

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His cloud all round the sky.
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.

But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

DR. WATTS.

Second Version. *C.M.**The Seasons of the Year.*

WITH songs and honours sounding
Address the Lord on high; [loud,
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should raise His honours high.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends His word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

DR. WATTS.

PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH.



ALL creation is here summoned in lofty strains to bring its praises to Jehovah. The *Benedicite*, or "Song of the Three Children," is but an expansion of this magnificent Psalm.

First Version. 7s.

YOU who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
You, whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.

Angels, your clear voices raise;
Him, ye heavenly armies praise;
Sun, and moon with borrowed light.
All ye sparkling eyes of night.

First Version, continued.

Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, His praise declare ;
His deservèd praise record ;
His, who made you by His word.

Let the earth His praise resound ;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound ;
Vapours, lightnings, hail, and snow,
Storms which, when He bids you, blow.

Flowery hills, and mountains high ;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;
Trees and cattle, creeping things ;
All that cut the air with wings :

You, who awful sceptres sway,
You, accustomed to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth :

Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
You, who were but born of late,
You, who bow with age's weight :

Praise His name with one consent :
O how great ! how excellent !
Than the earth profounder far ;
Higher than the highest star.

He will His to glory raise ;
You, His saints, resound His praise :
You, His sons, His chosen race,
Bless His love and sovereign grace.

G. SANDYS.

Second Version. 6666.77.

ANGELS, assist to sing
The honours of your God ;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound His name abroad :
Pour the trembling notes along ;
Swell the universal song.

And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise ;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Redeemer praise :
Let your loud hosannas rise
Shake the earth and pierce the skies.

Let day and dusky night
In solemn order join,
His praises to recite,
And speak His power Divine :
Every hill and every vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

Ye winds and raging seas,
With wild tempestuous roar,
Resound, in mighty lays,
His Name from shore to shore :
Thunders, spread His name abroad ;
Lightnings, flash before your God.

Let every creature sing
The honours of our God ;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound His praise abroad :
Pour the trembling notes along ;
Swell the universal song.

ANONYMOUS.

Third Version. 6666.88.

YE tribes of Adam join
 With heaven and earth and seas,
 And offer notes Divine
 To your Creator's praise :
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light :
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By His supreme command :
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each His word fulfils
 While time and nature last :
 In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous Name,
 And speak His praise.

Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,
 From sea and shore
 Their tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's power.

Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye the Almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow,
 To execute His word :
 When lightnings shine
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand Divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size,
 That fruit in plenty bear ;
 Beasts wild and tame,
 Birds, flies, and worms,
 In various forms,
 Exalt His name.

Ye kings and judges, fear
 The Lord, the sovereign King ;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heavenly honours sing :
 Nor let the dream
 Of power and state
 Make you forget
 His power supreme.

Virgins and youths, engage
 To sound His praise Divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join :
 Wide as He reigns,
 His name be sung
 By every tongue
 In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above ;
 He brings His people near,
 And makes them taste His love :
 While earth and sky
 Attempt His praise
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

DR. WATTS.

Fourth Version. C.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! immortal choir,
 In heavenly heights above,
 With harp and voice and souls of fire,
 Burning with perfect love.

Shine to His glory, worlds of light !
 Ye million suns of space,
 Fair moons and glittering stars of night,
 Running your mystic race !

Fourth Version, continued.

Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the sky
With crystal, crimson, gold,
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of Light unfold !

Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,
Your grand white hands in prayer ;
Still summer seas, in dulcet strain
Murmur hosannas there !

Do homage, breezy ocean floor,
With many-twinkling sign ;
Majestic calms, be hushed before
The Holiness Divine !

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

His name, ye forests, wave along !
Whisper it, every flower ;
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song
That tells His love and power.

And round the wide world let it roll !
Whilst man shall lead it on ;
Join every ransomed human soul
In glorious unison !

Come, aged man ! Come, little child !
Youth, maiden, peasant, king,
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring.

The all-creating Deity !
Maker of earth and heaven !
The great redeeming Majesty,
To Him the praise be given !

G. RAWSON.

Fifth Version. Peculiar.

" All Thy works praise Thee."

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Hallelujah !
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Hallelujah !

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Hallelujah !

They through the fields of Paradise who roam,
The blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home,
Hallelujah !

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say,
Hallelujah !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite
Your Hallelujah !

Fifth Version, continued.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
 Ye storms and winter snow,
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar frost, and summer glow ;
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing
 Hallelujah !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
 Hallelujah !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
 Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
 Hallelujah !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
 Hallelujah !
 There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
 Hallelujah !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
 Hallelujah !
 Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
 Hallelujah !

To God, who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid ;
 Hallelujah !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves :
 Hallelujah !
 This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Himself approves :
 Hallelujah !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
 Hallelujah !
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Hallelujah !

Now from all men be outpoured
 Hallelujah to the Lord,
 With Hallelujah evermore
 The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

J. M. NEALF.

PSALM CXLIX.

HALLELUJAH.

IF the preceding Hallelujah-Psalm may be termed the "Song of Creation," the present might be called the "Song of Israel." It is intensely national; the exaltation of the chosen nation over all Gentile powers being sternly predicted, with the prospect of avenging upon them the wrongs which Israel had endured. It is the last utterance in the Psalms of that indignation against the oppressors of God's people which could see no other way to triumph but by retaliation. The Gospel teaches a different lesson. Yet "it is natural enough that in the group of Psalms which glorifies God on the occasion of the national restoration, the pangs of bitter hatred towards the persecuting Gentile should occasionally blend with the thrill of gratitude to the redeeming God."—*Jennings and Lowe.*

First Version. 86.86.886.88.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Ye saints, His praises sing;
Children of Zion, hither throng,
Exulting in your king.
Timbrel and harp, resound His praise;
In solemn dance, in sacred lays,
The heart's best offering bring.
Let Israel lift his loudest voice,
In Him that made him to rejoice.

God loves His people; and the meek,
With grace adorned, sustains;
E'en on their beds their God they seek,
And chant aloud their strains. [sword,
Their hands shall wield a two-edged
To smite Thine enemies, O Lord,
And bind their kings in chains:
Such is the doom Thou didst decree:
Such honour theirs who honour Thee.

ANTHOLOGIA DAVIDICA.

Second Version. 104th.

MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name;
His mercies record, His bounties proclaim:
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Though hidden from sight, God sits on His throne,
Yet here by His works their Creator is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom Divine,
God governs the earth with gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect His providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

And man, His last work, with reason endued,
Though fallen through sin, by grace is renewed:
To God, his Redeemer, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

T. PARK.

PSALM CL.*HALLELUJAH.*

HIS closing Hallelujah-Psalm may be regarded as the Doxology of the Psalter. Heaven and earth are invoked to unite in the praises of God ; voice and instrument are to bear their part ; and the whole animated creation is summoned finally to the work of praise.

The thought with which Dr. Watts's version closes appropriately lifts the soul from earth to heaven.

First Version. 10.4.6666.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>LET all the world in every corner sing, My God and King ! The heavens are not too high ; His praise may thither fly : The earth is not too low ; His praises there may grow.</p> | <p>Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King ! The Church with psalms must shout ; No door can keep them out ; But, above all, the heart Must bear the largest part.</p> |
|---|---|

Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King !

G. HERBERT.

Second Version. 7s.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>PRAISE the Lord, His glories show, Saints within His courts below, Angels round His throne above ; Praise Him, all that share His love. Earth, to heaven exalt the strain, Send it, heaven, to earth again ; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.</p> | <p>Praise the Lord ; His goodness trace, All the wonders of His grace, All that He hath borne and done, All He sends us through His Son. Harps and voices, hands and hearts. In the concert bear your parts ; All that breathe, your Lord adore ; Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

H. F. LYTE.

Third Version. C.M.*A Song of Praise.*

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>IN God's own house pronounce His His grace He there reveals ; [praise, To heaven your joy and wonder raise, For there His glory dwells.</p> | <p>Let all your sacred passions move, While you rehearse His deeds ; But the great work of saving love Your highest praise exceeds.</p> |
|--|--|

All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise Him best.

DR. WATTS.



Part the Second.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

IN SIX BOOKS.

- I. THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS: CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.
- II. REDEMPTION: LIFE, DEATH, AND GLORY OF CHRIST.
- III. WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT: SCRIPTURE: THE NEW CREATION.
- IV. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER: THE LIFE ETERNAL.
- V. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: SERVICE, CONFLICT, AND TRIUMPH.
- VI. TIMES, SEASONS, AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.



PEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER IN PSALMS AND HYMNS
AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY
IN YOUR HEART UNTO THE LORD.

EPHESIANS V. 19.





Hymns and Spiritual Songs.



INTRODUCTION.



THE Christian Hymn is the true sequel of the Hebrew Psalm. From the earliest ages of the Church, the impulse was natural to embody in lyrical forms those emotions of trust, love, and joy called forth by CHRIST'S redeeming work, for which the Psalter itself had no adequate expression. The "wondrous things" of Law and Prophecy had passed into the sublimer glories of the Gospel, and the very "praises of Zion" must yield to the song of Bethlehem, of Calvary, and of Olivet.

That the New Testament has no Psalter of its own, does but illustrate the difference between the two dispensations. The inspiration of Jewish hymnody was special, and every song had its place in the Scripture canon; the strain of Christian praise was to be the voice of the Church through all time—spontaneous, varied, and expressing the highest devotional life of each succeeding age. Some eras, as we shall see, have been specially distinguished by the outflow of sacred song; but the gift has in a measure belonged to every generation and to every section of the Church universal.

The earliest allusions to hymnody in the New Testament are, no doubt, to be understood of the ancient Psalms. These gave to our Lord and His disciples their parting hymn at the Last Supper,¹ and to Paul and Silas the "hymns"² which they sang in the prison at midnight. Other sacred songs, however, took their place at a very early period, framed on the model of the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the angels, the *Benedictus* of Zacharias, the *Magnificat* of the Virgin, and the *Nunc Dimittis* of Simeon. These Gospel hymns are all preserved by the evangelist Luke, the friend and companion of the Apostle Paul. The

¹ See Introduction to Psalm cxiii.

² So Revised Version, Acts xvi. 25.

latter also has in his Epistles some scattered sentences which from their rhythmical structure have been thought to be fragments of early hymns. Thus, in an evident quotation, Ephesians v. 14 :

"Awake, thou that sleepest,
And arise from the dead,
And Christ shall shine upon thee."

So in 1 Timothy iii. 16 :

"Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness :
He who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit,
Seen of angels, preached among the nations,
Believed on in the world, received up in glory."

Again, 2 Timothy ii. 11-13 :

"Faithful is the saying :
For if we died with Him, we shall also live with Him,
If we endure, we shall also reign with Him ;
If we shall deny Him, He also will deny us ;
If we are faithless, He abideth faithful :
For He cannot deny Himself."

In Christian assemblies, the worship was partly that of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Colossians iii. 16) ; sometimes, as it would seem, extemporised, 1 Corinthians xiv. 26, "Each one hath a Psalm ;" while in the hymns of the redeemed Church contained in the Apocalypse, we have, no doubt, the model of many a strain upraised in the congregations of the saints on earth (Revelation v. 12-14 ; vii. 12 ; xii. 10-12 ; xv. 3, 4).

There seems to have been no very definite distinction between the "Psalm," the "Hymn," and the "Spiritual Song ;" the three terms being employed as designating the whole class of devotional utterances in the form of song. Roughly, however, we may divide them thus : the Psalms were those contained in the Hebrew Scriptures ; spiritual songs included all composed by spiritual men and dealing with spiritual themes ; while hymns were direct addresses of praise to God. Thus every hymn was a spiritual song, but every spiritual song was not a hymn. "If we turn," says Archbishop Trench, "to Keble's *Christian Year* or Herbert's *Temple*, there are many poems in both, which, as they are certainly not psalms,¹ so as little do they possess the cha-

¹ *Synonyms of the New Testament*, xxviii. Augustine defines the hymn as that which must be sung, must be praise, must be to God. "The hymn," says Gregory of Nazianzus, "is melodious praise." "While the leading idea of ψαλμός," writes Bishop Lightfoot on Colossians iii. 16, "is a musical accompaniment, and that of ὕμνος praise to God, ᾠδή is the general word for a song, whether accompanied or unaccompanied, whether of praise or on any other subject. Thus it was quite possible for the same song to be at once ψαλμός, ὕμνος, and ᾠδή."

racteristics of hymns; but which could most justly be entitled 'spiritual songs;' and in almost all our collections of so-called 'hymns' at the present day, there are not a few which by much juster title would bear this name."

Where or when the fountain of sacred song began to flow, we may not precisely tell. Many early hymns have, no doubt, been lost. The letter of Pliny the younger to the Emperor Trajan (A.D. 112), respecting the churches in Bithynia, expressly mentions the singing of hymns "responsively, to Christ as to God," as the great characteristic of Christian morning worship. Ignatius of Antioch is said to have been led by a vision of angels to introduce antiphonal singing into the churches of that city; and the tradition shows how exalted and heavenly an exercise the service of praise was held to be. Other references to the Church hymnody of the second and third centuries may be gleaned from early writers,¹ but no specimens have been preserved excepting, perhaps, the expanded form of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, a beautiful composition of unknown date,² the substance of which has been incorporated into the Communion Service of the Anglican Church. In the so-called *Apostolical Constitutions*³ it runs thus: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will among men. We praise Thee, we sing hymns to Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee, we worship Thee, through the great High Priest; Thee the true God, the One unbegotten, whom no one can approach for the great glory. O Lord, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty, Lord God, the Father of Christ, the Lamb without spot, who taketh away the sin of the world, receive our prayer, Thou that sittest upon the cherubim! For Thou only art holy, Thou only, Lord Jesus, the Christ of God, the God of every created being, and our King; by whom unto Thee be glory, honour, and adoration." Here, then, we have the first Christian post-biblical hymn that has been preserved to us. The *Benedicite opera omnia*, or "Song of the Three Children," which also appears to have been used in the service of the churches from the beginning, is from the apocryphal part of the Book of Daniel, and owes its origin to the Alexandrian Jews, from whom it passed into the service of the Church as a "deutero-canonical" Psalm. Of the "shorter doxology," as it is called, the *Gloria Patri*, there is no appearance in its present form until

¹ See references in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 802.

² It appears in its Greek form, between the Old and New Testaments, in the Alexandrine MS. of the Scriptures as "A Morning Hymn."

³ Book vii. 47. Bunsen says that, a few interpolations excepted, "we find ourselves" in this work "unmistakably in the midst of the life of the Church of the second and third centuries." Other authorities assign to the whole a considerably later date.

the Arian and other controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries as to the person of Christ, and the nature of the Trinity, had called for the emphatic assertion *as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.*

Returning to the early Church, the first extant Christian hymn next to the *Gloria in Excelsis* is in Greek, by Clement of Alexandria, about A.D. 200; affixed to his *Pædagogus* or "Instructor." It has been happily imitated in English by the Rev. Allen W. Chatfield, M.A.¹

"O Thou, the King of saints, all-conquering Word,
 Son of the Highest, wisdom's Fount and Lord,
 The prop that doth uphold through toil and pain;
 The joy of ages through immortal reign;
 Yet born of mortal flesh for life's brief span—
 O Saviour Jesus, Shepherd, Husbandman;
 Helm Thou to guide, and bridle to restrain,
 Wing of the holy flock that heaven would gain;
 Catcher of men from evil's whelming sea,
 The holy fishes, saved that are to be,
 Drawn from the billowy deep with sweetest lure
 Of life that shall for evermore endure:
 O holiest Shepherd of enlightened sheep,
 Lead Thou Thy flock the upward heavenly steep:
 O King of holy children, lead the way,
 And pure may they both follow and obey!
 Thou art, O Christ, the living heavenly Way,
 The ever-flowing Word, unchanging Day,
 Eternal Light, and mercy's healthful Spring,
 The Perfecter of every virtuous thing:
 Pure Life of all the happy ransomed throng
 Who hymn their God through all the ages long:
 The heavenly milk, from holy breasts that flows,
 By which the infant Church in wisdom grows,
 And graces rare, as it befits the Bride,
 Adorned, O Jesu Christ, for Thine own side.
 Thy feeble children gather with sweet smile,
 To sing with holy mouth, and free from guile,
 Thyselves, in songs and praises without end,
 The children's Leader, and the children's Friend!

O little children, thus so gently led,
 So tenderly with truth and reason fed,
 And fillèd with the Holy Spirit's dew,
 Our hymns and praises feeble, yet all true,
 In grateful homage unto Christ the King,
 Who taught us life, let us together sing:

¹ See *Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Christian Poets*, London, 1876. A literal translation of the Hymn, with a metrical rendering by Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, will be found in Clark's *Ante-Nicene Library*.

A peaceful choir, Christ-born, and undefiled,
 A people wise, sing we the strong-born Child ;
 Sing we with heart and voice, and never cease
 To praise with one accord the God of Peace!"

The paraphrase shows at least the spirit if not the style of these early hymns. They were above all things full of CHRIST ; without reserve they celebrated His greatness and the glory of His redeeming work.

So fully was this recognised as the true purpose of Church hymnody, that at an early period (A.D. 269) it was one of the charges against the rationalist Paul of Samosata, that he had put a stop to the psalms that were sung to our Lord Jesus Christ, alleging them to be innovations, the work of men of later times." ¹

After Clement, the thought and emotion of the Church found expression in other ways, and it was more than a hundred years before the harp of sacred song was touched again by a master-hand. Ephraim, the Syrian monk, generally known as Ephraem Syrus (died about A.D. 378), devoted long years in his Mesopotamian retreat to the production of theological treatises, sermons, metrical homilies and hymns. Of these last it may suffice to give a single specimen, which appears to contain the germ of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn.

"Grant, Lord, that if I keep my vigils,
 I may stand in purity before Thee ;
 And if, O my Saviour, I slumber,
 Let my sleep be free from sin.
 If in my watching I commit iniquity,
 O Lord, by Thy grace forgive me ;
 If I sin when sleeping,
 Let Thy kindness be my expiation.

And through the cross of Thy humiliation,
 Afford me refreshing slumber ;
 And deliver me from disturbing dreams,
 And from profane imaginations ;
 And in sleep full of peace,
 Let all the night conduct me ;
 Let not evil beings have dominion over me,
 Nor thoughts full of iniquity.

And, Lord, perform Thy promise to me,
 And protect my life by Thy cross ;
 And when I awake I will praise Thee,
 Because Thou hast displayed Thy love to my lowliness.

¹ Epistle of the Second Council of Antioch, to the Bishops of Rome and Alexandria.

From the sleepers, satisfied with rest,
 And the watchers who have put on their arms,
 Be glory to Thee, Thou guardian Spirit !
 Who hast made me a watcher for Thy praise !”¹

According to Syrian tradition Ephraem composed twelve thousand songs, some few of which, freely rendered, are used in the worship of the modern Church. Those on the death of children are very touching.²

In the immediately succeeding generation the service of song was largely introduced in the worship of the Greek or Eastern Church, chiefly through the influence of Gregory, the illustrious bishop of Nazianzus, who may be called the father of Greek hymnody. Some of his compositions have a truly stately flow, while others are pathetic in their earnestness, as the following first and last stanzas of a “Hymn to Christ,” rendered by Mrs. Charles :

“Unfruitful, sinful, bearing weeds and thorns,
 Fruits of the curse, ah ! whither shall I flee ?
 O Christ, most blessed, bid my fleeting days
 Flow heavenward ! Christ, sole fount of hope to me !
 The enemy is near ; to Thee I cling !
 Strengthen, O strengthen me by might Divine ;
 Let not the trembling bird be from Thine altar driven !
 Save me, it is Thy will, O Christ ! save me, for I am Thine !”³

With the name of Gregory may be joined that of Synesius, bishop of Ptolemais, (died A.D. 430), whose hymns have a still higher tone and a yet more varied music. A single stanza may be taken from one of Mr. Chatfield’s translations :

“Lift up thyself, my soul,
 Above this world’s control !
 Spend and be spent in holy hymns of praise !
 Be armed with pure desire,
 Burn with celestial fire ;
 Unto the King of gods our voice we raise ;
 To Him a crown we weave, and bring
 A sacrifice of words, a bloodless offering.”

Part of another hymn by Synesius, “Lord Jesus, think on me,” also rendered by Mr. Chatfield, will be found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. But for the most part these early hymns are hardly adapted for the

¹ Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii., pp. 139—268, gives a considerable number of these Syriac hymns. The translation above is by the Rev. Henry Burgess, Ph.D., *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*. London, 1853.

² See Daniel and Burgess, as quoted above ; also free translations in Mrs. Charles’s *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, pp. 61, 67.

³ See also translations by the Rev. A. Chatfield, *Songs and Hymns of Greek Christian Poets*.

worship of the modern churches. In the days of Chrysostom a great impulse was given to the psalmody of the Eastern Church by way of counteracting the efforts of the Arians, who, being prohibited the use of the churches, had resorted to the method of propagating their tenets by popular songs, sung in the streets and open places of Constantinople. To meet this, processions and services of song were organized by the indefatigable bishop, and the practice of "singing the gospel," as distinct from the offering of praise, spread throughout the East.

Turning to the Western Church, the first name that connects itself with the hymnody of the period is that of Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers (died A.D. 368), who seems to have become imbued with the spirit of the Greek hymnists during a period of exile in Asia Minor, and on his return to have introduced their style of composition to the Churches of Gaul. Some short hymns of his are still extant, with a longer ode forming a succinct narration of the whole gospel history, "which is, perhaps, the earliest example of a strictly didactic hymn."¹ But Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan (A.D. 397), whatever be his claim to the authorship of the *Te Deum laudamus*, gave a new impulse to the service of song in the Christian sanctuary. How many of the Latin hymns known as "Ambrosian" were the work of the bishop himself it is perhaps impossible to say; he set the example of a style, respecting whose "almost austere simplicity" Archbishop Trench has remarked how truly these poems "belonged to their time, and to the circumstances under which they were produced—how suitably the faith which was in actual conflict with, and was just triumphing over, the powers of this world, found its utterance in hymns such as these, wherein is no softness, perhaps little tenderness; but in place of these a rock-like firmness, the old Roman stoicism transmuted and glorified into that nobler Christian courage, which encountered and at length overcame the world."²

The effect of the Ambrosian Psalmody was great and immediate. Towards the end of the fourth century, Augustine writes: "How much did I weep at Thy hymns and songs (he is addressing God); deeply moved as I was by the voices of Thy softly sounding church. These voices flowed into my ears, and Thy truth melted into my heart. Thus my affections were kindled, and my tears ran down, and it was well with me then. The Church of Milan had not long begun to celebrate this kind of consolation and exhortation, by the great zeal of the brethren singing together with voices and hearts. Indeed, it was but

¹ Lord Selborne, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, vol. xii., art. "Hymns."

² *Sacred Latin Poetry*, third edition, p. 88. 1874.

a year, or not much more, when Justina, mother of the young king Valentinian, was persecuting Thy servant Ambrose, because of the Arian heresy into which she had been seduced. The pious people kept watch in the church, prepared to die with their bishop, Thy servant. There, my mother, Thy handmaid, occupying the chief part in these anxieties and watchings, lived upon the prayers. I, hitherto cold, and untouched by the heat of Thy Spirit, was yet roused by the amazement and excitement of the city. Then was begun the use of the hymns and psalms according to the manner of the East, lest the people should be worn out with the weariness of grief; and from that time to the present it has been retained; many now, nay, almost all Thy flocks, even in other parts of the world, imitating this." ¹

"From this extract," writes Dr. Bonar, "it appears that the music of the early churches was entirely vocal; and it is somewhat curious to know that the Pope has retained in his chapel at Rome this vocal music to this day. In the Oriental churches it is the same."

These hymns, be it observed, were employed in the daily offices of the churches, afterwards collected into breviaries; not, except in rare instances, for the service of the Eucharist, or mass. The danger was felt at a very early period of regarding more the music of the words and the sweetness of the composition, than the sense and meaning of them, pleasing the ear without raising the affections of the soul, which was the true reason for which psalmody and music was intended. Thus Jerome writes: "Let the servant of Christ so order his singing, that the words that are read may please more than the voice of the singer; that the spirit that was in Saul may be cast out of them that are possessed with it, and not find admittance in those who have turned the house of God into a stage and theatre of the people." ² The remark of the stern old Father will bear a modern application.

Thus far both the East and the West had to a great extent followed the classic models; not yet attaining the simplicity, variety, and pathos of the modern hymn. But from this point there was a constant, though very gradual, development. The hymns of the Greek or Eastern Church from the beginning of the fifth century to A.D. 1000 are almost innumerable; but our knowledge of them is very imperfect, and as yet comparatively few have been translated. To the late Dr. J. M. Neale the praise is due of having recalled the attention of the churches to these treasures, and some of his renderings from Anatolius of Constantinople (died A.D. 458), Cosmas of Jerusalem (A.D. 760), John of

¹ *Confessions*, book ix. ch. 7.

² Bingham, *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, book xiv. ch. i, § xix.

Damascus (A.D. 780), Joseph of the Studium (A.D. 830), and others of only less renown, are incorporated into most modern hymnals.

In the Western Church, the Ambrosian style of hymnody, with its measured stateliness and stern simplicity of thought, passed into the rhymed Latin and passionate earnestness of the mediæval hymns. The greatest names that mark the epoch of transition are those of Gregory the Great (bishop of Rome, A.D. 590), to whom the "Veni, Creator Spiritus," sometimes attributed to Charlemagne, must probably be ascribed;¹ Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers (died about A.D. 600), whose "Pange lingua gloriosi" is a noble celebration of the wonders of the cross; and our own Bede "the Venerable" (A.D. 735), who, amidst his learned toils as commentator, historian, and Bible translator, found leisure for the composition of a "Book of Hymns," of which eleven have descended to our own time.² It was in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that the voice of song in the Latin Church was fullest and sweetest. The Name of CHRIST was still the subject of the song: not yet was the honour that belongs to Him alone transferred to His mother or to earthly mediators, and the spirit of devotion poured forth such strains as those of Bernard of Clairvaux (died A.D. 1153), whose hymn on the glories of Jesus ("Jesu, dulcis memoria") may be said to have initiated the style of passionate devotion so frequent in later hymns, and has been translated more frequently perhaps than any other into our language; and of his namesake and contemporary, Bernard, the monk of Cluny, whose meditations on the joys of heaven—"Brief life is here our portion," "Jerusalem the golden"—have brought home to countless worshippers the vision of the land that is very far off. The series of "Jerusalem" hymns, however, was earlier than Bernard, and may be traced backward as far as A.D. 1000.

With these may be mentioned King Robert II., the gentle and saintly king of France, author of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus;" and Adam of St. Victor, the greatest of all, with his wealth of imagery combined with passionate devotion, shown in hymns like those on the renewing of the world³ through Christ's resurrection ("Mundi renovatio," "Plaudite cœli"), with others that strike the very highest notes of praise. Other names might be added to the list—sweet singers in their generation, yet not eminently noticeable, while the

¹ Some, however, attribute the "Veni, Creator" to Notker, from one of whose hymns the expression "In the midst of life we are in death" (often supposed to be a text of Scripture) has been introduced into the Church of England Burial Service.

² Trench, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 219. Some doubt, not wholly reasonable, has been thrown on the authenticity of these hymns.

³ *Ibid.* p. 153. Mrs. Charles's *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 212.

darkness of superstition settles down more and more upon the Church; until about the middle of the fourteenth century the silence is broken by the thrilling and magnificent "Dies Iræ," that greatest of mediæval hymns. Its author most probably was Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan monk, of whom little more is known. The "Stabat Mater dolorosa," almost equally famous, was composed somewhat earlier, by Jacobus de Benedictis, also a Franciscan monk. But here we observe the rising of the tide of Mariolatry, which was soon to overwhelm the Church; and for the revival of a true and spiritual worship the world had now to await the Reformation.

The return to the simplicity of the faith was marked by a wonderful outburst of sacred song. "Luther gave the German people their hymn-book as well as their bible." His hymns are now stern and ringing, like battle songs; now soft and gentle, as of the weary combatant in the sweetness of repose. After Luther, in the succeeding age of conflict, arose Paul Gerhardt, chief lyrist of the German churches, and, later still, Gerhard Tersteegen, both of whom are well known to us through Wesley's fine translations; with Benjamin Schmolck, followed in turn by Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians. Many other names succeed; and such modern volumes as the *Lyra Germanica* of Miss Winkworth, the *Hymns from the Land of Luther* by Miss Borthwick, *Hymns from the German* by Frances Elizabeth Cox, give the English reader some idea of the wealth of hymnody which that language contains. The great German selection, the "Liederschatz" of Albert Knapp, contains 3,066 hymns, with biographical notices of four hundred writers.

The modern hymn, in fact, is the product of the Reformation. Both in sentiment and style the departure from the standard of the Breviary was complete. With none the less of fervour, there was a healthy freedom from sensuousness. Mysticism gave way to the clear enunciation of doctrinal truth. The language was perspicuous, natural, and scriptural. Saints and the Virgin disappeared from the song; the praises of God and of His Son were the constant theme. Together with all this, there were some less commendable tendencies. The disposition to dwell upon doctrine often brought the composition perilously near to prose; and the stress laid upon the faith and feeling of the individual gave to many hymns a personal, almost an egotistic tone. On the whole, however, the boon to the whole Christian Church has been of immeasurable value, and there is scarcely a service throughout the Protestant churches of Christendom which is not indirectly or directly brightened and elevated by some influence caught from the "sweet singers" of Germany.

The contributions of other parts of the Continent to our stock of devotional poetry have been comparatively few. From the Roman church here and there a voice of mystic sweetness has been heard, as in the simple and exquisite strain of Francis Xavier, "O Deus ego amo Te," and in the plaintive heart-breathings of Madam Guyon, known to English readers chiefly through Cowper's translations. But these are exceptions; and from the bulk of the poems, disfigured by Mariolatry and pleas for the intercession of the Saints, we can but sadly turn away. The spirit of the Reformation continued to be the life of sacred song, and for more than a hundred and fifty years the noblest hymns of the Church universal have sprung from Great Britain and her daughter country, the United States.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have but an inconsiderable place in the annals of English hymnody, notwithstanding the illustrious names of George Herbert and Bishop Ken, of John Milton and Richard Baxter. But the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have made rich amends. Dr. Isaac Watts led the way as early as 1707; then arose Charles Wesley, the chief, perhaps, of Christian lyrists, and effected for the Methodist revival a work akin to that which Luther had wrought for the Reformation. Augustus Toplady, Philip Doddridge, and William Cowper followed, with their various strains. The *Olney Hymns* at the close of the last century became to the devout very much what the more scholarly and refined, though not more evangelical, *Christian Year* has been in the present and preceding generation. John Newton, the editor of these hymns, indicates very clearly the true ideal of effective hymn-writing in the Preface: "They should be *hymns*, not *odes*, if designed for public worship, and for the use of plain people. Perspicuity, simplicity, and ease, should be chiefly attended to; and the imagery and colouring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly and with great judgment." This very much accords with the canon laid down by Lord Selborne: "A good hymn should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial. Its language may be homely, but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation or visible artifice is worse than excess of homeliness; a hymn is easily spoiled by a single falsetto note. Nor will the most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggerel, or redeem from failure a prosaic didactic style."¹

"A hymn," writes Mr. Thomas H. Gill, himself no mean hymn-writer,

¹ Preface to the *Book of Praise*.

"may easily be too figurative ; it cannot be too glowing and imaginative. Hymns are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrine, or enunciations of precepts ; they are utterances of the soul in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love, wonder, and aspiration. A hymn should not consist of comments on a text or of remarks on an experience ; but of a central and creative thought, shaping for itself melodious utterances, and with every detail subordinated to its clear and harmonious presentation. Herein a true hymn takes rank as a poem ; but it is a poem that has to be sung, and should exhibit all the qualities and limitations of a good song—liveliness and intensity of feeling, directness, clearness and vividness of utterance, strength, sweetness and simplicity of diction and melody of rhythm : excessive subtlety and excessive ornament should be alike avoided."¹

That many successors of Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Newton, greatly sinned against the principles thus enunciated, is hardly to be denied. The mass of pious but unnoticeable verse produced in the earlier part of the present century is enormous. It was an era of hymn-books, the versions of the Psalms, especially Dr. Watts's, being kept as yet entirely apart. These collections were in great part made up of hymns now forgotten, with some noble exceptions. Thomas Kelly and James Montgomery, Reginald Heber, Josiah Conder, and Sir Robert Grant, with some others of only inferior power, contributed to the worship of the Church hymns that will not die ; and in the year 1827 the *Christian Year* was published. Of these, before they saw the light, Dr. Arnold wrote, "I do not know whether you have ever seen John Keble's hymns. He has written a great number for most of the holidays and several of the Sundays in the year, and I believe intends to complete the series. I live in hopes that he will be induced to publish them ; and it is my firm opinion that nothing equal to them exists in our language : the wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry which they exhibit, I never saw paralleled. If they are not published, it will be a great neglect of doing good."² The opinion of Arnold has been confirmed by the growing appreciation of the churches, and though there are but a few *Hymns*, properly speaking, amid the wealth of sacred poetry which this book contains, it holds now the unquestionably foremost place in the devotional literature of our age, and has given an impulse and a tone to all English hymn writers who have followed. Many have succeeded Keble who in single hymns have been as great as he, or even greater, in the absence

¹ *The Golden Chain of Praise*, Preface.

² *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold*, vol. i. p. 74. Letter to J. T. Coleridge, March 3, 1823.

of that ecclesiastical tone which introduces a jarring note into so many of his compositions; but none have approached Keble in the number and copiousness as well as in the sweetness and finish of his strains.

To enumerate the hymn writers of the past half-century would be a long and a needless task. Much of what is best and worthiest in their compositions will be found in the following collection; and some particulars of their lives are given in the Biographical Appendix. "Nearly six hundred authors whose publications were later than 1827 are enumerated in Mr. Daniel Sedgwick's *Catalogue of Hymn Writers*, 1863, and many more have since appeared. The Churches of England and of Scotland, which in certain sections of both long objected to the introduction into the service of hymns apart from the Psalms and Canticles of Scripture, and—in England—of the Liturgy, have now laid aside their objections. The principal hymn-books have an enormous circulation, and the "highest" Churchman of our day vies with the spirit of revivalism in ministering to the taste for sacred song. The more recent hymn-books of largest circulation have been *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, edited by Sir H. W. Baker and Mr. W. H. Monk, and the *Songs and Solos* of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The object of the following work is different from that of any Church hymn-book, being literary as much as devotional. From the vast collection of hymns, to which reference is made in the Preface to this volume, those have been carefully selected which appear at once worthiest to be included in a representative series of Hymns on the chief subjects of Christian praise, and most characteristic of the different sections of the Church and varying schools of thought to which their authors belong. Care, it need hardly be said, has been taken to give every hymn in the form in which the author left it, or to give full notice of any changes or omissions. On the morality of editorial alteration of hymns *for purposes of public worship*, no opinion need here be expressed. Almost every compiler in turn has attempted the task, now and then with a rare felicity, but far more often with such curious defacement of style and sense as will be found noted in some of the following pages. The determined protest of the Wesleys against the endeavour to amend their hymns is well known. "Let none try to improve them, for they really are not able." Yet they scrupled not to take this liberty with Dr. Watts. Some of F. W. Faber's hymns, too, have been strangely *protestantized* by not a few editors; and careful theologians generally have endeavoured to purify a stanza of their selected authors here and there from implicit heresy. On the *literary* ground all this is indefensible: and if a hymn, by whatever author, does not in its own shape attain to the assigned standard, it is better in

general to omit it altogether. At the same time some of the Church's most favourite strains are adaptations from some earlier or ruder material, and to omit all these would be mere pedantry.

There is perhaps no exhibition of the essential unity of the faith more deeply true and precious than in the different quarters of the ecclesiastical world from which these notes of praise arise. Notwithstanding superficial differences, and variations deeper still, the music of the heart is still the same. The separations of time and space, even of Church and creed, are as nothing in comparison with this sweet and solemn harmony. Bernard from his distant cell teaches us in these busy nineteenth-century days to adore the Name of Jesus. Toplady and Wesley forget their bitter controversies and bow together before the Rock of Ages, the Lover of the Soul: the highest of Churchmen stands with Watts in adoration to survey the wondrous Cross whereon the Prince of glory died, and the sturdiest Protestant of us all has learned from the cardinal-priest of our own day to pray—

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.”

The saying is often repeated, “Let who will make the people's laws, if I may but make the people's songs.” To the Churches of Christ the words are yet more deeply applicable; and the interior unity which can never be embodied in their creed will be discovered in the chorus of their common praise.





Book the First.



HYMNS ON THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

THE Hymns contained in this section of the Work may be regarded as a Sequel to the Psalms, so many of which are occupied with the same high themes. The glory of the Triune Jehovah, the Divine Attributes, the works of God in Creation, the mystery and mercy of His Providence—such are the topics of praise on which for awhile we dwell before passing on to survey the wonders of Incarnation and Redemption. Yet to effect any absolute division is impossible. One topic runs into another, and the song which begins with God the Father and Preserver, ends with “the glories of the Lamb.” The *main* topic, however, in each series of Hymns, has dictated the principle and plan of arrangement.

1.—Te Deum Laudamus.

AS the strain most worthy to take the lead in the long array of Christian Hymns from every age, the *Te Deum* is here introduced, in the translation which long usage in English-speaking Churches has made familiar. The original is in Latin ; but portions are from Greek and Oriental sources. Three passages from the Psalms are incorporated near its conclusion :—xxviii. 9, “Save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance : feed them also and lift them up for ever ;” cxxiii. 3, “Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us ;” xxxi. 1, “In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be ashamed.” But in its main substance it is a noble Hymn to Christ the Incarnate God. So filled, indeed, is it with His glory, that it is difficult to resist the impression that originally it was *all* concerning Him ; the passages relating to the Trinity having been added afterwards, for the sake of theological completeness. Thus the hymn begins, as exactly rendered—“We praise Thee as God,” re-echoing, as it were, the Pagan Pliny’s charge, “They sing a hymn to Christ as

to a God.” The second verse, again, repeats the title given Him by Isaiah, “the everlasting Father,” ix. 6. This noble song of praise is, as has been well said, at once a hymn, a creed, and a prayer. It may have taken shape gradually in the Western Church : tradition ascribes it to Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, by whom it is said to have been composed on occasion of the baptism of Augustine (A.D. 387), being sung at the celebration of the rite, by pastor and convert in alternate strains ; some say by immediate inspiration given to both. The account bears in this form the stamp of fiction ; yet it is not impossible that the hymn may be Ambrosian, although the first explicit mention of it is not until A.D. 527, by Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, in France. From the sixth century it became “the great festal expression of Christian thanksgiving and praise.”

Generally speaking, the translation is admirable ; but in addition to the point already noticed, it may be observed that “*noble* army of martyrs” should be “white-robed” (Revelation vii. 14). “When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,” would be more exactly “When for our deliverance Thou tookest upon Thee the nature of man”

(Hebrews ii. 16). "The *sharpness* of death" is literally "the *sting* of death" (1 Corinthians xv. 55-57); and undoubtedly the close of the Hymn in the original upon the word *eternal* is more impressive than in our version; while the "*let me never*" should be, in the language of triumphant assurance "*I never shall*"—

"Non confundar in æternum."

The Hymn has been frequently attempted in metre, the best of the versions, perhaps, being

one of unknown authorship, appended to Tate and Brady's Psalter, and beginning—

O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

But as most congregations now prefer to use this Christian hymn in its own grand simplicity, such versions are almost out of date.

WE praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein.
To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee;
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee;
The noble army of martyrs praise Thee;
The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.
The Father, of an infinite majesty;
Thine honourable, true, and only Son; also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb;
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge;
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage;
Govern them and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify Thee,
And we worship Thy name, ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.
O Lord in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

2.—Praise to the Triune Jehovah.



HIS grand "Hymn for Trinity Sunday" first appeared in Bishop Heber's *Hymns written and adapted to the weekly Church Services of the Year*, published in 1827, after the Bishop's death. In

its general idea, the book was an anticipation of Keble's *Christian Year*, but it included the compositions of several authors.

The second line has been altered by many modern hymn-editors, to "*Gratefully adoring*, our song shall rise to Thee," so missing Heber's fine application of the motto-text: *They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord*

God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come (Revelation iv. 8).

P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !

Early in the morning, our songs shall rise to Thee :

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee.

Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see ;

Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea :

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

BISHOP HEBER.

3.—The Same.

ISAIAH vi. 3.



O the same high theme of the "Trisagion," Mr. James Montgomery dedicated the first of his *Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, 1853. The three stanzas mark the three great stages of Divine manifestation : in creative power, in the redemption of sinners, in universal dominion.

7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth

Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth ;

All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy !—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.

Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy !—All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall

At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the Throne with full accord :
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

J. MONTGOMERY.

4.—Doxology.

MATTHEW xxviii. 19.



THE well-known Doxology from the Third Book of Dr. Watts. "I cannot persuade myself," he says, "to put a full period to these Divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman Church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship."

6666.88.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe :
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God ! to Thee
 Be endless honour done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One !
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

DR. WATTS.

5.—Hymn to the Trinity.

NUMBERS vi. 24-26.



SIMPLE invocation to the Triune God, now found in almost every hymn-book. It is in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, where it is entitled, "A Child's Prayer."

7s.

HOLY Father ! hear my cry,
 Holy Saviour ! bend Thine ear,
 Holy Spirit ! come Thou nigh ;
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear !

Father ! save me from my sin,
 Saviour ! I Thy mercy crave,
 Gracious Spirit ! make me clean ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save !

Father ! let me taste Thy love,
 Saviour ! fill my soul with peace,
 Spirit ! come my heart to move ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless !

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
 One Jehovah ! shed abroad
 All Thy grace within me now,
 Be my Father and my God !

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

6.—The Chorus of God's thankful Children.

HEBREWS xiii. 15.



UN danket alle Gott,"¹ the popular German *Te Deum*, was written near the close of the Thirty Years' War, in prospect of the re-establishment of peace (1644). The first two verses are a fine rendering of the benediction of Simon, son of Onias, Ecclesiasticus I. 22-24. "Now therefore bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things everywhere, which exalteth our days from the womb, and dealeth with us according to His mercy. He grant us joyfulness of heart, and that peace may be in our day in Israel for ever : that He would confirm His mercy with us, and deliver us at His time." The renderings of the Hymn are generally in the same metre with the original : see "Lift heart and hands and voice," F. E. Cox, *Hymns from the German*. "Let all men praise the Lord," *Leeds and New Congregational hymn*.

¹ The original of this celebrated Hymn will interest some readers :

Nun danket alle Gott
 Mit Herzen, Mund, und Händen,
 Der grosse Dinge thut
 An uns und allen Enden ;
 Der uns von Mutterleib
 Und Kindesbeinen an
 Unzählig viel zu gut
 Und noch jetzund gethan.

Der ewig reiche Gott
 Woll uns bei unserm Leben
 Ein immer fröhlich Herz
 Und edlen Frieden geben ;

Und uns in seiner Gnad
 Erhalten fort und fort,
 Ja uns aus aller Noth
 Erlösen hier und dort.

Lob, Ehr, und Preis sei Gott
 Dem Vater und dem Sohne,
 Und Dem der Beiden gleich,
 Im nächsten Himmelsthron
 Dem dreimalainen Gott,
 Als Der ursprünglich war
 Und ist und bleiben wird
 Jetzund und immerdar.

books. Miss Winkworth's, however, from the *Lyra Germanica* (second series), is generally preferred to any others, and has become almost as current in England as the original has long been throughout Germany.

67.67.6666.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.


Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

MARTIN RINCKART.
Translated by C. Winkworth.

7.—The God of Abraham.

GALATIANS iii. 7.

F the following hymn (written 1770, to an old Hebrew melody, "Leoni") Montgomery writes: "This noble ode, though the essay of an unlettered man, claims special honour. There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive; and, on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions

become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it."—*Christian Psalmist*, Introductory Essay, p. xxviii.

The first four and the last two stanzas are those generally given in the hymn-books; but there are great variations. Part II. is a glowing picture of the Christian pilgrimage, aptly succeeding the magnificent celebration of the Divine faithfulness in Part I., and well introducing Part III. with its vision of the better land.

66.8.4.

PART I.

THE God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love—
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow, and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways;
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
And He will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART II.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command :
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness !
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns !

He keeps His own secure ;
He guards them by His side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless Bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

PART III.

Before the Great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land ;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name !

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King !

Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be !
Jehovah ! Father ! Great I AM !
We worship Thee !"

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace
For ever new ;
He shows His prints of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
" Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise !

THOMAS OLIVERS.

8.—" Holy, holy, holy, Lord."

REVELATION iv. 8.



RICH and varied Doxology from *The Golden Chain of Praise*. It is here given in a slightly abridged form. Mr. Gill's Hymns have hardly yet found that place in our collections that they are surely destined to fill.

8.7.

FATHER, glorious with all splendour,
But with holiness most bright !
Son, in whom all sweet and tender
Dwelt on earth that blessed light !
Spirit, through whose grace the sweetness
Into sinful souls is poured !
In this strain what mighty meetness,
" Holy, holy, holy, Lord !"

Father, Thine own Son who gavest
For the overthrow of sin !
Lamb of God, who sinners savest,
Through whose blood our peace we win !
Spirit, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored !
List to Thy glad people singing,
" Holy, holy, holy, Lord !"

In this strain what fulness dwelleth !
 How it makes the Godhead known !
 Of Thy deepest deep it telleth,
 Everlasting Three in One !
 Fulllest praise Thy saints thus bring Thee,
 Meetliest thus art Thou adored ;
 This the song they ever sing Thee,
 " Holy, holy, holy, Lord ! "


Lord ! with sin-bound souls Thou bearest
 Struggling towards this strain Divine,
 Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
 That thrice-awful Name of Thine.
 But Thou listenest, O how sweetly !
 When from holy lips outpoured,
 Rings through heaven this strain full
 meetly,
 " Holy, holy, holy, Lord ! "

Shall we, Lord, fit voices never
 Bring to that eternal hymn ?
 Hallow us to help the endeavour
 Of Thy pure-lipped seraphim !
 Hark ! their own high strain we bring Thee,
 Listen to the full accord !
 Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
 " Holy, holy, holy, Lord ! "

THOMAS H. GILL.

9.—Our Heavenly Father.

1 TIMOTHY vi. 16.

 HE author of this fervid Hymn was a Roman Catholic, but the intenseness of the devotion it breathes has commended it to meditative spirits in every communion. To one side of religious feeling it gives almost perfect expression.

C.M.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art !
 Thy Majesty how bright !
 How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord,
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of Thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity !

O how I fear Thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears ;
 And worship Thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as Thou art,
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

O then, this worse than worthless heart
 In pity deign to take,
 And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
 And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
 With me Thy sinful child.


Only to sit and think of God,
 O what a joy it is !
 To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
 Earth has no higher bliss !

Father of Jesus, love's Reward !
 What rapture will it be
 Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on Thee !

F. W. FABER.

10.—Earthly and Heavenly Adoration.

PSALM cxxxiv. 1.

 AKEN from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, M.A., 1749, in the section composed "For the Watch-night." The midnight service on New Year's Eve is always one of peculiar solemnity in the Methodist churches, and this section of the book contains some of Charles Wesley's most characteristic Hymns.

76.76.7776.

MEET and right it is to sing,
At every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace ;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine !

Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease ;
Angels and archangels all
Sing the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love ;
Thee they sing with glory crowned,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify ;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given ;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

11.—God exalted above all Praise.

ISAIAH lvii. 15.

THIS characteristic Hymn is the "Conclusion" to the First Book of Watts's *Horæ Lyricæ*. A verse is omitted as too materialistic in its imagery, with its reference to the "tall Archangel" striving in vain to gaze to the "height" of God. And in the last verse but one the pronoun *we* is substituted for "worms." For the idea of a worm lisping is surely too incongruous even for the lyrical expression of human abjectness.

L.M.

ETERNAL Power—whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :—

Thee, while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learned to lisp Thy Name ;
But, oh, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

DR. WATTS.

12.—The Divine Perfections.

EXODUS xv. 11.

DR. WATTS in this Hymn has risen to his highest and most characteristic strain. Two verses (the second and seventh in the original) have been omitted ; but with this exception the Hymn is given as the author left it. Some hymn-editors have changed the fourth line of the last verse but one to

"Through the Redeemer's blood,"

as, strictly speaking, it is the *sinner* who is purchased ; *pardon* is free. But this was the poet's real meaning, and the "dreadful throne" of the first line in the same stanza denotes simply the awfulness and solemnity of eternal justice in its aspect toward sin ; not that the humbled penitent need be afraid of God.

C.M.

HOW shall I praise the Eternal God,
The Infinite Unknown ?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne ?

Those watchful eyes that never sleep
 Survey the world around ;
 His wisdom is a boundless deep
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.

Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong
 To save or to destroy ;
 Infinite years His life prolong,
 And endless is His joy.

He knows no shadow of a change,
 Nor alters His decrees ;
 Firm as a rock His truth remains
 To guard His promises.

Justice upon a dreadful throne
 Maintains the rights of God,
 While Mercy sends her pardons down
 Bought with a Saviour's blood.

Now to my soul, Immortal King,
 Speak some forgiving word ;
 Then 'twill be double joy to sing
 The glories of my Lord.

DR. WATTS.

13.—Trust in the Eternal.

ROMANS xi. 33.

FROM *Hymns and Sacred Pieces with Miscellaneous Poems*, New York, 1865 ; the first of which is the well-known Hymn, " My faith looks up to Thee."

L.M.

LORD ! my weak thought in vain would climb

To search the starry vault profound ;
 In vain would wing her flight sublime
 To find creation's utmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
 To search Thy great eternal plan,
 Thy sovereign counsels born of love
 Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
 Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
 By some vast deep I seem to stand
 Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
 And all is dark as night to me,
 Here as on solid rock I rest,
 That so it seemeth good to Thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
 Thou rulest all things at Thy will ;
 Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
 And calmly trust Thy goodness still.

RAY PALMER.

14.—Faithfulness of God, in the Promises.

I PETER i. 25.

THE two Hymns that follow are by Dr. Watts, on the one theme of God's faithfulness to His promises. The former ranks among the poet's best ; the latter also has some fine touches. Both are from the "Second Book," of which the author says : it "consists of Hymns whose form is of mere human composure ; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. . . . If there be any poems in the work that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part ; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing."

In the former of these two Hymns one verse, the fourth, has been omitted ; in the latter, the fifth and seventh are dropped, as in most collections. The last verse ends with the fine thought that our faith rests, not on a special voice from heaven, but upon the general faithfulness of the Divine word. To omit it, therefore, as in some collections, is to ruin the great lesson of the Hymn.

L.M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To Him that earth's foundation laid !
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as He please !

Praise to the goodness of the Lord
 Who rules His people by His word !
 And there, as strong as His decrees,
 He sets His kindest promises.

Firm are the words His prophets give,
 Sweet words on which His children live ;
 Each of them is the voice of God
 Who spake and spread the skies abroad.

Whence then should doubts and fears
arise?

Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

O for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power sustains.

DR. WATTS.

15.—The Same.

HEBREWS x. 23.

C.M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
theme,

And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men,"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

O might I hear Thine heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heaven secure!—
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

DR. WATTS.

16.—God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

PSALM xxxiii. 13.

ANOTHER Hymn on the theme so familiar to the devout contemplation of the author. It is given unaltered, save that Watts's sixth verse is omitted, as introducing a comparison too far beneath the greatness of the theme:

"In vain might *lofty princes* try
Such condescension to perform!" etc.

L.M.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

He that can shake the worlds He made,
Or with His word, or with His rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth He casts His eyes,
And bends His footsteps downwards too.

He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.


Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise !

DR. WATTS.

17.—Unfathomable Love.

PSALM lvii. 10.

 HE translation by John Wesley of a fine Hymn by Johann (Angelus) Scheffler, "Du unvergleichlich's Gut;" published in the Wesleys' Collection of 1739. Among Scheffler's hymns is also the original of "Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower."

L.M. six lines.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea !
Who would not give his heart to
Thee ?

Who would not love Thee with his
might ?

O Jesus, lover of mankind !
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays ;
Before the insufferable blaze

Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works ; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise.

Astonished at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars
bow ;

Terrible majesty is Thine !
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine ?

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is ;
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with Thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.

Fountain of good ! all blessing flows
From Thee ; no want Thy fulness knows :
What but Thyself canst Thou desire ?
Yes ; self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart ;
This, only this, Thou dost require.

Primeval Beauty ! in Thy sight
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade :
What, then, to me Thine eyes could turn ?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !


Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And, trembling, own the Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, air, hell, and sky :—
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

O God, of good the unfathomed sea !
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his
might ?

O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

18.—Angelic Praise.

ISAIAH vi. 3.

 N the original form of this Hymn, it begins—
"Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer,
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear."

But the Hymn as given below is found in the best collections, and is worthy to be regarded as a classic of the Church.

8.7.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :—
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord !"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy" singing,
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High.
 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"

With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :—
 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"

BISHOP MANT.

19.—God our Light.

I JOHN i. 7.

THIS Hymn "to the Source of the light we all need to lead us, and the warmth which alone can make us all brothers," is given at the close of Dr. Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, 1859; and entitled "A Sunday Hymn." A poet and essayist of no mean order, as all the world knows, the author has written only a very few hymns, of such high excellence as to create the wish that he had done far more in this direction.

L.M.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
 Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign ;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
 Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

20.—The Nearness of God.

JOB xxiii. 3.

IN the spirit of the Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Psalm, with suggestions of Elijah's vision and the revelation of Jehovah through the "still, small voice." The clearness and simplicity with which the author was wont to express ennobling thoughts are nowhere more apparent than in this Hymn.

C.M. six lines.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God, art nigh :—

Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain ;
 Thee in these works of power to find
 Or to Thy seat attain :
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
 Thy path, the trackless main :—

These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
 They thunder forth Thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy Name,
 The wonders of Thy ways ;
 But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.


I hear Thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there :
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There doth His Spirit rest :
 O come, Thou Presence Infinite !
 And make Thy creature blest.

JOSIAH CONDER.

21.—“God is Light.”

MATTHEW v. 8.

NE of Mr. Binney's few contributions to sacred song. “It was written,” says the author in 1866, “about forty years ago, and was set to music and published on behalf of some charitable object.” It is now found in a multitude of hymn-books, as one of the simplest and completest expressions, within the same compass, of the sublime truth declared, Exodus xxxiii. 20 ; John i. 18.

86.886.

ETERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
 How pure the soul must be,
 When, placed within Thy searching sight,
 It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
 Can live and look on Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne
 May bear the burning bliss,
 But that is surely theirs alone,
 Since they have never, never known,
 A fallen world like this.

Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,
 Before the Ineffable appear,
 And on my naked spirit bear
 The uncreated beam ?

There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode,
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of majesty above ;
 The sons of ignorance and night
 Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love.

T. BINNEY.

22.—Endless Hallelujah.

REVELATION xix. 3.



FROM a Hymn of the fifth century in the Spanish Breviary, *Alleluia piis edite laudibus*. The translation first appeared in the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, 1865.

P.M.

SING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
 O citizens of heaven : in sweet notes
 raise
 An endless Hallelujah.

Ye next, who stand before the eternal
 light,
 In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
 An endless Hallelujah.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
 And with glad songs resounding wake
 again
 An endless Hallelujah.

In blissful answering strains ye thus
 rejoice
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice
 An endless Hallelujah.

Ye who have gained at length your palms
 in bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
 this—
 An endless Hallelujah.

There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring
 The strains which tell the honour of your
 King—
 An endless Hallelujah.

This is the rest for weary ones brought
 back :
 This is the food and drink which none
 shall lack :
 An endless Hallelujah.

While Thee, by whom were all things
 made, we praise
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Hallelujah !

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
 Glory for evermore : to Thee we bring
 An endless Hallelujah.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated by J. Ellerton.

23.—Light Shining out of Darkness.

PSALM lxxvii. 19.



RITTEN," says Montgomery, "in the twilight of departing reason." "It is said that on one occasion Cowper thought it was the Divine will he should go to a particular part of the river Ouse and drown himself; but the driver of the postchaise missed his way, and on the poet's return he wrote this hymn." Another account is, that it was written when Cowper was, with too good reason, apprehending the return of lunacy, just before his final attack. Full of this presentiment, he went for a solitary walk in the fields, and composed the verses "as if to express the faith and love which he retained so long as he possessed himself."

This Hymn was the last contributed to the Olney Collection, in which it is No. 15 of the Third Book (1779).

C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

24.—The Lord of Life and Light.

JEREMIAH xxiii. 24.



FROM the *Matins and Vespers, with Hymns and Occasional Devotional Pieces* (1823), in which the distinguished politician and linguist sought a rest for his spirit from sterner and more secular work. He says in the Preface : "Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to create, to renew, or to strengthen confidence in Heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray, the end to which I aspire."

L.M.

FATHER and Friend ! Thy light, Thy
 love,
 Beaming through all Thy works we see,
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
 Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds, invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be ;
 But this we know, that where Thou art
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
 Thee.

And through the various maze of Time,
 And through the infinity of Space,
 We follow Thy career sublime,
 And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustained by this delightful thought,
 Since Thou their God art everywhere,
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

25.—God With and In the Soul.

JOHN xiv. 17.



FROM *The Rivulet*: "New waters from the ancient Fount," first published in 1855.

S.M.

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or Ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or doth His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky!
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world!
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words!
Bestow Thy holy power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

26.—The Mysteries of Love.

ISAIAH xlv. 15.



HIS Hymn, also from *The Rivulet*, has often brought thoughts of peace to the perplexed and stricken heart.

8.7.

MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden
Are as real as in the day;
Be, then, unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
"God hath left us, God hath left us;
O, why hath He gone away?"

When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne;
Wherefore should His children doubt Him,
Those to whom His love is known?
God is with us, God is with us;
We are never left alone.

Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day;
God can lead the blind and seeing;
On Him wait, and for Him stay;
Be not fearful, be not fearful;
They who cannot sing can pray.

O, the bright and vast creation
Can be terrible and stern,
From its stroke be no salvation,
Though on every side we turn:
Lord of nature, Lord of nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

Calm and blest is our composure
When the secret is possess'd,
That our God in full disclosure
Hath to us His heart exprest;
Thou, O Saviour, Thou, O Saviour,
Hast been given to give us rest.

Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee
Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would;
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,
Father, Thou art understood.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

27.—Wisdom and Love of God.

I JOHN iv. 8.



NOTHER Hymn by the author of No. 24; first published in *Hymns by John Bowring*, 1825; a sequel to *Matins and Vespers*.

8.7.

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love

Death and change are busy ever,
Men decay, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove,
From the cloud His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

28.—God is Love.

I JOHN iv. 16.



NE of the fugitive and most pleasing
hymns of the youthful author, who
emphatically "learned in suffering
what he taught in song."

C.M.

THOU, Lord, art Love, and everywhere
Thy Name is brightly shown ;
Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven Thy throne.

Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace ;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

Thy ways are love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are love—and Jesus is
The loving voice they find,
His Life lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

Thy heaven is the abode of love
O blessèd Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee !

JAMES D. BURNS.

29.—The Love of God.

I JOHN iv. 10.



ROM *Hymns of Faith and Hope*,
second series. Of these hymns the
author says : "They belong to no
church or sect. They are not the
expressions of one man's or one party's faith and
hope : but are meant to speak what may be
thought and spoken by all to whom the Church's
ancient faith and hope are dear." Two stanzas
are here omitted.

L.M.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O Love of God, how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate ;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

O heavenly love, how precious still
In days of weariness and ill !
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.

O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read Thee in the sky above,
We read Thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read Thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

We read Thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read Thy power to bless and save,
Even in the darkness of His grave ;
Still more in resurrection-light
We read the fulness of Thy might.

O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

DR. H. BONAR.

30.—Divine Symbolism in Nature.

ROMANS i. 20.

MR. KEBLE'S well-known Hymn for Septuagesima Sunday. The motto chosen—"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen"—is taken to mean, not only that Nature proclaims a Divine Artificer, but that it symbolizes spiritual truth. The verses omitted in most hymn-books are here restored, to the great advantage of the Hymn in point of completeness. Keble cites the following passages as confirming the several points of the analogy; and a reference to them will be found very interesting: Daniel xii. 3; Isaiah lx. 21; Psalm lxxviii. 9; Hebrews xii. 29; John iii. 8.

C.M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in Heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed, unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. KEBLE.

31.—Divine Love.

I JOHN iv. 19.

HIS Hymn by Mrs. Henry Venn Elliott may be not unworthily associated with those of her gifted sister-in-law, Charlotte Elliott. It was contributed to a collection of hymns edited by her husband at Brighton, 1835.

C.M.

WE love Thee, Lord! yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidst the sun go forth
Rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty, with his light:

Because Thou roll'st the orbs of light
Through trackless fields of space,
And giv'st to each low creeping flower
Its fragrance and its grace:
Because in sunshine and in storm
Alike we see Thee near;
In summer gale and rushing wind,
Alike Thy voice we hear:

'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord;
Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord! because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light;

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
But Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
But Thou forsakest not;

Because, O Lord! Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thou sent'st Thy Son to die,
That we might live above;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven:
We love because we much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

MRS. ELLIOTT.

32.—Rest in God.

PSALM xxxvi. 7.

THIS Hymn is from the *Memorials of Theophilus Trinal*, a book of essays and reflections bearing on some of the deepest problems of life. From their consideration the author emerges into the sunlight of a cheerful faith, and the song upon his lips is almost as artless as a bird's carol.

C.M.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for Thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wise and wonderful,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest,
When evening hours arrive.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

33.—Gratitude and Praise.

LUKE xix. 40.

THE poem in the *Christian Year* from which this Hymn is taken is for Palm Sunday, and is a beautiful summons to those who possess the poetic gift to consecrate it to the praise of Christ. The adapter of the verses has, with much felicity, made them an invitation to all hearts to turn their gratitude and joy into praise.

7s.

COME, all grateful human hearts,
God hath set us all our parts:
He who gave us breath to sing,
Bids our raptured souls take wing:
Rising on the notes of praise,
Upward to His throne they go:
O 'tis blessedness to raise
His hosannas here below.

But if we should hold our peace,
Deem not that the song would cease:
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers that grow beneath our feet,
Stones that deep in darkness rest,
Shall in wondrous chorus meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest.


Art thou silent, Church of God ?
 Thou that wast redeemed by blood ?
 Let the angels hear again
 Thine old hallelujah strain.
 Raise on high thy ransom song
 Fervid, ringing, clear, and pure,
 Lord, unloose our stammering tongue,
 Or, elsewhere—Thy praise secure.

Waken into sounds divine
 E'en the pavement of Thy shrine,
 Till, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
 We give back what we adore ;
 Childlike though our voices be,
 And untunable the parts,
 Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
 If it flow from childlike hearts.

LEEDS COLLECTION.

34.—Divine Mercies Acknowledged.

DANIEL ix. 9.

ROM the *Spectator*, August 9, 1712,
 at the close of a paper on Gratitude
 to God.

C.M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravished heart ?
 But Thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed ;
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently cleared my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er ;
 And in a kind and faithful friend,
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.


When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

35.—God the Creator.

HEBREWS iii. 4.

OTHING," says one, "surprises me
 more than Dr. Watts's *Hymns for*
Children. Others have written as
 well as he in his other works ; but
 how he wrote those Hymns I know not." The

following is one of them ; adapted by its simplicity to childhood, yet as appropriate to the wisest worshipper. It will be interesting to compare this Hymn with the author's more florid treatment of the same theme in the one following.

C.M.

I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known :
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

DR. WATTS.

36.—A Song to Creative Wisdom.

PSALM civ. 24.



HIS fine Song of Praise owes its recognition chiefly to its incorporation by the Wesleys in their hymn-book (226) ; otherwise it might have been lost amid the encumbering matter of the *Lyrics*, where it appears in five parts, containing eighteen verses in all, the following being a specimen :

" Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence ;
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks His pasture feeds,
And herds of larger size
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies."

Our thanks may well be given to the Wesleys, not only for their sagacious discernment of what was beautiful in the Hymn, but for their judicious abbreviations. One verse (the eighth) was added by them to maintain the connection, and there are a few very slight verbal changes.

C.M.

ETERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings,
With Thy loved Name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

There Thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

If down I turn my wandering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make Thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along,—
The banners of Thy host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around ;
At Thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

Lo ! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green ;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

There, the rough mountains of the deep
Obey Thy strong command,
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But the mild glories of Thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love !

DR. WATTS. *Altered by WESLEY.*

37.—Nature beautiful in God.

PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

PERHAPS this melodious "Sacred Song" of the versatile poet may be thought somewhat too ornate for a Hymn. Yet it expresses with much felicity the sentiments which rise almost unbidden into the heart of the Christian in contemplating the beauties of nature.

L.M. six lines.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

38.—Hallowed be Thy Name.

MATTHEW vi. 9.



NE of a series on successive petitions of the Lord's Prayer ; from *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*. See No. 20.

7s.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art ;
From Thy hand our spirits came :
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known ;
Nearer now in Christ our claim :
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

Born anew, O may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal !
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from
shame :
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

Whether then in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same :
Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

JOSIAH CONDER.

39.—My Father.

ISAIAH lvii. 15.

SUCH is the title given to this grand Hymn by the author himself; plainly showing that his chief object was to express the thought that He who had come forth from the solitudes of eternity to create all living beings, imparting to them from His own fulness, had drawn near in love to each individual soul: "So great," as it has been said, "that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, so condescending that He takes up His abode in my heart." Two stanzas are omitted, the hymn being complete, as well as much better, without them.

C.M.

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,—
Most worshipful of attributes—
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

F. W. FABER.

40.—Joy and Hope in God.

ISAIAH lxiii. 7.

THIS exquisite Hymn of thankfulness, trust, and aspiration is from the first series of *Legends and Lyrics*, and has rapidly found its way into our best hymn-books. Few of Miss Procter's poems are adapted for use in worship; although with a rare sweetness and grace they unite the utterance of a healthful but pensive devotion.

S.4.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings ;
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.


I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more ;
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest—
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast.

A. A. PROCTER.

41.—The Goodness of God.

PSALM xxxiv. 3, 4.

 HIS fine translation of the German Hymn, "Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut," is from Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*, second series. One verse is here omitted, besides the *refrain* to every stanza, "Give to our God the glory!"

86.86.88.

ALL praise and thanks to God most high,
 The Father of all love !
 The God who doeth wondrously,
 The God who from above
 My soul with richest solace fills,
 The God who every sorrow stills.

The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
 All thrones bow down to Thee,
 And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
 In earth and air and sea,
 Declare and laud their Maker's might,
 Whose wisdom orders all things right.

And for the creatures He hath made
 Our God shall well provide ;
 His grace shall be their constant aid,
 Their guard on every side ;
 His kingdom we may surely trust,
 There all is equal, all is just.

I sought Him in my hour of need ;—
 " Lord God, now hear my prayer ! "
 For death He gave me life indeed,
 And comfort for despair :
 For this my thanks shall endless be ;
 O thank Him, thank Him too with me !

The Lord is never far away,
 Nor sundered from His flock ;
 He is their refuge and their stay,
 Their peace, their trust, their rock ;
 And, with a mother's watchful love,
 He guides them, wheresoe'er they rove.

And when earth cannot comfort more,
 Nor earthly help avail,
 The Maker comes Himself, whose store
 Of blessing cannot fail,
 And bends on them a Father's eyes,
 Whom earth all rest and hope denies.

Ah then, till life hath reached its bound,
 My God, I'll worship Thee !
 The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
 Far over land and sea ;
 All idols under foot be trod,
 The Lord is God ! the Lord is God !

J. J. SCHÜTZ.

42.—The Tribute of Gratitude.

HEBREWS xiii. 15.

L.M.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
 For daily help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For joys untold, that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high—
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die—

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

43.—Mercy and Judgment.

PSALM ci. i.

7.6.

MY song shall be of mercy ;
To Thee, O Lord ! I sing,
Who all my life hast hid me
Beneath Thy sheltering wing ;
Who still, in love most patient,
This mortal journey through,
Hast followed me with goodness,
And blessings ever new.

My song shall be of judgment :
All-wise and holy God !
Thou makest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod ;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
Yet, oh ! my soul shall tell
That when Thy stroke is sorest
Thou doest all things well.

My song shall be of mercy :
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful Word.

Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

My song shall be of judgment :
Ye who his chastenings feel,
Oh ! faint not nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal.
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

Of mercy and of judgment,
To Thee, O Lord, we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King !
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still and judgment
Are pillars of Thy throne.

H. DOWNTON.

44.—God Merciful and Gracious.

EXODUS xxxiv. 6.



THREE of C. Wesley's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures* are here combined, being taken from a series of nine on the proclamation to Moses of the Divine Name. It is remarkable that the original reads *causeless* in the first line ;¹ probably meaning that the Divine mercy is sovereign—"I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious"—without cause *in us*. But the Wesleys themselves in their hymn-book (250), have altered the word to *ceaseless*, as the other epithet might have been misconstrued ; and of course all other compilers have followed.

C.M.

THY ceaseless unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

¹ See the *Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, edited by Dr. G. Osborn, vol. ix. p. 55.


Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound ;
 A vast unfathomable sea
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move ;
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
 Throughout the universe it reigns
 Unalterably sure,
 And while the truth of God remains
 The goodness must endure.

C. WESLEY.

45.—Lifelong and Eternal Praise.

PSALM civ. 33.

 HIS favourite Hymn," says Mr. Josiah Miller, "may be read autobiographically, especially the third verse, in reference to the peaceful thankfulness in the author's heart, when the last wave of his life was ebbing out at Lisbon."

L.M.

GOD of my life, through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound Thy
 praise ;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chained to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise
 To join the music of the skies !


Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
 Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round the throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
 Long as a deathless soul shall live :
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,
 Demands and crowns eternity.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

46.—Universal Praise.

NEHEMIAH ix. 5.

 HIS simple Hymn is extracted from a song on Spring, in which the good Yorkshire pastor will be thought by fastidious judges to have shown more piety than poetry. These verses, however, are pleasing, and are incorporated into many hymn-books.

8.7.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator !
 Praise be Thine from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song :
 Father, Source of all compassion !
 Free unbounded grace is Thine ;
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise Him for His love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound His praise through earth and
 heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high ;
 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise,
 There enraptured fall before Him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

DR. J. FAWCETT.

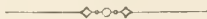


Book the Second.



HYMNS ON THE WORK AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, in His pre-existent glory, His incarnation, His earthly life, sufferings, death, and resurrection, in His redeeming work, and present and future kingdom—such is the theme that has worthily occupied the imagination and the pen of almost every sacred poet. *Te Deum laudamus. Te Christum laudamus*: the subject is in truth the same! It is a marked feature in the religious thought of our age that so much prominence is given to the life of Jesus; not indeed to the denial or forgetfulness of His Divinity, but rather to the clearer discernment of the Divine in the Human. Accordingly, many of the finest Hymns in the following section are those which celebrate His earthly sojourn, from the Advent to the Resurrection. These Hymns again, with those on Christ's Kingdom and future glory, connect themselves with all the doctrines of the gospel, as well as with the whole course of individual Christian experience and hope. The range of subjects is accordingly very large, while still "GOD IN CHRIST" is essentially the theme of every song.



47.—The Deity and Humanity of Christ.

JOHN i. 1; COLOSSIANS i. 16.

FEW of Dr. Watts's Hymns are of a more sustained dignity and impressiveness than this. He is ever at his best when setting forth the glory of the Son of God in as close adherence to the language of Scripture as the restraints of metre permit. Some editors in the fourth verse have altered "forms" and "worms" into "train" and "men."

L.M.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

By His own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of Thy years?)

But lo! He leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through His eyes the Godhead
shone !

Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

DR. WATTS.

48.—The Eternal Wisdom.

PROVERBS viii. 22-31.

FROM the *Olney Hymns*. The application to the Son of God of the language in which Divine Wisdom is described is too familiar, and too generally accepted, to need defence. Probably the last four lines of the Hymn will be felt to contain its most truly poetic touch.

8.7.

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills,
In Me, from everlasting,
The Wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is My name.

"When like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure ;
And I was with Him then ;—
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men."

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race !
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above :
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And could'st Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we !
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree !
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine,
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine !"

W. COWPER.

49.—The Eternal Word.

HEBREWS i. 3.



THIS must take rank among Mr. Conder's finest Hymns. It combines two of the titles of our Lord most characteristic of St. John's writing—WORD and LAMB—in a strain of simple grandeur ; and illustrates, besides, such passages as Hebrews i. 3 ; Matthew xi. 27 ; Colossians i. 15 ; with others that declare the eternal existence and deity of the Son of God.

86.86.88.

THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

In Thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow

True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed ;
Brightness of uncreated light ;
The heart of God revealed :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

But the high mysteries of Thy Name
An angel's grasp transcend,
The Father only—glorious claim !
The Son can comprehend :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above
As one with Thee are blest :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this
To heaven's beloved One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

JOSIAH CONDER.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. PIERPONT.

50.—Christ in All Things.

JOHN i. 3.

THIS Hymn, from *Lyra Eucharistica*, is a poetical setting of the thought in the motto-text, "By Him (the Eternal Word) were all things made." In our hymn-books, too often, the point of the whole is lost by the change of the third line to "Father, unto Thee we raise." The Hymn is one to Christ, as pre-existent and Divine. Five stanzas out of eight are here given, and in the fifth verse "Bride" is altered to "Church."

7s.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild ;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

51.—Christ the Mighty God.

ISAIAH ix. 6.

FAVOURITE Hymn in multitudes of our churches, notwithstanding its inequalities. It was originally written as a Christmas Hymn, and printed with music on a flysheet for circulation as a carol. In the second line the words "an infant" are changed, in many collections, to "a mortal." But the fact is, that the Hymn was composed for a child, the late Mr. Benjamin Williams, of Reading, long well known as deacon of the Baptist church in that town, who in his infant days sat on Mr. Robinson's knee as he wrote the verses. In some copies the *refrain* of, "Hallelujah, Amen!" is appended to each stanza.

8.7.

MIGHTY God ! while angels bless
Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy Name ?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme !

Lord of every land and nation !
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;

For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

But Thy rich, Thy free, redemption,
Dark through brightness all along ;—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that awful song ?

Brightness of the Father's glory !
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

Did archangels sing Thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe
All to ransom guilty captives !—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Go, return, immortal Saviour !
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own !

ROBERT ROBINSON.

Still the gods were in their temples,
But the ancient faith had fled ;
And the priests stood by their altars
Only for a piece of bread ;
And the oracles were silent,
And the prophets all were dead.

In the sacred courts of Zion,
Where the Lord had His abode,
There the money-changers trafficked,
And the sheep and oxen trod ;
And the world because of wisdom
Knew not either Lord or God.

Then the Spirit of the Highest
On a virgin meek came down,
And He burdened her with blessing,
And He pained her with renown ;
For she bare the Lord's Anointed,
For His cross and for His crown.

Earth for Him had groaned and travailed
Since the ages first began ;
For in Him was hid the secret
That through all the ages ran—
Son of Mary, Son of David,
Son of God, and Son of man.

WALTER C. SMITH.

52.—The Desire of all Nations.

GALATIANS iv. 4.

THIS truly noble Hymn is as yet but little known. It appeared in the author's *Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life*, Macmillan, 1867. Mr. Smith has since become famous as a poet, and sooner or later attention is sure to be directed to these early strains. He says respecting them : " I have ventured to call these poems, Hymns, because of the generally devotional character of the book, though well aware that only a comparatively small number of them have any claim to so high a title."

8.7.

EARTH was waiting, spent and restless,
With a mingled hope and fear ;
And the faithful few were sighing,
" Surely, Lord, the day is near ;
The Desire of all the nations
It is time He should appear."

53.—"Adeste Fideles."

LUKE ii. 15.

THE well-known Christmas Hymn of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Its authorship is quite unknown. Translations of it have been very numerous, but with a great general resemblance. The following is perhaps the best, contributed to *Church Hymns* (S.P.C.K.). The original is as follows :

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem !
Natum videte Regem angelorum :
Venite adoremus Domino !
Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera ;
Deum verum, genitum, non factum :
Venite adoremus Domino !
Cantet nunc Io ! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelitum :
Gloria in excelsis Deo : venite,
Venite adoremus Domino !

Ergo qui natus die hodiernâ
 Jesu, Tibi sit gloria !
 Patris æterni Verbum caro factum !
 Venite adoremus Domino ! AMEN.

P.M.

OH, come, all ye faithful, joyful and
 triumphant,

Oh, come ye, Oh, come ye, to Beth-
 lehem !

Born upon earth behold the King of
 Angels !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the
 Lord !

He, God of God, and Light of Light be-
 gotten,

Comes to the world as a maiden's Child :

He, Very God, begotten not created :

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the
 Lord !

Sing, choir of Angels ; raise your hymn
 of triumph ;

Sing, ye that stand around the Throne
 on high ;

Glory to God, all glory in the highest !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the
 Lord !

Thou who didst deign to be born for us
 this morning,

Glory to Thee, O Jesus, Lord !

Word of the Eternal Father, now incar-
 nate !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the
 Lord !

Translated by REV. J. ELLERTON.

54.—Christmas Hymn.

LUKE ii. 10.



HIS well-known carol, which with its
 appropriate tune by Dr. Wainwright,
 is so familiar, especially in Yorkshire
 and Lancashire, in the original has
 eight stanzas, differing considerably from the pre-
 sent version ; but the form in which it is here given
 has become classic from long use. The omitted
 parts have some merit as a spirited recapitulation
 of the history, but are seldom or never sung.
 The last line, as written by Byrom, is

“Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.”

108.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the
 happy morn

Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
 Rise to adore the mystery of love
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
 With them the joyful tidings first begun
 Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice ;

“Behold,

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth ;
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised
 word,

This day is born a Saviour, Christ the
 Lord.”

He spake ; and straightway the celestial
 choir

In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire ;
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs
 rang ;

God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
 shepherds ran

To see the wonder God had wrought for
 man, [maid,

And found, with Joseph and the blessed
 Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :

Then to their flocks, still praising God,
 return, [burn.

And their glad hearts with holy rapture

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-
kind !

Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved
our loss

From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
among,

To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

JOHN BYRON.

55.—Song of the Angels.

LUKE ii. 8.

IT is said that the following lines, well
known through their insertion at the
end of editions of the Prayer-book,
were by Nahum Tate. They contrast
favourably in their simplicity with most of his
productions, and deserve a place in all collections
of Christmas carols.

C.M.

WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,

All seated on the ground ;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign :

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !"

TATE AND BRADY.

56.—The Nativity.

ISAIAH xi. 1-5.



HE most poetical of Christmas carols.
In the fourth stanza, for Campbell's
"to Zion" most hymn-books have
"of Zion." The next verse shows that
the former reading gives the poet's thought.
Zion is of course used not of a locality (as in
ver. 1) but as idealizing the Jewish community.

L.M.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,—
When Salem's shepherds through the
night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory gild the sky ;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light and wings of flame
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

See mercy from her golden urn
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes ! he cheers the trembling heart ;
Night and her spectres pale depart :
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,—
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

T. CAMPBELL.

57.—Christmas Song.

LUKE II. 13.

THE two carols which follow were contributed by their author to an American publication, the *Christian Register*: and are here printed entire; many hymn-books having been enriched with portions of them. The former of the two has been pronounced by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written:" and the latter is certainly not inferior.

C.M.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains ;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God !" The lofty strain
The realm of ether fills ;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills !

"Glory to God !" The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
"Peace on the earth ; good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born :
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn :
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute
And Christian hearts be cold ?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled !
When nightly burst from seraph harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God ! on earth be peace ;
Salvation comes to-day !"

DR. EDMUND H. SEARS.

58.—Peace on Earth.

LUKE II. 14.

C.M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,—
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !


And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

DR. EDMUND H. SEARS.

59.—Christmas Eve.

LUKE ii. 10.

HESE characteristic verses were written, says the great Reformer, "for my little son Hans, 1540." The translation is that of the *Lyra Germanica*. The angel is supposed to speak.

L.M.

"FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing :

"To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild ;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

"Tis Christ our God who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry ;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will set you free.

"He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below ;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

"These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark ;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were
made."

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God
Who hath His only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes !
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is this child so young and fair ?
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are
blest !

Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee !

Ah ! Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed,
Where ass and ox but lately fed !

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools in vain,
That this world's honour, wealth, and
might
Are nought and worthless in Thy sight.

Ah ! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given !
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Translated by Miss Winkworth.

60.—Hymn for Christmas Day.

LUKE ii. 14.



PERHAPS the best known of Christmas Hymns, but in forms considerably altered from the original, and different from one another. The usual commencement :

"Hark ! the herald angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King !'"

is found in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, the alteration, it is said, having been made by John Wesley himself. The last two lines of the second verse have also been altered, much for the worse, although the reading has been accepted by most hymn-editors :

"With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

What the author wished to express was the sympathy of "universal nature" with the joy that had visited the earth ; in the spirit of the Ninety-sixth Psalm, verses 11-13.

7s.

HARK how all the welkin rings,
"Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal Nature, say
"Christ the Lord is born to-day !"

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born—that man no more may die,
Born—to raise the sons of earth,
Born—to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore ;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man :
Oh ! to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

C. WESLEY.

61.—The Guiding Star.

MATTHEW ii. 10.



THE following is ranked by Lord Selborne as among the finest of modern hymns. It was contributed by its author to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and has found its way into most collections. Only it should be observed on this and Hymn 64 that the association of the "wise men from the

East" with the manger in Bethlehem is without warrant in the gospel narrative. Their journey was a long one; the presentation in the Temple was probably over, and the Holy Family would naturally by this time have found another resting-place. See Matthew ii. 11, "When they were come *into the house.*"

7s.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

62.—Advent Longings.

LUKE i. 78.

THE cry of the ancient Church, but with a modern meaning. The Hymn is probably of the twelfth century, breathed from the heart of some unknown singer, depressed by the sins and sorrows

of the time, and watching for the Dayspring from on high. As the imagery and allusions of the Hymn are taken from Old Testament prophecy, it is introduced as not inappropriate to the series which celebrate His Incarnation.

L.M. six lines.

OH come, oh come, Emmanuel!
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds by night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of Might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

63.—The Angels' Song.

LUKE ii. 13.

THE special value of this carol from the *Christian Year* seems to be that it brings out the thought of Christ's "great humility" as the chief inspiring subject of the celestial song.

66.86.10.12.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er the expanse of
 Heaven?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 The angelic signal given—
 "Glory to God!" from yonder central
 fire [starry quire;
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on for ever:
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be
 peace,
 And love towards men of love¹—sal-
 vation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
 To join that festal throng;
 Listen and mark what gentle air
 First stirred the tide of song;
 'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's
 home,
 To whom for power and health obedient
 worlds should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:"—
 With fixed adoring look
 The choir of Angels caught the word,
 Nor yet their silence broke:
 But when they heard the sign, where
 Christ should be,
 In sudden light they shone and heavenly
 harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
 And in His manger laid,
 The Hope and Glory of all lands
 Is come to the world's aid:
 No peaceful home upon His cradle
 smiled, [the royal Child.
 Guests rudely went and came, where slept

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
 No other thought should be,
 Once duly welcomed and adored,
 How should I part with Thee?
 Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but
 Thou wilt grace [place.
 The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-

Thee, on the bosom laid
 Of a pure Virgin maid,
 In quiet ever, and in shade,
 Shepherd and sage may find;
 They, who have bowed untaught to
 Nature's sway,
 And they, who follow Truth along her
 star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first
 Approach Thee, Babe divine,
 For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
 Meet for Thy lowly shrine:
 Sooner than they should miss where
 Thou dost dwell,
 Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide
 them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
 For Thee to be revealed,
 By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
 Abiding in the field.
 All through the wintry heaven and chill
 night air,
 In music and in light Thou dawnest on
 their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—
 What though your wandering
 sheep,
 Reckless of what they see and hear,
 Lie lost in wilful sleep?
 High Heaven in mercy to your sad
 annoy [mortal joy.
 Still greets you with glad tidings of im-

¹ "I have ventured to adopt the reading of the Vulgate, as being generally known through Pergolesi's beautiful composition, *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*." Since this note of Keble's was written, the Revisers of 1881 have adopted the same reading, but with a different turn: "The men of His good pleasure"—the love being, not *theirs* but *God's*. There is, however, strong reason for retaining the familiar form of the text.

Think on the eternal home,
 The Saviour left for you ;
 Think on the Lord most holy, come
 To dwell with hearts untrue :
 So shall ye tread untired His pastoral
 ways,
 And in the darkness sing your carol of
 high praise.

J. KEELE.

64.—Epiphany.

II. IO. MATTHEW ii. 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of
 the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
 thine aid :
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are
 shining ;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of
 the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
 the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gold would His favour
 secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the
 poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
 thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER.

65.—Christ's Incarnation and Conflict.

HEBREWS ii. 16.



FROM "The Dream of Gerontius : " the
 last of a series of Hymns with the
 same *refrain*, represented as sung by
 angel - choirs, and celebrating the
 mystery and mercy of God's dealings with man-
 kind. In the preceding Hymns the angels speak
 of themselves as the "elder race" in God's
 creation ; man is the "younger son" sent "afar"
 into the world to engage in the great conflict
 against evil. He falls, and the following lines
 set forth the wonders of recovering grace.

C.M.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise ;
 In all His words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
 When all was sin and shame,
 A second Adam to the fight
 And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
 Which did in Adam fail,
 Should strive afresh against the foe,
 Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace,
 Should flesh and blood refine,
 God's Presence and His very Self,
 And Essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
 In man for man the foe,
 The double agony in man
 For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
 And on the cross on high,
 Should teach His brethren, and inspire
 To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise :
 In all His words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all His ways.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

66.—The Wonderful.

ISAIAH ix. 6.

THE well-known Scottish Nineteenth Paraphrase. The third verse in the original, generally omitted, maintains the closeness of the rendering from the Old Testament prophecy.

"For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway ;
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day."

C.M.

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

DR. JOHN MORRISON.

67.—Messiah's Advent hailed by the Poor.

MATTHEW v. 3.

A CHRISTMAS Hymn, with a felicitous adaptation of the Beatitudes. The Hymn is a worthy companion to Bishop Heber's "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," No. 64.

8.7.

FIRST in the great benediction,
Come, ye poor ones of the earth !
Rich instead in heavenly treasures,
Hail the Saviour's glorious birth !
Mourners, come ! the Man of sorrows
Who endured a life-long cross,
Risen waits His kingdom's coming
To restore in heaven your loss.

Blessèd weak ones ! praise Him gladly,
Celebrate His lowly birth ;
Not in gold or purple raiment
Walked your King upon the earth :
Merciful, whate'er your calling.
Laying up a deathless crown !
Praise Him for His gracious coming,
For His deed of mercy done.

Blessèd children, pure in spirit,
Lambs of Christ's own flock are ye !
Praise Him that He came among us
In His holy infancy :
Peacemakers, our God's own children !
Come with holy love and joy,
At this feast of sacred gladness
Let His praise your hearts employ !

Join in one full adoration,
Far and wide, o'er land and sea !
Vain our pride and wealth and station,
Prayer and praise to all are free !
May they mingle, e'en though faintly,
With the angel-song on high,
"Glory, honour, praise, and worship
To the Blessèd Trinity !"

ANONYMOUS.

68.—Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

ISAIAH lxi. 1.

C.M.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.


He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

69.—Christ's Healing Power.

ACTS x. 38.

RITTEN for King's College Hospital, London. The great purpose of the Hymn appears in the third stanza, which some hymn-books omit. Christ is the Healer still, though His Divine power now works through the methods of science and by the skill given to those who patiently investigate the laws of His world.

C.M.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light :
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.


Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book,
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint ;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

DR. E. H. PLUMPTRE.

70.—"Come and See."

JOHN i. 39.

HRIST'S first words to His first disciples have here found a very beautiful setting as well as a striking application. The Hymn is from the well-known volume that contains *The Three Wakings*. Unfortunately the hymn-books have generally omitted the last verse, perhaps because of a slight but hardly noticeable variation in the metre.

7s.

MASTER, where abidest Thou ?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away ?
May we find repose in Thee ?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou ?
We would leave the past behind ;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee ;
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
 How shall we Thine image best
 Bear in light upon our brow,
 Stamp in love upon our breast?
 Still a look is all our might;
 Looking draws the heart to Thee;
 Sends us from the absorbing sight,
 With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
 All the springs of life are low;
 Sin and grief our spirits bow,
 And we wait Thy call to go.
 From the depths of happy rest,
 Where the just abide with Thee,
 From the voice which makes them blest,
 Falls the summons, "Come and see."

Christian, tell it to thy brother,
 From life's dawning to its end;
 Every hand may clasp another,
 And the loneliest bring a friend:
 Till the veil is drawn aside,
 And from where her home shall be
 Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
 The triumphant "Come and see!"

MRS. ELIZ. CHARLES.

71.—The Call of Jesus.

MATTHEW iv. 19.



COMPANION Hymn to the preceding. Andrew followed Jesus in the Jordan valley, and was welcomed to discipleship. At a later period, he was called to Apostleship by the Lake of Galilee. This short and beautiful Hymn commemorates the latter call: having originally as the second verse—

"So of old St. Andrew heard it
 By the Galilean lake,
 Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
 Leaving all for His dear sake."

8.7.

JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild restless sea;
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

Jesus calls us from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store,
 From each idol that would keep us,
 Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 "Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call!
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

72.—Miracles at Eventide.

MARK i. 32.



DEAN HOWSON, in his *Meditations on the Miracles of our Lord*, has justly remarked that "one of the 'tokens for good' which God permits in these anxious times is the power which the modern Church possesses of producing precious Christian Hymns," the following being noted as one of great beauty. The application is so direct, and expressed in language of such admirable simplicity and force, that the Hymn cannot fail to live.

L. M.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 O! in what divers pains they met:
 O! with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
 What if Thy form we cannot see?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
 For some are sick, and some are sad:
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care;
 And some are tried with sinful doubt;
 And some such grievous passions tear,
 That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who give them
 pain,
 Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee :

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin :
 And they who fain would serve Thee best,
 Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall :
 Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

II. TWELLS.

73.—The Miracles of Christ.

JOHN xiv. 12.



STRIKING summary of our Lord's greatest miracles, designed to point the lesson conveyed in the last stanza, *My soul, the Lord is here !* We need not, then, vainly utter the impassioned longing, *O where is He ?* The outward wonders, palpable to sight and sense, are no longer wrought ; but the spiritual power remains, and the divinest wonders are those which are wrought upon the souls of men. Surely this is what our Lord intended in the great mysterious promise chosen for the motto-text of this fine Hymn.

C.M.

O WHERE is He that trod the sea ?
 O where is He that spake,
 And demons from their victims flee,
 The dead their slumbers break ?
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,
 The dumb men talk and sing,
 And from blind eyes benighted long
 Bright beams of morning spring ?

O where is He that trod the sea ?
 O where is He that spake,
 And piercing words of liberty
 The deaf ears open shake ;

And mildest words arrest the haste
 Of fever's deadly fire ;
 And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
 Their life in sad desire ?

O where is He that trod the sea ?
 O where is He that spake,
 And dark waves, rolling heavily,
 A glassy smoothness take ?
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been
 A living loathsome grave,
 See with amaze that they are clean,
 And cry " 'Tis He can save ! "

O where is He that trod the sea ?
 'Tis only He can save :
 To thousands hungering wearily
 A wondrous meal He gave ;
 Full soon, celestially fed,
 Their rustic fare they take ;
 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
 And harvest when He brake.

O where is He that trod the sea ?
 My soul, the Lord is here :
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee ;
 To leap, to look, to hear,
 Be thine : thy needs He'll satisfy ;
 Art thou diseased, or dumb,
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry ?
 " I come," saith Christ, " I come ! "

T. T. LYNCH.

74.—" A Man of Sorrows."

ISAIAH liii. 3.



BISHOP CHRISTIAN GREGOR, of the Brethren's Church, was called the Asaph of Herrnhut ; being at once Editor, Musician, and Poet. The following Hymn is that by which his memory will live in the churches.

87.87.88.77.

MAN of sorrows, and acquainted
 With our griefs, what shall we say ?
 Never yet hath language painted
 All the woes that on Thee lay.
 Had I seen Thee, clothed in weakness,
 Bearing our reproach with meekness,
 To attend Thee day and night
 Would have been my heart's delight.

Oh that to this heavenly Stranger
 I had there my homage paid,
 From His first sigh in a manger,
 Till He cried "'Tis finishèd !"
 That first sigh had consecrated
 Me His own, and I had waited
 On Him from His infancy
 In a constant liturgy.

Walking, speaking, in devotion,
 Far to fields or forests strayed,
 I had watchèd every motion,
 And my Lord my pattern made.
 More have angels ne'er desired,
 Than on Him, or far retired,
 Or at home, awake, asleep,
 Fixed their wondering eyes to keep.

Tell me, little flock belovèd,
 Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
 What within your souls then movèd,
 When ye felt His kind embrace !
 O disciple, once most blessèd,
 As a bosom friend caressèd,
 Say, could e'er into thy mind
 Other objects entrance find !

Oft to prayer, by night retreated,
 See Him, from all search withdrawn ;
 Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
 Witnessed still the morning dawn :
 There, where He made intercession,
 I had poured forth my confession ;
 And where for my sins He wept,
 Praying, I the watch had kept.

Should I thus to Thee have cleavèd,
 'Midst Thy poverty and woes,
 On Thee, as my Lord, believèd—
 Or, perhaps, have joined Thy foes ?
 Ah ! Thy mercy I had spurnèd ;
 But Thyself my heart hast turnèd ;
 Now, Thou know'st, beneath, above,
 Nought compared with Thee I love.

BISHOP GREGOR.

Translated by C. J. LATROBE.

75.—Christ, His Life and Example.

JOHN xvii. 18.

C.M.

BEHOLD ! where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was His divine employ.

'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
 Patient and meek He stood ;
 His foes ungrateful sought His life,
 He laboured for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before His Father's throne,
 With soul resigned, He bowed and said,
 " Thy will, not Mine, be done ! "

Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread His sacred steps,
 And His bright glories share !

W. ENFIELD.

76.—The Saviour's Example.

JOHN xiii. 15.

L.M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord !
 I read my duty in Thy word,
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.

77.—“Made like unto His Brethren.”

HEBREWS ii. 17.

FROM the *Child's Christian Year*.
The original Hymns in this beautiful
little collection are often attributed to
Keble. They are really by the late
Professor Anstice, of King's College, London.
“The Hymns were all dictated to his wife during
the last few weeks of his life, and were composed
just at the period of the day (the afternoon) when
he most felt the oppression of his illness; all the
brighter morning hours being given to pupils up
to the very day of his death,” at the age of 28.

C.M.

IN all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us, O Lord!
Replies the voice within!

O holy God, yet frail weak man!
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

Our faith is weak; O Light of light,
Clear Thou our clouded view!
That, Son of Man and Son of God!
We give Thee honour due.

O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears,
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

O Son of God! in glory raised
Thou sittest on Thy throne;
Thence by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
Still succouring Thine own.

Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven!

J. ANSTICE.

78.—Christ's Perfect Sympathy.

HEBREWS ii. 16, 17.

L.M.

O SAVIOUR! Thou in love didst make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.

Thou in our very flesh didst come,
And make this sinful earth Thy home,
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.

There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part.

Thou who wast rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure;
Thou who wast high, becoming low
That we might to Thy stature grow.

Thou, God of heaven, by human birth
A Man of sorrows upon earth,
That we may draw our best relief
From Thy dear fellowship in grief.

Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

79.—A Home for Jesus.

LUKE ix. 58.

6. 10.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves—to slumber on the voiceless
deep;

Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep;

The wild deer hath his lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their
All have their rest from care : [shed ;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest :
To bid the sinner live, [breast.
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the path of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His
head?

I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once made His gentle spirit mourn ;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of
thorn ;

O why should I have peace ?
Why ? but for that unchanged, undying
love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of His face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest, [bed ;
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

On earth Thou lovest best [sin ;
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart
within.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

80.—“Peace, be Still !”

MARK iv. 39.

S.M.

FIERCE was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear ;
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

But at the stern rebuke
Of Thine almighty word
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy “*Peace, be still !*”

When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that appalling hour.

And when amid the signs
Which speak Thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear ;

May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads, and hail with joy
The storm that heralds Thee.

H. W. BEADON.

81.—The Tempest Stilled.

JOHN vi. 20.



VERY striking transcript from a Greek Hymn of the fifth century. In the second verse “Euroclydon” is altered by many editors to “tempest wind.” The poet has certainly taken a license in transferring the proper name of the Levantine gale (Acts xxvii. 14) to a storm upon Gennesaret, But this seems hardly sufficient reason for disallowing the word.

6.4.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white ;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the God of God,
“Peace, it is I !”

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest !
 Wail of Euroclydon
 Be thou at rest !
 Peril can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 "Peace, it is I !"

Jesus, Deliverer !
 Come Thou to me ;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea :
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 "Peace, it is I !"

ANATOLIUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

82.—The Transfiguration.

MATTHEW xvii. 4.

FEW good Hymns exist on this great central event of our Lord's ministry, His true designation for the Cross. Then, the Law and the Prophets, in the persons of their foremost representatives, speak of "the decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem," and resign their commission, as it were, into the hands of the Beloved Son ; while the Christian ministry of the future, represented by the three great apostles, receives the solemn lesson, "Hear ye HIM." The theme might well inspire the Christian poet ; and Dean Stanley has presented some of its aspects with a master-hand. It will be observed that in common with most modern expositors he places the scene on *Hermon*, not on *Tabor* as tradition represents. The Hymn is given in many collections in an abridged form.

L.M.

LORD ! it is good for us to be
 High on the mountain here with
 Thee :
 Here in an ampler, purer air,
 Above the stir of toil and care,
 Of hearts opprest with doubt and grief,
 Believing in their unbelief,
 Calling Thy servants all in vain
 To ease them of their bitter pain.

Lord ! it is good for us to be
 Where rest the souls that dwell with
 Thee ;
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 The great old saints of other days,
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal laws of truth and right ;
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord ! it is good for us to be
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three :
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
 Here, where the son of thunder learns
 The thought that breathes, the word that
 burns,
 Here, where on eagles' wings we move
 With him whose last, best word is love.

Lord ! it is good for us to be
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
 Watching the glistering raiment glow
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
 The human lineaments which shine
 Irradiant with a light divine,
 Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
 Gazing on that transfigured face.


Lord ! it is good for us to be
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
 Within the overshadowing cloud
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud ;
 We wist not what to think or say,
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;
 They tell us of the dread "decease :"
 But yet to linger here is peace.

Lord ! it is good for us to be
 Here on the holy mount with Thee,
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly voice
 Which bids bewildered souls rejoice :
 Though love wax cold, and faith grow
 dim,
 This is My Son : O hear ye Him !

DR. A. P. STANLEY.

83.—Jesus drawing near.

2 CORINTHIANS xii. 9.

N appropriate application of several circumstances in the Gospel history. It is the Hymn for the Fourth Sunday in Advent in Bishop Wordsworth's *Holy Year*. The last two verses are omitted.

C.M.

THE Galilean fishers toil
All night, and nothing take ;
But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake ;

Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
Come, blessèd Jesus, then !

The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild winds roar ;
But Jesus comes, and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore ;

O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessèd Jesus, hear !

A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
The penitent upon the tree,
Was borne to Paradise ;

In hours of sin and deep distress
O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
In penitential loneliness
O give us, Jesus, grace !


The faithful few retire in fear
To their closed upper room ;
But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.

Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease,
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,
Speak, holy Jesus, peace !

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

84.—Blind Bartimæus.

MARK x. 46-52.

HIS little poem in its original form is remarkable for the skill with which Mr. Longfellow has inwrought the words of Bartimæus, of his companions, and of our Lord, in the original Greek, so as to fall naturally into the metre :

Ἰησοῦ, ἐλῆσόν με !
θάρσει, ἔγειρε, φωνεῖ σε.
ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε.

With almost equal felicity, the words are translated so as to serve the purpose of the Hymn.

L.M. six lines.

BLIND Bartimæus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits :
He hears the crowd ; he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth !"
And calls in tones of agony,
"O Jesus, Jesus, pity me !"

The thronging multitudes increase ;
"Blind Bartimæus, hold thy peace !"
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The blind man's cry is shrill and loud :
Until they say, "He calleth thee ;
Courage ! arise ! He calleth thee !"


Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at My hands ?"
And he replies, "O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."
And Jesus answers, "Go thy way,
Thy faith, thy faith hath saved thee."

Ye that hath eyes and cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty voices three—
"O Jesus, Jesus, pity me !"
"Courage ! arise ! He calleth thee !"
"Thy faith, thy faith hath saved thee."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

85.—Christ's Invitation.

MATTHEW xi. 28.

NOTHER Hymn by the author of the favourite *As with gladness, men of old*. The present form is understood to be that which the author prefers: but for "cheering" and "welcome" in the third and

fourth verses, he originally wrote "peaceful" and "patient"; and in the former, "to aid our strife," was "to end our strife." Most readers will probably prefer the later readings.

7.6.

COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

86.—The Love that passeth Knowledge.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.

VERY close rendering of an "Ambrosian" Latin Hymn :



"O Amor quam exstaticus !
Quam effluens, quam nimius !"

One verse has been omitted, the third in the original :

"Nor willed He only to appear ;
His pleasure was to tarry here :
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three."

L.M.

O LOVE, how deep ! how broad !
how high !
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptations sharp He knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought ;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up His breath.

For us He rose from death again ;
For us He went on high to reign ;
For us He sent His Spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

HYMN OF 5TH—7TH CENTURY.
Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

87.—Christ's Sympathy always with us.

JOHN xiv. 18.



NOTHER of the exquisite "Breakfast Table" poems, see No. 19. The title prefixed by the author, "a Hymn of Trust," is more general than that which we have ventured to give.

L. M.

LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

88.—Appeal to the Suffering Redeemer.

HEBREWS v. 7.

7s.

SAVIOUR ! when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh ! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy day of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

89.—Looking unto Jesus.

HEBREWS xii. 2.



SINGLE Hymn of rare excellence by a writer who, so far as we know, has contributed no others to the worship of the churches. The hymn-books that have adopted it have generally omitted the second verse, or transposed it to the end ; altering other stanzas without, as it seems, any sufficient reason.

6.6. 10.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy
home on high.

Our eyes behold Thee not,
 Yet hast Thou not forgot
 Those who have placed their hope, their
 trust in Thee :
 Before Thy Father's face
 Thou hast prepared a place, [be.
 That where Thou art, there they may also

It was no path of flowers
 Which, through this world of ours,
 Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it
 spread ?

O Thou who art our Life !
 Be with us through the strife ;
 Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms
 was bowed :
 Raise Thou our eyes above
 To see a Father's love [cloud.
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the

And, oh ! if thoughts of gloom
 Should hover o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall
 be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth
 lead to Thee !

SARAH ELIZABETH MILES.

90.—Our Kindredship to Emmanuel.

I CORINTHIANS xv. 49.



ONE of two striking Hymns by Mr. Gill
 on the same theme : "Christ for us."
 The second has also some noticeable
 stanzas :

"Didst Thou endure the desert drear
 And know the Tempter's wile,
 That we might taste the heavenly cheer,
 And win the Father's smile ?

On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom
 In that drear garden rise ?
 Are ours the brightness and the bloom
 Of Thine own Paradise ?

For Thee the Father's hidden face ?
 For Thee the bitter cry ?
 For us the Father's endless grace,
 The song of victory ? "

C.M.

O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
 This watch the Lord did keep,
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
 These tears the Lord did weep.

Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone,
 Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be :

We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
 Because Thy Heaven we share,
 Because we sing around Thy throne,
 And Thy bright raiment wear.

O wondrous grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine :
 O matchless grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine.

Yes, strange the gifts and marvellous,
 By Thee received and given,
 Thou tookest woe and death for us,
 And we receive Thy heaven.

T. H. GILL.

91.—The Great Exemplar.

JOHN xii. 26.



IN dwelling on Christ's pattern to us, it
 is natural and right that His *sufferings*
 should occupy the foremost place.
 Yet He set us an example, too, for
 the brighter hours of life, and it is hardly true in
 a literal sense that He left "untasted *every* pure
 delight." But this the poet did not intend, while
 bent on enforcing the lesson that Christ "pleased
 not Himself."

L.M.

HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
 How shall I copy Him I love?
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
 Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
 The life of toil, the mean abode,
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
 Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
 Until the perfect work was done,
 And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering
 lie,
 Forbid it I should e'er repine;
 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
 Untasted every pure delight,
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
 The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
 Thou camest not Thyself to please,
 And dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes, I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the notice of Thine eye,
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But Thou canst give the victory.

JOSIAH CONDER.

92.—The Sympathy of Jesus.

HEBREWS ii. 18.



FROM a longer poem dwelling on the
 various illustrations of Christ's sym-
 pathy.

7s.

JESUS, Saviour! Thou dost know
 All the depth of human woe;
 Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
 Thou hast felt the withering fear.

For the iron of our sin
 To Thy heart hath entered in;
 All its festering anguish keen,
 Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.

Thou our Brother art, and we
 With our sorrows come to Thee;
 Thou wilt not, for us who died,
 From our misery turn aside.

Jesus, save! the floods are nigh;
 To Thine open arms we fly;
 Sure the waters will not dare
 Overwhelm our spirits there.

No! the raging waves subside,
 Thou hast checked the rising tide,
 All our woes obey Thy will,
 While Thou whisperest, "*Peace, be still!*"

CAROLINE DENT.

93.—Our Forerunner in Pilgrimage.

LUKE xiv. 27.

C.M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
 The blessed Saviour passed;
 A mourner all His life was He,
 A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
 For all its life-blood gave;
 It found on earth no resting-place,
 Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
 The cross, with all its scorn?
 Or love a faithless, evil world,
 That wreathed His brow with thorn?

No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
 Like Him, obedient still,
 We homeward press, through storm or
 calm,
 To Zion's blessed hill.

Dead to the world with Him who died
 To win our hearts, our love,
 We, risen with our risen Head,
 In spirit dwell above.

SIR E. DENNY.

94.—The Ever-present Saviour.

MATTHEW xxviii. 20.



THE following lines are taken from a poem of thirty-four stanzas, in which the poet dilates upon the thought that Christ is always near, and that the secret of a Divine life is in Him.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude,
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good."

But the six selected verses form a complete Hymn in themselves, and as such are incorporated into several modern collections.

C.M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
said,
Our lips in childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

J. G. WHITTIER.

95.—Jesus approaching
Jerusalem.

MATTHEW xxi. 9.

L.M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strewed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

DR. H. H. MILMAN.

96.—Hymn for Palm Sunday.

MARK xi. 9, 10.

7.6.

GLORY, and laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and blessed One.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

In hastening to Thy Passion
They raised their hymns of praise ;
In reigning midst Thy glory
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

97.—Christ's Entry to Jerusalem.

I CORINTHIANS iii. 17.



FRAGMENT from the eloquent Bishop, modified to shape it into regular verse. It originally occurs in the "Festival Hymns" appended to the *Golden Grove*, and is entitled "The Second Hymn for Advent ; or, Christ's coming to Jerusalem in Triumph."

"Lord, come away,
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet."

IOS.

DESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord !
Her faithful children cry with one
accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in Thy
way

Thy road is ready, Lord !—Thy paths,
made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet :
And hark ! Hosannas loud Thy footsteps
greet !

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord !
here

Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell
therein ?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse
the floor !
Destroy their strength, that they may
never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set
Thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent
be

In praises of Thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud
repeat [greet !

Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps

Adapted from BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

98.—Jesus in the Garden.

LUKE xxii. 44.



FROM a dramatic sketch entitled *The English Martyrs ; a scene of the days of Queen Mary*. The Hymn is supposed to be sung in the prison-cell, by a heroic girl about to be led forth to her cruel doom.

86.86.88.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony ;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 Thus to o'ershadow HIM !
 That He who gave man's breath might
 know
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all !—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gathered round His head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away !

It passed not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread ;
 It passed not—though to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead ;
 But there was sent Him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark narrow way ?
 Through Him, through Him that path
 who trod ;
 Save, or we perish, Son of God !

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

99.—Gethsemane.

LUKE xxii. 41, 42.

THIS Hymn first appeared in Dr. Martineau's *Hymns for the Church and Home*; and in the later *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*, by the same Editor, it is marked *Anonymous*. The unknown author has reached in the second verse one of the highest flights of which hymnody is capable. In what follows there is only this deficiency, that the death of our Lord was not *only* a martyrdom. His kingdom was won by something beyond even submission and sorrow !

L.M.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
 Where Kedron's moonlit waters
 stray,
 Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
 "O Father ! take this cup away !"

Ah ! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray :
 And Earth, for all her children, saith,
 "O God ! take *not* this cup away !"

O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :
 Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
 Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh ;
 Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise :
 None else can lead the martyr-band,
 Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
 When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth ! the cross ascend :
 O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne :
 Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
 The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
 Make but one fold below, above :
 And when we go the last lone way,
 O give the welcome of Thy love.

ANONYMOUS.

100.—Hymn for Good Friday.

ISAIAH liii. 5.

88.7.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning
 When, the King of glory scorning,
 Raged the fierce Jerusalem ;
 See the Christ, His Cross up-bearing,
 See Him stricken, spit on, wearing
 The thorn-platted diadem !

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
 Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
 Slew Him on the cursed tree ;
 Ours, the sin, from Heaven that called Him,
 Ours, the sin, whose burden galled Him,
 In the green Gethsemane !

For our sins, of glory emptied,
 He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
 He was slain on Calvary ;
 Yet He for His murderers pleaded,
 Lord ! by us that prayer is needed,
 We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
 By thy precious cross and passion,
 By Thy blood and agony ;
 By Thy glorious resurrection,
 By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
 Make us Thine eternally !

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

101.—The Darkness on Calvary.

MATTHEW xxvii. 45, 46.

7s.

THRONED upon the awful tree,
 King of grief, I watch with Thee ;
 Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
 None its lines of woe can trace,
 None can tell what pangs unknown
 Hold Thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours
 Wrestling with the evil powers,
 Left alone with human sin,
 Gloom around Thee and within.
 Till the appointed time is nigh,
 Till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark, that cry that peals aloud
 Upward through the whelming cloud !
 Thou, the Father's only Son,
 Thou, His own Anointed One,
 Thou dost ask Him—can it be ?
 "Why hast Thou forsaken Me ?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
 Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
 Thou, who once wast thus bereft
 That Thine own might ne'er be left,
 Teach me by that bitter cry,
 In the gloom to know Thee nigh !

J. ELLERTON.

102.—The Dying Son of God.

MATTHEW xxvii. 54.

7s.

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
 Faint and bleeding—who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb ;
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled, burning thirst,
 By the drooping, death-dewed brow ;
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful—who is He ?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil ;
 By earth trembling at His doom,
 By the saints who burst their tomb,
 Eden promised ere He died
 To the felon at His side,
 Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow ;
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Sad and dying—who is He ?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead ;
 By the mourners, come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
 Crucified ! we know Thee now !
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful—who is He ?
 By the prayer for them that slew—
 "Lord, they know not what they do ;"
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

DR. H. H. MILMAN.

103.—The Appeal of the Cross.

LAMENTATIONS i. 12.

5. 5. 11.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh;
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your Surety He is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
 His.

For what you have done
 His blood must atone:
 The Father hath punished for you His
 dear Son:
 The Lord, in the day
 Of His anger, did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them
 away.

He answered for all;
 O come at His call,
 And low at His cross in astonishment fall.
 But lift up your eyes
 At Jesus's cries:
 Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.

He dies to atone
 For sins not His own,
 Your debt He hath paid, and your work
 He hath done:
 Ye all may receive
 The peace He did leave,
 Who made intercession, "My Father,
 forgive."

For you and for me,
 He prayed on the tree;
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free:
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

My pardon I claim,
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's Name.
 He purchased the grace
 Which now I embrace:
 O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in
 my place.

His death is my plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath
 answered for me:
 Acquitted I was
 When He bled on the cross,
 And by losing His life He hath carried
 my cause.

CHARLES WESLEY.

104.—Passion Hymn.

MARK XV. 17.



SCARCELY any Hymn seems to have
 taken such a hold upon the churches
 of modern days as this; and certainly
 none has appeared in more various
 forms. Its origin is in a rhythm of Bernard of
 Clairvaux, forming a long invocation to our Lord,
 as beheld upon the cross, and addressed in a
 strain of impassioned fervour to different parts of
 His sacred Body in turn, as His Hands, His
 Feet, His Side. The last section, entitled "Ad
 Faciem," begins:

"Salve, Caput cruentatum,
 Totum spinis coronatum,"

and consists of fifty lines, given by Trench in his
Sacred Latin Poetry. This section was imitated
 by Paul Gerhardt, in a Hymn of ten stanzas:

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
 Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn!"

Bernard's verses have been rendered, with abbreviations, by Dean Alford in his *Year of Praise*; by Sir H. W. Baker in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; and by Mrs. Charles in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*. Gerhardt, again, has found translators in Miss Winkworth, *Lyra Germanica*; also in the Rev. John Kelly, *Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Songs*, and in some others. The version that we give below is from one of ten verses by the Rev. Dr. Alexander of New York.

7. 6.

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only crown!
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain :
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour ;
 'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, sinners' Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 O make me Thine for ever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

And when I am departing,
 Then part not Thou from me ;
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free :
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throe,
 Release me from mine anguish
 By Thine own pain and woe.

Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me ;
 And, for my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

DR. W. J. ALEXANDER.

From Gerhard's rendering of Bernard.

105.—Beneath the Cross.

ZECARIAH xii. 10.



HYMN which has come home to the hearts of so many as this has done could not have been omitted ; and yet its adaptation has been found a task of great difficulty. The last line of every verse, "Jesus, our Love, is crucified," from the old phrase "Amor meus crucifixus est," is the burden of the strain, and so is reproduced in many Protestant hymnals (as Bickersteth's) ; while others read,

"Jesus, our Lord, is crucified."

In the version given below, besides the necessary change from "Mary" in the second line of the first verse, there is as little alteration as possible, although some verses have been omitted. For the line in reference to "Pilate and Judas" some editors read,

"Betrayed, condemned, and scourged thy Lord."

L.M.

OH, come and mourn with me awhile ;
 See, Jesus calls us to His side :
 Oh come, together let us mourn ;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
 Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love ;
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed ;
 His spirit He did thus confide
 To His beloved Father's hands :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine !
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and His Judas were :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;
 The fountain opened in His side
 Shall purge our deepest stains away :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;
 A broken heart, love's cradle is :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O Love of God ! O sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried :
 And victory remains with love,
 For He, our Love, is crucified !

DR. F. W. FABER.

106.—Contemplation of the Dying Saviour.

JOHN xix. 35.



AN adaptation by the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, one of the editors of the Countess of Huntingdon's Hymn-book, of a Hymn by James Allen of Kendal, editor of a work entitled *A Collection of Hymns for the use of those that seek and those that have found Redemption in the Blood of Christ*. Kendal, 1757. Allen's original begins—

"While my Jesus I'm possessing."

In some Church of England hymn-books the Hymn consists of the first verse as given below, and the following :

"Here on earth I find a heaven,
On the Lamb of God to gaze,
Loving much, for much forgiven ;
Mingling tears, and prayer, and praise.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I reach Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see."

The alteration, it is said, is by Keble.

8.7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've more forgiven :
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

ALLEN AND SHIRLEY.

107.—Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

GALATIANS vi. 14.



WRITER in the "Oxford Essays," 1858, fixes on this as Watts's finest hymn. Its devotional fervour, as well as the apt and majestic rendering of the Apostle's words in its first two verses, will always give it a place among the most cherished treasures of the Church. The fourth verse is below the tone of the rest, and is omitted in many hymnals. In verse 5 the alteration, often made, of "present" to "offering" is of doubtful propriety. The poet is thinking not so much of a sacrifice upon the altar as of a gift of love to our Divine Friend.

L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

DR. WATTS.

108.—Glorying in the Cross.

GALATIANS vi. 14.



THIS is instructive to compare this favourite Hymn with Dr. Watts's just given. In the one we have the *personal* influence of the Cross, leading to consecration of the heart and life ; in this other, its more general aspect on the lot of man and the history of the world.

8.7.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the Cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

109.—The Power of the Cross.

GALATIANS vi. 14.



NE of Kelly's best known Hymns.
 The last couplet often appears in our
 hymn-books as—

" 'Tis all that sinners want below,
 'Tis all that angels know above."

In declaring that the Cross is "all" to angels and to men, the poet had in view that infinite all-embracing love of which the supreme manifestation is "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself;" hence his bold hyperbole; but the couplet is altered in his latest edition, as here given.

L.M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
 In shining letters, "God is love :"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love ;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY.

110.—The Fountain Opened.

ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.



HE application of the metaphor in the first verse of this pathetic Hymn may be questioned ; and yet we cannot be critical with words so dear to the churches. Most editors and congregations change the exulting assurance in the second verse into a prayer :

" Oh, there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away !"

But surely the language is especially dear to those who have learned to love the poet, from its insight into his happier hours of life. The last two verses are often omitted ; but for a similar reason they might be left to stand, if only for the triumphant *I believe !*

C.M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

WILLIAM COWPER.

111.—Following Jesus to Suffering and to Glory.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 5.

7s.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
See the Lord of life arraigned :
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete !
"It is finished !" hear Him cry :
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom :—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ;—He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

112.—Christ on Earth, beheld by Faith.

JOHN xv. 29.

SCARCELY any Hymn has passed through so many alterations as this. Originally by an American author, it was first modified for English hymn-books by the Rev. H. J. Buckoll, for Rugby School Chapel ; then by the Rev. J. H. Gurney, for his own collections, where it appears in two different versions. The idea is a happy one, but the Hymn cannot be said to have any settled form. In many collections the third verse—

"We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,"

lines which have been felt to jar upon the sweetness of the strain.

L.M. six lines.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death ;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind.
But we believe the Fount of light,
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground.
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side,
But we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear
 On that first glorious Easter-day ;
 "The Lord is risen, He is not here,
 Come see the place where Jesus lay !"
 But we believe that Thou didst quell
 The banded powers of death and hell.

We did not mark those faithful few,
 When Thou didst through the clouds
 ascend,
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
 Yet we believe that mortal eyes
 Beheld Thee rising to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
 And thence Thy waiting people bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
 But we believe that Thou art there,
 And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY.

113.—Christ for us.

GALATIANS ii. 20.

L.M.

THE Son of God in mighty love
 Came down to Bethlehem for me ;
 Forsook His throne of light above
 An Infant upon earth to be.

In love the Father's sinless Child
 Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me ;
 With sinners dwelt the Undefined,
 The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
 Became a Man of griefs for me,
 In love, though rich, becoming poor,
 That I through Him enriched might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,
 He went to Olivet for me,
 There drank the cup of dread and woe
 When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever blessèd Son of God
 Went up to Calvary for me,
 There paid my debt, there bore my load
 In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
 Went down into the grave for me,
 There overcame my enemies,
 There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path He trod
 To consecrate a way for me,
 Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
 From Bethlehem to Calvary.

'Tis finished all ; the veil is rent,
 The welcome sure, the access free ;
 Now then we leave our banishment,
 O Father, to return to Thee !

DR. H. BONAR.

114.—The Great Sacrifice.

HEBREWS x. 4.

IT is especially important that a Hymn like this, which in its simplicity has been the joy and song of thousands in many generations, should be given in its exact original form ; or the alterations, for theological reasons, or on grounds of taste, to be found in almost every hymn-book, will soon render its text uncertain. For instance, the latest edition of the Wesleyan Hymn-book in the third verse reads "meek" for "dear," "as" for "like," and "here" for "there." In the next stanza the changes are more significant : "burden" for "burdens," and "knows" for "hopes." Then in the last verse "see" becomes "feel," and "sing" is changed to "trust." It is not difficult to perceive the reason of all these changes ; some of them may be real improvements ; but the following is the Hymn as it came from the pen of Dr. Watts.

S.M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away our stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

DR. WATTS.

115.—Crucified to the World.

GALATIANS ii. 20.

7s.

NEVER further than Thy cross !
Never higher than Thy feet !
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
Here earth's bitter things seem sweet.

Gazing thus, our sin we see ;
Learn Thy love while gazing thus !
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee ;
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here, from pomp and pride retired
Nothing we would seem or be ;
Dust ! yet with Thy life inspired ;
Nothing ! yet beloved by Thee.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, obedient, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service, here unite ;
Captives, by Thy cross made free ;
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts shall tend ;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end ;

Till amidst the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and bright,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. CHARLES.

116.—Appeal to Jesus the Sufferer.

I PETER ii. 21.



HIS touching Hymn first appeared in Heber's posthumous collection, and has been incorporated into most good hymn-books, though with many alterations. The last line of every verse originally read—

"Gracious Son of Mary, hear !"

Afterwards, however, the name JESUS was substituted, to the great improvement of the line. The author was also persuaded to alter "Son of Mary" to "born of woman," but in this connection the reference to our Lord's mother is surely legitimate, as pointing the lesson of the Incarnation ; and the phrase as it stood is decidedly more poetical. Several compilers have altered it to "Son of David," as though the appeal were to the *royalty* rather than the *humanity* of our Lord. This change of course completely spoils the hymn. We have omitted Milman's third verse, as conveying a mistaken, or at least a confused, meaning :

"When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !"

But some have attempted to remedy this stanza by altering "sullen" to "solemn," and "departed" to "departing."

7s.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

DR. H. H. MILMAN.

117.—Risen with Christ.

COLOSSIANS iii. 1.

PART of a larger poem, but in itself complete. The three omitted stanzas (after the second) refer in detail to the work of life, expanding the thought with which the first of them closes :

"Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom speed ;
Till my whole life in concord say,
'The Lord is risen indeed !'"

C.M.

DEAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid
My heart lies down with Thee.
Oh, not in cold despair of joy
Or weariness of pain,
But from a hope, that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength
My place on earth to fill,
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will.
Firm against every doubt of Thee
For all my future way—
To walk in heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end how full to bless !
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness !
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our hope complete :
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes—they shall meet, and face to face,
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.
For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine then, Thou resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine !
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
Now in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

ANNA L. WARING.

118.—Easter Eve.

LUKE xxiii. 56.

A HYMN for Saturday ; inserted here because of the association of the Jewish Sabbath with our Lord's rest in the Tomb. The subject has not often been taken as a theme for sacred song. In addition, however, to this Hymn and the following, there is a poem by Dr. Bonar, *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, third series, with the burden, "Rest, weary Son of God !" and a translation by Miss Winkworth from Solomon Frank in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, beginning—

"Rest of the weary ! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest."

The Easter Eve poem in the *Christian Year* is also well known, while Dr. Monsell's Hymn, "Lowly kneel and softly tread," is much in the strain of Mr. Whytehead's that follows.

7s.

THIS the old world's day of rest,
At the great Creation blest,
With what deep Divine repose
Would the first sweet Sabbath close !
Ere the working days of man
With their toils and cares began.

Ancient Patriarchs to-night
 Rested from each solemn rite,
 And when dew on Zion's hill
 Told the Temple songs were still,
 O how calm this evening fell
 On happy hosts of Israel !

This the night when deepest gloom
 Compassed once a wondrous Tomb ;—
 Though the place be guarded well
 By stone, by seal, by sentinel,
 Faith may enter ! there He lies !
 The Mystery of Mysteries !

Piercèd side and wounded brow,
 Rest without the torture now ;
 And beside the winding-sheet
 At the Sleeper's head and feet
 Glistening angels have their place,
 Gazing on the silent face.

Friends in heaven ! ye found it so :
 Through the night we think of you ;—
 Of the watch the angels keep
 O'er your mortal part asleep ;
 Of your spirits glorified
 Through the risen Christ who died.

Oh to join you ! when the woes
 Of our week of life shall close ;
 Lord ! let faith and hope be bright,
 In this dark transition night ;
 And then grant us in Thy love
 Endless Sabbath kept above.

G. RAWSON.

119.—Watching by the Saviour's Tomb.

MATTHEW xxvii. 61.



FROM the *Holy Year* (supplement),
Hymns Ancient and Modern, &c. ;
 being part of a longer poem in irreg-
 ular metre by the youthful author,
 beginning—

"Sabbath of the saints of old."

In the original the account given of Mary
 Magdalene does not accurately conform to the
 history—

"All the seventh day, I ween,
 Mournful watched the Magdalene ;
 Rising early, resting late,
 By the Sepulchre to wait."

On all accounts, then, the adaptation must be
 pronounced an improvement. The versions in
 the two books above mentioned slightly differ :
 we have followed the *Holy Year*.

7s.

RESTING from His work to-day
 In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
 Still He slept, from Head to Feet
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene :
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
 Let us solemn vigil spend :
 May our hearts for ever be,
 Lord, a resting-place for Thee ;
 Where, as in that holy cell,
 None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering ;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around ;
 And in patient watch remain
 Till our Lord appear again.

T. WHYTEHEAD.

120.—The First Lord's Day.

MATTHEW xxviii. 7.



HERE are two Hymns by Dr. Watts
 on the Resurrection of Christ, 72 and
 76 in his Second Book ; the latter
 begins—

"Hosanna to the Prince of Light :"

but, with some good lines that have made it
 popular, it is very unequal, while its imagery in
 part tends to lower the dignity of the subject.
 We therefore prefer the following, although here

also the poet is far below his best. There is also a Hymn in Dr. Watts's *Lyrical Poems* on "Christ dying, rising, and reigning," chiefly remarkable for the felicitous alteration of the first stanza by the Wesleys. Dr. Watts wrote :

"He dies, the heavenly Lover dies ;
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings. Deep He lies
In the cold caverns of the ground."

The substituted verse reads :

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies ;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

But notwithstanding this fine verse, the Hymn can hardly be pronounced successful.

C.M.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning
rays,
Beheld our rising God !
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode !

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

DR. WATTS.

121.—Hymn for Easter Day.

MATTHEW xxviii. 6.



THIS familiar Easter Hymn ¹ appears in an early collection of the Wesleys, 1739, where it has eleven verses. In the Wesleyan Hymn-book only six of these are given, with one important alteration in the fourth, where the third line was originally written,

"Dying once, He all doth save :"

a characteristic thought of the author, who repeats it in another of the verses omitted in the collection :

"What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parent's fall ;
Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly Adam live."

The last verse but one, as given below, is also omitted in the Wesleyan Hymn-book.

7s.

"**C**HRISt the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and angels, say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens ; and earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ has opened Paradise !

Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head !
Made like Him, like Him we rise !
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

¹ The variation, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah !" from an anonymous Latin Hymn of the eleventh century, appears to have been a later production ; being traced by Sir Roundell Palmer to the *Christian Magazine*, 1762, where it has a doxology which is certainly Wesley's.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
 Praise to Thee by both be given ;
 Thee we greet triumphant now ;
 Hail ! the Resurrection, Thou !

King of glory, Soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love !

CHARLES WESLEY.

122.—The Resurrection Morning.

ROMANS vi. 9.

6666.88.

YES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And, o'er our hellish foes,
 High raised His conquering head :
 In wild dismay,
 The guards around
 Fell to the ground,
 And sunk away.

Lo, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait His high commands,
 And worship at His feet !
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To such a tomb.

Then back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 He rose to-day."

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by Him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell ;
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 No more to die."

All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with Thy blood !
 Wide be Thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God.
 With Thee we rise,
 With Thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

123.—The Power of Christ's Resurrection.

PHILIPPIANS iii. 10.



HIS Hymn, though it may not strike the reader at first as equal to the author's Transfiguration and Ascension Hymns, is yet of great value, as setting forth the spiritual lessons of the Resurrection, considered as an emblem and a pledge of the certain and final conquest of Life over Death, Truth over Falsehood, and Goodness over Sin.

7s. *irregular.*

CHRIST is risen ! He is not here,
 Chained within our earthly sphere ;
 As in garb of flesh before,
 Henceforth know we Him no more.

Christ is risen ! Cross and tomb
 Sink behind in passing gloom !
 From these shadows drear and dim
 We must rise and live with Him.

Christ is risen ! Our lifelong sorrow
 Fades before a brighter morrow.
 For a time our courses sever,
 Soon to be rejoined for ever.

Christ is risen ! The Truth that died
Mocked, and scourged, and crucified,
Will unquestioned mount on high,
Next to God's own majesty.

Christ is risen ! Deep within
Every charnel house of sin
Lives a spark, which yet may shine
Radiant with a life divine.

Christ is risen ! The things of earth
Lose their power and change their worth,
As we soar to things above—
Cloudless light and boundless love.

Christ is risen ! Lo all is new,
Hail the coming Good and True !
From the old world's weight released,
Therefore let us keep the Feast.

Keep the Feast with mind sincere,
Conscience as the noontide clear,
Heart untouched by falsehood's leaven,
Freeborn citizens of heaven.

DR. A. P. STANLEY.

124.—Easter Day.

EPHESIANS i. 20.



THE Hymn for Easter in the *Holy Year*. The last verse, the doxology, is often omitted in hymn-books, but is here retained, as giving a grand completeness to the Hymn.

8.7.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He who on the cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On the holy Easter morn :

Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen !
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with Thee.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high,
Hallelujah to the Saviour
Who has gained the victory !
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty !

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

125.—The First Day of the Week.

JOHN XX. 1.



DESERVEDLY favourite Hymn for Sunday and Easter. Two verses are omitted, as unnecessary to the sense, and inferior to the rest.

C.M.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom !
O what a Sun which broke this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb !

To Him be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring guilty man
A Brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live !

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

126.—The First Fruits from the Dead.

I CORINTHIANS XV. 20.

C.M.

AWAKE, glad soul ! awake ! awake !
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song ;

Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal Spring.

O love ! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy ;
O grave ! whose very emptiness
To faith is full of joy ;
Let but that love our hearts supply
From heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, grave, where is thy victory ?
And, death, where is thy sting ?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey ;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !
And seek thy risen Lord ;
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word ;
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
" Christ died and rose for me."

DR. J. S. D. MONSELL.

127.—The Doubter Convinced.

JOHN XX. 29.

C.M.

O THOU, who didst, with love untold,
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded Hands and Side—

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.


And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh ! let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear ;—

And pray that we may never dare
Thy Spirit so to grieve ;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe !

MRS. EMMA TOKE

128.—Ascension Hymn.

PSALM xxiv. 7-10.

N the application of the Twenty-fourth Psalm to the Ascension of our Lord, see the Introduction to that Psalm in the first part of this volume, and Wesley's version. The Hymn itself is a worthy companion to those on the Nativity and the Resurrection, associated with it in the Wesleys' first volume. Most collections make considerable omissions, sadly marring the completeness of a very noble Hymn. In the second verse the word "pompous" is generally altered by compilers to "glorious ;" but we have let it stand, as in its etymological meaning it denotes that which belongs to a procession (*pompa*), and so well suggests the triumphal train which attended the ascending Saviour.

7s.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits :
"Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !"

Circled round with angel-powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
"Take the King of glory in !"

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below !

Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day ;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

129.—The Dying and Living Saviour.

ROMANS v. 10.



HYMN in an unusual metre, and a somewhat unfamiliar strain of thought. There are many Hymns that celebrate the wonders of the cross, and many on the triumphs of the resurrection ; but few that dwell upon the contrast between the two, and illustrate the great thought of the motto-text : "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life."

9.6.

OH ! show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled ;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.

Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station ;
Weep only for thy sins :
View where He lay with exultation ;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod ;
Look up and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt ;
For there the Great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give ?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;
Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave ;
Rising, the triumph He completed ;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him ;
He comes, the Judge of men ;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him ;
Lord Jesus ! own me then.

YOSIAH CONDER.

130.—Christ at the right hand of God.

JOHN xiv. 2.

C.M.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord !
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks upon the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our hearts may be in heaven.

That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be :
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

131.—Gone up on High.

EPHESIANS iv. 8.



FROM a pamphlet containing seven
Hymns for Ascension Day, published
at Bristol, 1746. The following is the
second ; all are written in a similarly
animated strain.

6666.88.

GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise ;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above ;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given ;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

High on His holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway ;
 His foes beneath His feet
 Shall sink and die away.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

His foes and ours are one,
 Satan, the world, and sin ;
 But He shall tread them down,
 And bring His Kingdom in.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing.
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Till all the earth, renewed
 In righteousness Divine,
 With all the hosts of God
 In one great chorus join.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

132.—Ascension Day.

PSALM lxxviii. 18.

FROM the *Holy Year*. The late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal pronounces this one of the finest of modern Hymns ; remarking that though it may seem too long for congregational use, its majesty and fire, with the aid of an appropriate tune, take away all sense of tediousness. In many hymn-books, however, as in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, it is divided into two parts, by a pause at the end of the fifth stanza.

8.7.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate ;
 Hark, the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful Hallelujahs sing,
 And the portals high are lifted,
 To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee ?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory ;

He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His hands in blessing,
 He is parted from His friends ;
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends ;
 He who walked with God, and pleased
 Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated
 To His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
 With His Blood, within the veil ;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail ;
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place ;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand ;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Him in glory stand :
 Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ;
 Man with God is on the Throne ;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
 Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
 Help us to look up with Stephen,
 And to see beyond the skies ;
 Where the Son of Man in glory
 Standing is at God's right hand,
 Beckoning on His martyr army,
 Succouring His faithful band ;

See Him, who is gone before us
 Heavenly mansions to prepare,
 See Him, who is ever pleading
 For us with prevailing prayer,
 See Him, who with sound of trumpet
 And with His angelic train,
 Summoning the world to judgment,
 On the clouds will come again.

Raise us up from earth to heaven,
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspiration
 Wafting us to realms above ;
 That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
 Where He sits enthroned in glory
 In His heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth,
 We from out our graves may spring,
 With our youth renewed like eagles,
 Flocking round our Heavenly King,
 Caught up on the clouds of heaven ;
 And may meet Him in the air,
 Rise to realms where He is reigning,
 And may reign for ever there.

Glory be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Dying, risen, ascended for us,
 Who the heavenly realm has won ;
 Glory to the Holy Spirit,
 To One God in Persons Three,
 Glory both in earth and heaven,
 Glory, endless glory be !

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

133.—The Ascended Saviour.

ACTS i. 9.



HIS Hymn, writes Dean Stanley to Dr. Schaff, "was written in 1859, at the request of a friend, whose children had complained to him that there was no suitable Hymn for Ascension Day, and who were eagerly asking what had been the feelings of the disciples after that event." ¹ It is here printed from the author's own copy. Part of the Hymn, more or less altered, is given in many collections.

7s. *irregular.*

HE is gone,—beyond the skies
 A cloud receives Him from our eyes,
 Gone beyond the highest height
 Of mortal gaze or angel's flight :
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone,—and we return,
 And our hearts within us burn ;
 Olivet no more shall greet
 With welcome shout His coming feet ;
 Never shall we track Him more
 On Gennesaret's glistening shore ;
 Never in that look and voice
 Shall Sion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone,—and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain ;
 In the void which He has left,
 On this earth, of Him bereft ;
 We have still His work to do,
 We can still His path pursue ;
 Seek Him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves His image show.

He is gone,—we heard Him say,
 "Good that I should go away."
 Gone is that dear form and face,
 But not gone His present grace ;
 Though Himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be—
 No—His Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone,—towards their goal
 World and Church must onward roll :
 Far behind we leave the past ;
 Forward are our glances cast :
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages, as they change :
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone,—but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before ;
 In the heaven of heavens the same,
 As on earth He went and came.
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare :
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone,—but not in vain,
 Wait until He comes again :
 He is risen, He is not here,
 Far above this earthly sphere ;

¹ *Christ in Song*, p. 261.

Evermore in heart and mind
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

DR. A. P. STANLEY.

134.—The Ascended Redeemer.

JOHN xvi. 7.

S.M.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord ! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh ! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high !

MKS. EMMA TOKE.

135.—The Saviour Crowned.

REVELATION xix. 12.



HIS stirring Hymn is entitled by its author "The Song of the Seraphs." It occurs in a book entitled *The Passion of Jesus*. Mr. Bridges was a Roman Catholic, but in these fervent strains every devout Protestant may heartily unite.

S.M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne !
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee ;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love !
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified ;
In Him our nature there
Reigns in the highest place,
And heaven's divinest honours are
The prints of earth's disgrace.

Crown Him the Lord of life !
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save :
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die !

Crown Him the Lord of peace !
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise :
His reign shall know no end ;
And round His piercèd feet
The thousand tones of earth shall blend,
In concord ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of might,
The King of kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal throne ;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His throne, the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves !

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
The King to whom alone is given
The wondrous name of Love !

All hail ! Redeemer, hail !
 For Thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

136.—The Living Saviour.

REVELATION i. 18.

7.8.

JESUS lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;
 Jesus lives ! and this we know,
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever ;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Tear us from His keeping ever.

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given :
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

C. F. GELLERT.

Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox.

137.—The Victorious Redeemer.

REVELATION xvii. 14.



HE author of this and the following Hymn seems to have consecrated his highest efforts to the celebration of Christ's sorrows and triumphs. From the large number of hymns which he has devoted to these themes it may suffice to select two, which have been, perhaps, the most generally popular. Others in a similar strain are :

" Hark, ten thousand harps and voices ;"
 " Hark, the notes of angels singing ;"
 " The Lord is risen indeed ;"

" Crowns of glory, ever bright ;"
 " Whence these unusual bursts of joy ?"
 and many more.

8.7.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
 See the Man of Sorrows now,
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him :
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THOMAS KELLY.

138.—" Perfect through Sufferings."

HEBREWS ii. 10.

C.M.

THE Head that once was crowned with
 thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now ;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
 Is His, is His by right,
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.


They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY.

139.—A New Song to the Lamb that was Slain.

REVELATION v. 6, 8-10.

OME two centuries ago, there was, in the town of Southampton, the son of a deacon of an Independent Church, who complained that the hymnists of his day were sadly out of taste. "Give us something better, young man," was the reply. The young man did it ; and the church was invited to close its service with a new Hymn, which commenced—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb."

This was Isaac Watts's first Hymn.¹ It appears in innumerable collections, generally abridged and slightly altered. In many Scottish hymn-books it is combined with some verses of the author's well-known

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

C.M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Eternal Father ! who shall look
Into Thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal ?

He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo ! in His hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free :
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

DR. WATTS.

140.—Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 9-11.

L.M.

WHAT equal honour shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the
Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name ?

¹ *Evenings with the Sacred Poets*, p. 283.

Worthy is He who once was slain,
 The Prince of peace, who groaned and
 died,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At His Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are His due
 Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though He was charged with madness
 here.

All riches are His native right,
 Yet He sustained amazing loss ;
 To Him ascribe eternal might
 Who left His weakness on the cross.


Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around His head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :
 Let angels sound His sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

DR. WATTS.

141.—"Seen of Angels."

I TIMOTHY iii. 16.

 HIS well-known Hymn was originally a combination of two ; the former of seven verses by the Rev. James Fanch, of Romsey, the latter of twenty-one by the Rev. Daniel Turner, of Abingdon. The first two stanzas below are from Fanch's Hymn, the rest are Turner's, originally beginning,

"Blest angels, who adoring wait
 Around the Saviour's throne,
 Oh ! tell us, for your eyes have seen
 The wonders He has done."

The address throughout from this point is to the angels. For the purposes of Hymnody, this was altered to the third person by Dr. Rippon for his *Selection* ; it is presumed with Mr. Turner's concurrence. Lord Selborne, in his *Book of Praise*, gives twenty-three out of the twenty-eight stanzas. The Hymn in its abridged form, arranged as an anthem, was formerly very popular with Nonconformist congregations.

C.M.

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light
 Our great Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At His right hand, with golden harps
 They offer songs divine.

They, when on earth He deigned to dwell
 In mortal flesh arrayed,
 With wonder saw the holy Child
 In Bethlehem's stable laid.

When fasting in the desert long
 His spotless soul was tried,
 They saw Him there the Tempter foil,
 And soon His wants supplied.

In all His toils, and dangers too,
 They did His steps attend ;
 Oft paused, and wondered how at last
 This scene of love would end.

As on the torturing cross He hung,
 And darkness veiled the sky,
 They saw, aghast, that awful sight,
 The Lord of glory die !

Anon He bursts the gates of death,
 Subdues the tyrant's power :
 They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
 They hailed the blissful hour,

Tended His chariot up the sky,
 And bore Him to His throne ;
 Then swept their golden harps, and cried
 "The glorious work is done !"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,
 And thinks the moments long,
 Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
 And joins their rapturous song !

JAMES FANCH AND DANIEL TURNER.

142.—Redeeming Love.

I JOHN iv. 10.



HIS favourite Hymn has been slightly altered in most of the collections : it is given below in its original form, except that the last verse but one is omitted, as it seems to jar upon the music of the rest :

“He subdued the infernal powers ;
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursèd empire drove
Mighty in redeeming love.”

The Hymn first appeared in the Collection of the Rev. Martin Madan (Appendix, 1763), and was transferred into that of the Rev. John Langford, 1773. Hence it has been quoted as Langford's, but without authority. Mr. Langford marked his own compositions with an asterisk, which does not appear before this Hymn. There is, however, no reason for attributing it to any other Langford, as some editors have done. See Dr. Rogers's *Lyra Britannica*, p. 678.

7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name,
Ye who His salvation prove
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin oppressed !
Welcome to the Saviour's breast !
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love !

ANONYMOUS.

Martin Madan's Collection.

143.—The Glory of God in the Face of Christ.

2 CORINTHIANS ii. 6.

L.M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to the eternal Name !
And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest Image of His grace ;
God in the person of His Son
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God,
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands ;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice in Jesus' name :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His Name to harps of gold !

DR. WATTS.

144.—The Lesson of Incarnate Love.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 5.



PART of a poem of nine double verses, by the late "Old Humphrey," so well known by his contributions to popular and juvenile Christian literature. The poem will be found in *My Poetry Book*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

C.M.

THE Son of God ! the Lord of life !
How wondrous are His ways !
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise !

How passing strange, to leave the seat
Of heaven's eternal throne,
And hosts of glittering seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

And did He bow His sacred head,
And die a death of shame?
Let men and angels magnify
And bless His holy name!

O let us live in peace and love,
And cast away our pride,
And crucify our sins afresh
As He was crucified!

He rose again; then let us rise
From sin, and Christ adore,
And dwell in peace with all mankind,
And tempt the Lord no more:

The Son of God! the Lord of life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!

GEORGE MOGRIDGE.

145.—Adoration to the Lamb.

REVELATION V. II.

PERHAPS the most popular Hymn, and deservedly so, in the language" (Josiah Conder). The late Bishop Wilberforce suggested that the last verse might more appropriately begin, "Let all creation," so continuing the sentiment of the previous stanza.

C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cried,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.

146.—Praise to the enthroned Redeemer.

REVELATION V. 12.



THE original version of this well-known Hymn is given below, from Madan's Collection of 1760. It appears in an altered form in Toplady's, 1776: but the changes are evidently made for theological reasons: ¹ another stanza is also added, inferior to the rest, and probably by a different hand. The Hymn as given in Toplady's Collection will be found in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*.

8.7.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed!
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty Love appointed
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

¹ Thus, *universal Saviour* becomes *agonizing Saviour*; and for *Every sin may be forgiven*, we read, *All Thy people are forgiven*.

Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side !
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year : "
 Thou for saints art interceding
 Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give ;
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise !

JOHN LAKEWELL.

147.—The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

JOHN xiv. 6.

L.M.

O GLORIOUS Way, from man to God,
 Made of the glorious God and man !
 And consecrated by His blood
 Who loved us ere the world began :
 By Thee all blessings come from heaven,
 By Thee all prayers to heaven arise :
 Passing from heart of man forgiven
 To heart of God above the skies !

O Truth, divine and human, too,
 Nor least divine when human most ;
 Whose shadows, all the ages through,
 Were light to sinners guilty and lost !
 Revealing in a Man the whole
 Godhead of wisdom, love and might,
 And clasping in a human soul
 The fulness of the Infinite !

O Life, which died that we might live,
 Whereby we now live, being dead ;
 For self unto the death we give,
 That Thou may'st be our life instead ;

True life of all that live in truth,
 Our life is hid in God with Thee,
 That glory of immortal youth
 May bloom in us eternally !

O Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Through whom we find the Father still,
 And peace from guilty fear and strife,
 And knowledge of His holy will :
 We come to Thee, the heavenly road,
 We learn of Thee, the truth divine,
 We seek from Thee the life in God,
 Thou art our All, and we are Thine !

WALTER C. SMITH.

148.—The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

REVELATION xv. 3, 4.

S.M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love ;
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above,
 For those whose sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing :
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the exalted King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
 Ye blessed children, come !
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 And take His wanderers home.

There shall each rapturous tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sing, in sweeter notes, the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

Adapted by Martin Madan.

149.—Christ All in All.

COLOSSIANS iii. 11.

76.76.77.

JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
 Sun and Shield for ever !
 Never canst Thou cease to shine,
 Cease to guard us, never.
 Cheer our steps as on we go,
 Come between us and the foe.

Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
 Wine and Bread for ever !
 Never canst Thou cease to feed,
 Or refresh us, never.
 Feed we still on Bread Divine,
 Drink we still this heavenly Wine !

Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
 Life and Love for ever !
 Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease
 Or to love us never.
 All of life and love we need
 Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
 Joy and Peace for ever !
 Joy that fades not, changes not,
 Peace that leaves us never.
 Joy and peace we have in Thee,
 Now and through eternity.

Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
 Strength and Song for ever !
 Strength that never can decay,
 Song that ceaseth never.
 Still to us this strength and song,
 Through eternal days prolong.

DR. H. BONAR.

150.—The Saviour Gratefully adored.

PSALM cxlv. 2.

6.5.

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising,
 Praises to our King.

All we have to offer,
 All we hope to be—
 Body, soul, and spirit—
 All we yield to Thee.

Farther, ever farther
 From Thy wounded side,
 Heedlessly we wandered,
 Wandered far and wide ;
 Till Thou cam'st in mercy
 Seeking young and old,
 Lovingly to bear them,
 Saviour, to Thy fold.

Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration,
 Bending low the knee ;
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

Dark, and ever darker,
 Was the wintry past,
 Now a ray of gladness
 O'er our path is cast ;
 Every day that passeth,
 Every hour that flies,
 Tells of love unfeigned,
 Love that never dies.

Clearer still and clearer
 Dawns the light from heaven,
 In our sadness bringing
 News of sins forgiven ;
 Life has lost its shadows,
 Pure the light within ;
 Thou hast shed Thy radiance
 On a world of sin.

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God ;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

Higher, then, and higher,
 Soars the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgetting,
 Saviour, to its goal ;
 Where, in joys unthought of
 Saints with angels sing,
 Never weary raising
 Praises to their King.

GODFREY THRING.

151.—The Power of Jesus' Name.

REVELATION xix. 16.



FROM *Occasional Verses, Moral and Social, published for the Instruction and Amusement of the candidly Serious and Religious*, London, 1785.
 The title of the Hymn as given by the author is "On the Resurrection." Few or no hymn-books have it without alteration ; the following is an exact, unabridged copy.

C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face, who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball :
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall ;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call ;
 The God incarnate, Man Divine,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
 That bound creation's call,
 Now shout in universal song
 The crownèd Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET.

152.—The Name above every Name.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 9.

6.5.

AT the name of Jesus
 Every knee shall bow,
 Every tongue confess Him
 King of glory now ;
 'Tis the Father's pleasure
 We should call Him Lord,
 Who from the beginning
 Was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season,
 To receive a Name
 From the lips of sinners
 Unto whom He came ;
 Faithfully He bore it,
 Spotless to the last ;
 Brought it back victorious,
 When from death He passed.

Name Him, brothers, name Him
 With love as strong as death,
 But with awe and wonder
 And with bated breath ;
 He is God the Saviour,
 He is Christ the Lord,
 Ever to be worshipped,
 Trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him,
 There let Him subdue
 All that is not holy,
 All that is not true :
 Crown Him as your Captain
 In temptation's hour ;
 Let His will enfold you
 In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
 Shall return again,
 With His Father's glory,
 With His angel train ;
 For all wreaths of empire
 Meet upon His brow,
 And our hearts confess Him
 King of glory now.

C. M. NOEL.

153.—Man Honoured above Angels.

HEBREWS ii. 16.

L.M.

NOW let us join with hearts and
 tongues,
 And emulate the angels' songs ;
 Yea, sinners may address the King
 In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
 But we can add a higher strain ;
 Not only say, "He suffered thus,"
 But that, "He suffered all for us."

Jesus, who passed the angels by,
 Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
 And still He makes it His abode,
 As man He fills the throne of God.

Our next of kin, our Brother now,
 Is He to whom the angels bow ;
 They join with us to praise His name,
 But we the nearest interest claim.

But ah, how faint our praises rise !
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
 That we who share His richest love
 So cold and unconcerned should prove.

O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the God who died for man,
 And praise Him more than angels can.

JOHN NEWTON.

154.—Christ; His Intercession and Reign.

HEBREWS ix. 24.



HIS much-valued Hymn is attributed in many collections to John Logan ; but it is now conclusively shown to be the production of that gifted youth, Michael Bruce, after whose death, at the age of twenty-one, Logan published it as his own, with several other pieces. In most collections the latter couplet in the second verse is altered to—

"Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man."

L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple
 stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High-Priest our nature wears ;
 The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
 The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears and agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
 The Man of sorrows had a part ;
 He sympathises with our grief,
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aids of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

155.—The Soul's Need.

JOHN xv. 5.

7s.

I COULD not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost,
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost ;
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own ;
 But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And perfect strength in weakness
 Is theirs who lean on Thee.

I could not do without Thee ;
 No other friend can read
 The spirit's strange deep longings,
 Interpreting its need ;
 No human heart could enter
 Each dim recess of mine,
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
 O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

I could not do without Thee,
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed ;
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

156.—"Pilgrim Discoveries."

EXODUS xv. 27.

7s.

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
 A secret balm for pain,
 A beautiful to-morrow
 Of sunshine after rain :
 I've found a branch of healing
 Near every bitter spring,
 A whispered promise stealing
 O'er every broken string.

 I've found a glad hosanna
 For every woe and wail,
 A handful of sweet manna
 When grapes from Eshcol fail ;
 I've found a Rock of Ages
 When desert wells were dry ;
 And after weary stages,
 I've found an Elim nigh.

An Elim, with its coolness,
 Its fountains, and its shade !
 A blessing in its fulness
 When buds of promise fade !
 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light ;
 A glory and fruition,
 So near ! yet out of sight !

My Saviour, Thee possessing,
 We have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing,
 The sunshine and the psalm ;
 The promise for the fearful,
 The Elim for the faint,
 The rainbow for the tearful,
 The glory for the saint.

MRS. JANE CREIVDSON.

157.—The Living Way.

JOHN xiv. 6.



HIS belongs to the numerous class of juvenile Hymns ; and though the author, afterwards a Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, survived its publication many years, no second Hymn from his pen has found its way to the Psalmody of the churches. The last verse has been altered in several hymn-books, for no apparent reason.

C.M.

THOU art the Way ; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord ! by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart,
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life !
Grant us that Way to know ;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE.

158.—Appeal to the Saviour's Mercy.

2 TIMOTHY I. 18.



IRST published in the *Christian Observer*, 1811. The second verse is omitted in many collections.

7.5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite ;
Jesus, hear and save !

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save !

Strong Creator ! Saviour mild ?
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
Jesus, hear and save !

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

159.—The Victorious Name of Jesus.

2 CORINTHIANS X. 17.



WE have retained the second verse, usually omitted in the hymn-books, as it bears the stamp of the times of trouble in which the Hymn was written. It occurs in a collection entitled *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, published in the heat of the conflicts with the "Pretender," when the early Methodists were subjected to the most unjust and harassing charges of disloyalty. The Hymns are a succession of vigorous and earnest compositions, deploring national sins, invoking God's blessing on the monarch and people, and often rising, as in the present Hymn, into an impassioned strain of praise. One verse is omitted from Wesley's original: the Wesleyan Hymn-book omits it also.

10. 10. 11. 11.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name ;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol :
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

The waves of the sea
Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we
In Jesus rejoice ;
The floods they are roaring,
But Jesus is here ;
While we are adoring
He always is near.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.


"Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above ;
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

160.—All-sufficiency of Christ.

COLOSSIANS iii. 11.

 HIS Hymn is for the most part unaltered in the collections, excepting that "worldling's" is often substituted for "tyrant's" in the third verse, and the last line of the Hymn is generally changed, as over-bold. What could a child of God do in "Hell"? Yet, *even there*, if the state were conceivable, he would lay hold on the Divine sufficiency and the place would become as Paradise! Perhaps there was in the poet's mind a reminiscence of Psalm cxxxix. 8; where, however, hell is Sheol—hades—the under-world. For the variations made by editors to escape the difficulty, see the several hymn-books, and Dr. Schaff's *Christ in Song*.

L.M. six lines.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose!
Thou all-sufficient Love divine!
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and
shame,
I hide me, Jesus! in Thy Name.

Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me with Thy dear Name are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.


Jesus! my All in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty power,
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell!

CHARLES WESLEY.

161.—The All-sufficient Saviour.

MATTHEW xi. 28.

 HIS favourite modern Hymn is a free translation from the Greek, and was published in *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. The third line of the last stanza has been much altered by hymn-editors, to escape the mention of "virgins." But it is certain that some of the truest and noblest exhibitions of Christian constancy and of the sustaining grace of Christ have been afforded by the very young. And yet perhaps the omission of the verse altogether would end the Hymn with a finer climax.

86.83.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, "Yes."

STEPHEN THE SAEVITE.
Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

162.—The Name of Jesus.

I PETER ii. 7.

THE loveliest of mediæval Hymns, the "Jesu! dulcis memoria" of Bernard, has been imitated by many translators. The original, as contained in Daniel's *Thesaurus*, vol. i., consists of forty-eight four-lined stanzas. Trench, in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, gives the greater part of the Hymn, but justly remarks that with all its beauty "it lies under the defect of a certain monotony and want of progress." It is not impossible therefore to give the spirit of the strain in a much shorter space, and this has been done with exquisite fidelity to the original by the authors whose versions we subjoin. The two by Caswall are most generally known; that by Ray Palmer is at least as beautiful; there is also a version in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* very much akin to Caswall's, and Mrs. Charles, in her *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, has given a very beautiful rendering.

C.M.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus what it is
None but His loved ones know.

O Jesus! Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
Translated by Edward Caswall.

163.—The Same.

I PETER i. 8.

C.M.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

Thy wondrous mercies are untold
Through each returning day,
Thy love exceeds a thousand-fold
Whatever we can say.

May every heart confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

When once Thou visitest the heart
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art
Of angel-worlds above !
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Stay with us, Lord ! and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
Translated by Edward Caswall.

— • • —

164.—The Same.

JOHN vi. 35.

L.M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of
men !

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread !
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus ! ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

RAY PALMER.

165.—The Saviour's Name.

SOLOMON'S SONG i. 3.



IT is probable that this Hymn also, much older than the three preceding, was suggested by Bernard's "Jesu ! dulcis memoria." It is the favourite, and justly so, among Newton's many Hymns.

C.M.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband,[†] Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !

JOHN NEWTON.

[†] Many hymn-books read *Guardian*, or *Brother*.

166.—Names and Characters of Christ.

COLOSSIANS i. 15.

TO the Hymns on the NAME of Jesus may appropriately be added the two following on His *Names*, as set forth in Scripture. The Hymns are long, and are therefore curtailed in most collections ; every stanza, however, seems worth preserving.

L.M.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is He compared to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of Thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is He a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from His healing leaves ;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

Is He a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;
Or if the lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is He a vine ? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine !

Is He the head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives ;
The saints below and saints above
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

Is He a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is He a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall He sit,
And tread the refuse with His feet.

Is He a rock ? How firm He proves !
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

Is He a way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is He a door ? I'll enter in :
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair ;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

Is He designed the corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon ?
I'll make Him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is He a temple ? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power ;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

Is He a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning Star.

Is He a sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

DR. WATTS.

167.—The Same.

JOHN i. 16.

6666.88.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Does our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace !
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an Angel stands ;
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands :
Commissioned from His Father's throne,
To make His grace to mortals known.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name :
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep :
He feeds His flocks, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.

My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows His ears,
And lays His thunder by :
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn His heart, His love away.

My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King !
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on
I shall be safe : for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

DR. WATTS.

168.—Jesus Christ Revealed to Faith.

JOHN xiv. 21.

FROM a longer poem in the author's *Holy Days of the Church*. Lord Selborne, in the *Book of Praise*, gives fifty-four lines, about half the original. But the abridgment below seems best suited to the purposes of a Hymn.

7s.

SAVIOUR ! who exalted high
In Thy Father's majesty,
Yet vouchsafest Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below ;
Saviour ! though this earthly shroud
Now my mortal vision cloud,
Still Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me !

Son of God ! to Thee I cry :
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
By Thy griefs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan ;
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me !

Prince of Life ! to Thee I cry :
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Strong to conquer, strong to save,
By the thralls of death unchained,
By the prize of life regained ;
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me !

Lord of glory ! God most high !
Man exalted to the sky !
With Thy love my bosom fill ;
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
So mayest Thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this froward heart Thy home ;
Then Thy presence I shall see
Manifest, my Lord, in me !

BISHOP R. MANT.

169.—The Believer's Triumph.

ROMANS viii. 33.



WESLEY'S translation of this favourite German Hymn¹ consists of twenty-four verses. The Hymn is much altered in the different collections, often beginning :

"Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness."

L.M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully, through these absolved, I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then, this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

¹ The first verse is by Paul Eber, about the middle of the sixteenth century : Zinzendorf completed the Hymn in 1739.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its constant hue ;
Thy blood preserves it ever new.

Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thine hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove ;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail,
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice !
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Translated by John Wesley.

170.—"Rock of Ages."

PSALM lxi. 2.

FIRST published in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776. Not the least expressive part of this immortal Hymn is its title, "A living and dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." In opposition to the doctrine of perfection, as Toplady understood it to be taught by the Wesleys, the poet represents the holiest believer as needing to cry for mercy. If the aim was thus controversial, it is pleasant to remember that by universal consent this Hymn has been recognised as fittest companion to Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Who, as he sings these kindred strains, thinks of the Arminian or the Calvinist? ¹

Few Hymns have suffered more than this from alterations. The Wesleyan Hymn-book included three verses in the Supplement of 1830 (No. 624) as recast by Montgomery or Cotterill, for the Sheffield Hymn-book, 1810. As an instructive illustration of the license taken by many editors, we include the most usual alterations, in a version of the Hymn which may be compared with the original.

ROCK of Ages, *shelter me* ;
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a *healing flood*,²
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure

Not the *labour* of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no *languor* know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

In my hand *no price* I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Guilty, plead Thy righteousness,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Black,³ I to the fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my *eyelids close* in death,—
When I *rise to worlds unknown*,—
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, *shelter me*,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

The Latin version of this Hymn by Mr. Gladstone will interest many readers. It will be seen that he misses the emblem of the riven rock ; but otherwise the translation admirably preserves the spirit of the original.

JESU, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.
Tu, per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem,
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso ;
Tibi soli tantum munus ;
Salva me, Salvator unus !

Nil in manu mecum fero
Sed me versus Crucem gero ;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro ;
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

¹ It is remarkable that the eminent and learned Wesleyan the Rev. Richard Watson attributed "Rock of Ages" also to Charles Wesley.

² Or, "From Thy *wounded* side which flowed."

³ Or, *Vile*.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesu ! pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. TOPLADY.

171.—"Lover of my Soul."

HEBREWS vi. 18.

FIRST published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742 ; entitled, "In Temptation." The characteristic third verse was omitted when the Hymn was incorporated with the collection, 1797.

This Hymn has for the most part escaped the hands of emendators. Not a few, however, have altered "Lover" in the first line, into "Refuge;" and the metaphor of the "nearer waters" in line three, has been lost in the less poetical "raging waters" of most hymn-books. In verse four, line

seven, "False" has very generally been changed into the vague epithet, "Vile."

"I would rather have written this hymn," says Henry Ward Beecher, "than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. . . . That hymn will go on singing until the last trumpet brings forth the angel-band ; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

It is observable that whereas the author originally applied the Hymn to "Temptation," it is classed in the Wesleyan Hymn-book under the head, "For mourners convinced of sin ;" and has been generally placed among penitential hymns in the collections. No Hymn has been oftener quoted on the deathbed of Christians, as many touching anecdotes prove. But as it is so eminently a tribute to CHRIST the Saviour, we give it a place in this part of the work, rather than among more subjective and experimental utterances.

7s.

JESUS ! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is staid ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall,
Lo ! on Thee I cast my care :
Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.


Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise, to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

172.—The Second Advent.

REVELATION i. 7.

HE original of this Hymn is in *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758. The first two and the last verses are from No. 39 in that series, the last but one from No. 38. The third and fourth verses are by Cennick, altered by Madan, who has given the Hymn in his collection as it appears below. Wesley's Hymn ends with the couplet—

“JAH JEHOVAH !
Everlasting God, come down ! ”

8.7.4.

LO, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain :
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.


Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home :
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
O come quickly,
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

CHARLES WESLEY AND J. CENNICK.
Adapted by Martin Madan.

173.—“Dies Iræ.”

ZEPHANIAH i. 15.

N the authorship of this grandest of Latin mediæval Hymns, see *Biographical Appendix*, under “Thomas of Celano.” Its first words and the title by which it is known, are from the Vulgate translation of the prophetic passage prefixed as motto. A long succession of English translators have attempted the Hymn, but by common consent the version given below, by Dr. Irons, has been regarded as on the whole the most successful. It succeeds especially in preserving the exact metre of the original with its triple rhymes. The Latin will be found in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, as well as in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. ii., in which latter work a Greek and three German versions are given.

Of other fine renderings may be mentioned that by Richard Crashaw (middle of the seventeenth century), in four-line stanzas, of which this is a specimen :

“ Dear Lord, remember in that day,
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way ;
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldst be
E'en lost Thyself in seeking me !

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?"

The translation by the Earl of Roscommon¹ (belonging to the same period) is also very fine. Dr. Johnson, whose opinion of the inadequacy of all religious poetry is well known would burst into tears on reciting the lines:

"Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In strains of guilty terror tost.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain
Let not these agonies be vain!"

Coming to more modern times, a striking translation by Lord Macaulay will be found in the *Christian Observer* for 1826. Here are a few lines:

"Though I plead not at Thy throne
Aught that I for Thee have done,
Do not Thou unmindful be
Of what Thou hast borne for me;
Of the wandering, of the scorn,
Of the scourge, and of the thorn!"

Mr. R. H. Hutton, also, has given a translation in the *Spectator* for March 7, 1868; and Dean Stanley in *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1863. From the latter a few lines may be quoted:

"Thou in search of me didst sit,
Weary with the noonday heat;
Thou, to save my soul, hast borne
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn;
Oh may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain!"

Archbishop Trench contributed to Fosbery's *Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering* (second ed. 1850), a translation in a similar metre:

"Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,
I the cause was of Thy way;
Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty,
Who the saved dost freely free,
Fount of mercy, pity me!

Tired Thou satest, seeking me—
Crucified, to set me free;
Let such pain not fruitless be."

The late Dean Alford includes in the *Year of Praise* a translation which has become very popular:

"King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me.

Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run;
Lest I be that day undone.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain,
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;
Be such labour not in vain!"

There are also good translations by Edward Caswall, *Hymns and Poems*, 1873; by Mrs. Charles, *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, 1872; and by Dr. John Wallace, *Hymns of the Church*, 1874; the last, like this version by Dr. Irons, preserving the double-rhymed style of the original. The stanzas chiefly imitated in the foregoing extracts are 22-30.

"Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in a letter to John Evelyn, suggests that he should make a version of it. "I was thinking to have begged of you a translation of that well-known Hymn, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, which, if it were a little changed, would make an excellent Divine song."

The chief alteration is in the first verse:

"Teste David cum Sibyllâ,"

This association of the "Sibyl" with the inspired Psalmist as a prophet of judgment has been felt as incongruous; and the line which Dr. Irons has followed was early substituted for it:

"Crucis expandens vexilla;"

the allusion being to the "sign of the Son of man in heaven" (Matthew xxiv. 33), this being understood of the Cross (as in Constantine's vision).

For the last couplet in Dr. Irons's translation, several hymn-books read—

"Lord all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest."

For congregational use, this seems certainly preferable to "requiem."

¹ Some have attributed this version to Dryden.

8s.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning !
See once more the cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth ;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth ;
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking ;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation—
Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning !
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savest—
Thou the dying thief forgavest—
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favoured sheep, O place me !
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition,
Help me, in my last condition.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of death returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem.

DR. W. J. IRONS.

174.—Judgment.

REVELATION XX. 12.

IT is related by Sir Walter Scott's biographer that in the last illness of the great novelist, when his mind was failing, he was heard to murmur passages from the *Dies Irae*, which had been an especial favourite with him in early days. The following imitation of part of the Hymn is from the close of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto vi. stanza 30.

L.M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead.

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

175.—"Dies Vitæ."

I THESSALONIANS v. 4.



HIS mediæval Hymn on the Day of Judgment seems to claim a place with the *Dies Iræ*, and in some measure relieves the awfulness of its tone. It forms the conclusion of a poem "on Human Life," containing nearly 400 lines; of which part will be found in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, lii. and lx. The poem is anonymous, but is of the twelfth century, or earlier. A slight modification of the first verse has been introduced by the Editors of *The Hymnary*, with the translator's consent, for the sake of the metre. The translation is given in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 219.

8.7.

L O, the Day of Christ's appearing,
Day of life, and day of light,
Day when Death itself shall perish,
Day which ne'er shall set in night.

Steadily that Day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful will it be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him
Jesus face to face shall see!

In that Day, how good and pleasant,
This poor world to have despised!
And how mournful, and how bitter,
Dear that lost world to have prized!

Blessèd, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!

There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear;
No old age, no want or sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, oh call me;
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await!

HYMN OF 12TH CENTURY

Translated by Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.





Book the Third.



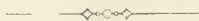
HYMNS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE INSPIRED WORD, AND THE NEW CREATION.

THE "Promise of the Father," the wonders of Pentecost, GOD with and in man, the power of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul, and His sure conquest of the world—such are the main topics of the Hymns now following.

In a sense they are still Hymns concerning CHRIST and His work, and are therefore closely connected with the section preceding, while they aptly introduce those that are to follow, respecting human experience and the Christian Church. Little need be said of the Hymns as a whole. The mediæval *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, strikes their key-note. With less appropriateness, the descent "as of a Dove" in Christ's baptism furnishes the imagery of not a few. This figure is not found in the apostolic writings; yet such Hymns as Dr. Watts's:

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,"

have associations which could not be sacrificed without loss. As the Holy Spirit is the source of Inspiration, Hymns on the Scriptures are included in the present section.



176.—The Creator Spirit.

JOHN xv. 26.



THE *Veni Creator Spiritus*, familiar to many English readers from its insertion, in a literal rendering, in the Ordination Service of the Book of Common Prayer, was probably the composition of Gregory the Great (see p. 231). The paraphrase by Dryden has been justly considered one of the finest hymns in the language, but a certain irregularity in metre prevents its adoption for worship in our churches precisely as Dryden wrote it. The following slightly modified version has been so generally accepted that we have little hesitation in giving it here. It differs from Dryden's ode chiefly by a few transpositions.

L.M. six lines.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
Come, visit every waiting mind, [laid,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand
 Whose power does heaven and earth
 command,

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
 And stamp Thine image on our hearts :

Create all new ; our wills control,
 Subdue the rebel in our soul ;
 Chase from our minds the infernal foe ;
 And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow :
 And, lest again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Immortal honours, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to Thee !

JOHN DRYDEN.

177.—Sinai and Pentecost.

ACTS ii. 2, 3.

T was a Jewish tradition that the Law was given on the fiftieth day after the Passover, and that the Revelation from Sinai was therefore commemorated in the Pentecost as the Deliverance from Egypt was brought to mind by the earlier feast. Hence the fine appropriateness of the following Hymn for Whitsunday in the *Christian Year*.

C.M.

WHEN God of old came down from
 heaven,

In power and wrath He came ;
 Before His feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
 The prostrate people lay :—
 A day of wrath, and not of grace ;
 A dim and dreadful day !

But when He came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
 Winged with the sinner's doom ;
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
 Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
 The voice exceeding loud,
 The trump that angels quake to hear
 Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
 Came down His flock to find,
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
 A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
 The sinful world around ;
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills
 No place for it is found.

Come, Lord ! come Wisdom, Love, and
 Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear !

JOHN KEBLE.

178.—The Comforter.

JOHN xiv. 16.

IF common consent, this must rank as the finest of Miss Auber's Hymns. The Hymn is complete and unaltered. Many collections omit the second verse, and more unreasonably the third. Some also add two syllables to the last line of every verse, to adapt the Hymn to the usual "common metre" tunes ; a questionable expedient at the best, and now rendered happily unnecessary by the general use of the very beautiful tune "St. Cuthbert."

86.84.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
 With sheltering wings outspread,
 The holy balm of peace and love
 On each to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

179.—Gift of the Spirit implored.

ACTS ii. 33.

C.M.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty
Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in Christ may live.

To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well ;
Till God in us and we in God
In love eternal dwell.

THOMAS HAWKES.

180.—No longer Comfortless.

JOHN xiv. 18.

L.M.

"I WILL not leave you comfortless :"
The promised Spirit comes to bless :
The Pentecostal day is come,
And with one mind, in common home,
The sad disciples of the Lord,
Waiting, obey His solemn word.
O let His word with us abide
While thus we keep our Whitsuntide !

Sudden, above, and all around,
A mighty wind, a rushing sound,
Comes from the clouds asunder riven ;
Resistless comes, it comes from heaven.
Its power expansive makes its way,
And fills the chamber where they pray.
O may that power with us abide
To cheer us in our Whitsuntide !

Not sounds alone, but sights are there,
For cloven tongues of fire appear ;
Brighter than jewelled diadem,
They rest on all and each of them ;
The heavenly influence spreads ; and they
Exulting hail the glorious day,
And O may we with thankful pride
Thus hail our glorious Whitsuntide !

Filled from one source, the Holy Ghost
(Jesus their theme, His cross their boast),
No other teaching they require,
Kindled, inspired by Heaven's own Fire,
In tongues ne'er learnt they Jesus preach,
E'en as the Spirit's breathing teach.
O help us, teach us, heavenly Guide,
To keep aright our Whitsuntide !

The tidings soon were noised abroad
Of powers that spoke the present God ;
And numbers vast of pious men
From every clime 'neath Heaven's ken,
Each in his native language heard
From men untaught the sacred word.
O spread those tidings far and wide,
Blest Founder of our Whitsuntide.

Well might those listeners cry, O see !
Are they not all from Galilee ?
How in our proper tongue doth teach,
Catch words of wisdom from their speech !
To keep a feast from far we came,
A holier feast we now proclaim.
And O, what they far off descried,
May we enjoy this Whitsuntide !

GEORGE V. COX.

181.—“The Love of the Spirit.”

108. JUDE 20, 21.

SPIRIT of God ! descend upon my heart,
Wean it from earth ; through all its pulses move ;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel-visitant, no opening skies ;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King ?
All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind :

I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling ;
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find !

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh ;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear ;

To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love Thee, as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove ;
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

DR. GEORGE CROLY.

182.—The Heavenly Comforter.

JOHN xvi. 13.



N the third verse of this fine Hymn the word “orphan” precisely represents our Lord’s language in John xiv. 18, “comfortless.” The Revised Version has “desolate.”

777-5.

COME to our poor nature’s night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine !

We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord :
Sick and faint ; Thy strength afford :
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine !

Orphan are our souls and poor ;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine !

Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine !

In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !


In us “Abba, Father” cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine !

Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine !

GEORGE RAWSON.

183.—The Quickening Spirit.

ROMANS viii. 26.

 NE of the best known of Dr. Watts's Hymns, though it can hardly be called one of his most poetical. Its popularity is probably due in part to its only too faithful representation of a general experience ; in part also to the beautiful variation of the theme which the last verse gives as compared with the first. In the second verse of the Hymn the third line has been frequently altered, but without much improvement ; in the fourth verse the last word of the first line is variously read, in the editions of Dr. Watts, "lie" and "live." The latter gives the best contrast with what follows ; but there is reason to believe that the former was the author's reading.

C.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

DR. WATTS.

184.—Spiritual Powers.

GALATIANS v. 22.



O modern Hymnal would be complete without this very appropriate and beautiful "Supplication"—to adopt the title given by the author. Some collections omit the fourth verse, not so much, perhaps, from any objection to Silence as a part of the Spirit's work, as from a sense of incongruity in the two metaphors, the "growing blade" and the "morning light." To other readers, again, this stanza is the chief beauty of the Hymn.

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be ;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good ;
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

185.—Invocation and Praise.

GENESIS i. 2.

86.886.

COME, Thou who dost the soul endure
 With sevenfold gifts of grace !
 Come, Thou who dost the world renew,
 Author of peace, Consoler true,
 Spirit of holiness !

Spirit of love, 'twas Thou who, borne
 O'er the wide waters' face,
 Didst, at creation's golden morn,
 The universal spheres adorn
 With majesty and grace !

Thou didst again earth's fallen frame
 With new creation bless,
 When clothed in Pentecostal flame
 From heaven's pure height Thy glory
 came,
 Enriching men with peace.

Thou didst the gospel-trumpet sound
 O'er all the world afar ;
 And summon from their sleep profound
 The dead, who lay in darkness bound,
 To hail the Morning Star.

Thine be all praise for evermore
 From all salvation's heirs ;
 Thy goodness, truth, and love, and power,
 Let all created worlds adore
 In holy hymns and prayers.

OLD LATIN HYMN.

Translated by Edward Caswall.

186.—The Quickening Spirit.

1 CORINTHIANS ii. 12.

76.76.7776.

MIGHTY Quickener, Spirit blest,
 Who to life didst wake me,
 Wilt Thou not become my Guest,
 For Thy dwelling take me ?
 Evermore in me abide,
 To all truth become my Guide,
 And for spirits glorified
 Meet companion make me.

Lord, along this earthly way
 Thou Thy pilgrim greetest :
 To Thy thankful child each day
 Thou Thy love repeatest :
 Thou dost bid me weep no more,
 Thou dost teach my song to soar,
 Thou, from Thine exhaustless store,
 Giv'st whate'er is meetest.

Here, while yet my race I run,
 Thou wilt never leave me :
 Of my Shield and of my Sun
 What can e'er bereave me ?
 There, with all the heirs of grace,
 Grant me to behold Thy face ;
 To the bliss of Thine embrace
 Evermore receive me.

ANONYMOUS.

187.—The Spirit of God in His Church.

ROMANS viii. 9.

8.7.

WOULD the Spirit more completely
 Make abode with saints of old ?
 Would the Comforter more sweetly
 Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold ?
 Wonders we may not inherit ;
 Signs and tongues we do not crave ;
 Yet we still receive the Spirit,
 Still the Comforter we have.


Still are given His gifts most precious,
 Open lies His richest store ;
 We may win His grace most gracious,
 We His deepest deep explore !
 Signs most glorious, all-excelling,
 Witness brightest we may show ;
 Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling
 With the souls that holier grow.

Hope that makes ashamed never,
 Perfect peace that passeth thought,
 Mighty joy that strayeth ever,
 Love divine that changeth not ;
 Such the gifts that still are given,
 Such the glory we may boast ;
 Help us, Lord, to this pure heaven,
 Breathe on us the Holy Ghost.

THOMAS H. GILL.

188.—The Heavenly Helper.

GALATIANS v. 25.

 HIS Hymn is, we believe, from an American source, but it is as rewritten below that it is likely to live.

C.M.

THOU blessed Spirit ! by whose aid
 Life's path is safely trod ;
 Its varied scenes and duties made
 True progress home to God :

Come to our hearts, Lord ! and abide
 A welcome guest therein ;
 Help to withstand assaults of pride,
 To fight and conquer sin.

The grace and peace of Christ reveal,
 His everlasting love ;
 Disperse the doubts that would conceal
 Our hope of rest above.


Come with the joy Thy love imparts,
 Sweet sense of sin forgiven,
 With patience fill our restless hearts,
 And guide us home to heaven.

ROBERT H. BAYNES.

189.—The Power of the Holy Spirit.

1 CORINTHIANS xii. 7.

L.M.

 HOLY GHOST, who down dost come
 To make each contrite heart Thy home,
 On me descend, within me dwell,
 My soul renew, my sin expel !

Spirit of truth, who makest bright
 All souls that long for heavenly light,
 Appear, and on my darkness shine,
 Descend, and be my Guide divine !

Spirit of power, whose might doth dwell
 Full in the souls Thou lovest well,
 Unto this fainting heart draw near
 And be my daily Quickener !

Spirit of joy, who makest glad
 Each broken heart by sin made sad,
 Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer ;
 Give me to bless my Comforter !

O tender Spirit, who dost mourn
 Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,
 Give me each day to grieve Thee less ;
 Enjoy my fuller faithfulness !


Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear
 The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
 The light wherein no darkness is,
 The eternal, overflowing bliss !

THOMAS H. GILL.

190.—Descent of the Spirit implored.

EZEKIEL xxxvii. 9.

IIS.

 SPIRIT, descend as the light of the morn ;
 In the brightness of God our natures adorn :
 Come down as Thou camest on chaos of old ;
 Bring forth those creations Thy prophets

O Spirit, descend as the rain and the dew,
That the beauties of Eden may blossom
anew ;
Come down as the wind on the dry bones
of old,
Breathe life into souls that are withered
and cold.

O Spirit, descend as in Pentecost's hour,
When thousands that met were renewed
by Thy power ;
Come down as a fire from Thine altar
above,
And kindle within us the flames of Thy
love.

DR. D. THOMAS.

191.—The Spirit of Truth and Love.

I CORINTHIANS ii. 12.

IOS.

TO Thee, Creator Spirit, now we flee,
Renewer of our hearts in righteousness ;
Fulness of blessing comes alone from
Thee ;
Imbue us wholly with Thy power and
grace.

Thou art—we hail the great and glorious
word—
The Comforter, to man in mercy given,
Who dost anoint and seal us for the Lord ;
Thou art to us the certain pledge of
heaven.

O shine upon us with the truth's pure light ;
Excite within us the warm glow of love ;
Equip our wearied spirits for the fight ;
In weakness, give us courage from above.

The joy of confidence to us impart,
That peace of God the world can never
know ;
The flame of strife suppress in every heart ;
And mutual love abundantly bestow.

Thy shining track, O may we mark full
well,
Guided by Thee pursue the heavenly road ;
O Spirit of our God ! within us dwell
Thy temples, make us Thy beloved abode.

ANONYMOUS.

192.—The Comforter, Christ's Gift.

JOHN xvi. 7.

PERHAPS the word *Comforter* is the best that could have been chosen to express in our language what Jesus meant by the PARACLETE. It should be remembered that in its true and full meaning *comfort* included strength-giving as well as consolation. The last syllable of the word is the same with the first in *fortitude*. The name, indeed, includes every kind of help, that of the advocate, counsellor, and inspirer. Christ Himself bears the same title (1 John ii. 1), "We have a PARACLETE with the Father." In the following Hymn, therefore, we have only a single aspect of the Spirit's work, as comprehended in this name.

C.M.

THE Comforter ! how sweet a name
Reveals the Holy Dove ;
The very words so seem to breathe
The tenderness of love.
The love that soothes the stricken heart
And wipes away the tear,
Whose comforts in our griefs abound,
To strengthen and to cheer.

The heart that hath its treasure here,
And mindeth earthly things,
Can never know what holy joy
From such revealing springs ;
For how should they who are not "poor,"
And "sorrowful," and "meek,"
Who do not live as pilgrims now,
Such heavenly comforts seek ?

But all who tread the thorny path
The suffering Saviour trod,
Whose "very heart and flesh cry out—
For God, the living God"—
Will need the Comforter He sent,
Whom, though unseen, we love,
The gift of Jesus to His Church,
The Holy, Heavenly Dove.

ANONYMOUS.

193.—The Indwelling Light.

JOHN XV. 26.

L.M.

SPIRIT of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide ;
Open our eyes to see aright,
Into all truth our footsteps guide !

Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell ;
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell !

Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

A peace the world has not to give
Is theirs who do the Saviour's will ;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill !

ANONYMOUS.

194.—The Spirit Invoked.

I CORINTHIANS xii. 7.



NE of the best of revival Hymns. It was, we believe, written by the author, not otherwise known as a poet, in the impulse of one of those hallowed seasons of religious emotion and conviction which characterized his later ministry, and proved in a measure the precursor of more modern "revival" movements, though without their excesses.

C.M.

SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come !

Come as the light ! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire ! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

Come as the dew ! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove ! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
Until Thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

Spirit Divine ! attend our prayer ;
Make the whole world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come !

DR. ANDREW REED.

195.—The Spirit in the Word.

JOHN XX. 22.

L.M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.


Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned
through Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

196.—The Greatest Gift.

1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 13.

OVET earnestly the best gifts, . . .
but the greatest of these is Love."
Such is the theme of this striking
Hymn. The change of "charity"
to "love" in the chapter from which the motto-
text is taken is one of the most obvious felicities
of the Revised Version.

777-5.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain—if Love I need,
Therefore, give me Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

197.—United Prayer for the Spirit.

ACTS iv. 31.

S.M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power ;
We meet with one accord
In this Thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of Light ! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of Truth ! be Thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption ! now
May we be sanctified.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

198.—The Heavenly Helper.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 5.

8.7.

HOLY SPIRIT, source of gladness,
Gift of God through Christ the Son,
Bringing to us in our sadness
Richest comfort from Their throne !

Thou art ever true and holy,
Sin and falsehood Thou dost hate
But Thou comest where the lowly
And the meek Thy presence wait.


When I cry for help, O hear me !
When I sink, O haste to save !
When I die, be very near me !
Be my Hope e'en in the grave !

Power of the resurrection !
 Bring me, victor over death,
 To the land of full perfection
 Whence no foot e'er wandereth.

PAUL GERHARDT.

199.—Invocation.

JOHN xvi. 13.

NE of the author's best Hymns. It is found in most collections in an abbreviated form. The seventh and eighth verses, usually omitted, are certainly unpoetical enough, and yet they supply a *motive* for the last stanza, and give it additional impressiveness.

S.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
 Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breast the flames
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.

Show us that loving Man
 That rules the courts of bliss,
 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
 The eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

If Thou, Celestial Dove,
 Thine influence withdraw,
 What easy victims soon we fall
 To conscience, wrath, and law !


No longer burns our love ;
 Our faith and patience fail ;
 Our sin revives, and death and hell
 Our feeble souls assail.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

JOSEPH HART.

200.—The Spirit of Adoption.

ROMANS viii. 15.

NE of the earlier Hymns of Charles Wesley (*Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740). It is given in the Wesleyan Collection (376) without the first verse. Wesley's Hymns of Invocation to the Holy Spirit, and of prayer for His gracious influences, would fill a volume of themselves.

L.M. six lines.

FATHER, if Thou my Father art,
 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son ;
 Breathe Him into my panting heart,
 And make me know as I am known :
 Make me Thy conscious child, that I
 May "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

I want the Spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind ;
 Of power to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love to Thee and all mankind ;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?
 Pardon and peace and heavenly joys
 Attend the promised Comforter.
 He comes ! and Righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, is mine !

O that the Comforter would come !
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me His constant home,
 And take possession of my breast,
 And make my soul His loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
 Attest that I am born again ;
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Or all Thy former gifts are vain.
 I cannot rest in sin forgiven :
 Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

Where the indubitable seal
 That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of Love divine :
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

CHARLES WESLEY.

201.—Joy in the Holy Ghost.

I CORINTHIANS ii. 9, 10.

RIGHT and exuberant, like most of the author's devotional strains, and with less of quaintness than usual. The ending with a half verse is characteristic. It will be observed that the right application is made of the motto-text, "Eye hath not seen," etc., words which are usually but wrongly understood of the future heaven. The apostle's own comment, "God *hath revealed* them unto us by His Spirit," shows that the reference is to the spiritual mysteries of truth and love which only the renewed heart can comprehend.

C.M.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God, my Saviour and my God ;
 I hear His joyful voice.
 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home ;
 My sighs are turnèd into songs :
 The Comforter is come.

Down from above the blessèd Dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal Love :
 This is my heavenly Feast ;
 This makes me *Abba, Father*, cry
 With confidence of soul ;
 It makes me cry, *My Lord, my God*,
 And that without control.

There is a stream which issues forth
 From God's eternal throne,
 And from the Lamb ; a living stream,
 Clear as the crystal stone.
 The stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the angels sing :
 One cordial drop revives my heart ;
 Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of glory too ;
 Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
 As worldlings do not know.
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From fancy 'tis concealed,
 What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,
 And hast to me revealed.

I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,
 I taste Thy sweetest Love :
 My soul doth leap : but O for wings,
 The wings of Noah's dove !
 Then should I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this world of sin :
 Then should my Lord put forth His hand,
 And kindly take me in.

Then should my soul with angels feast
 On joys that always last :
 Blest be my God, the God of joy,
 That gives me here a taste.

JOHN MASON.

202.—Spiritual Influences.

JOHN iii. 8.

BY one of the most industrious and voluminous writers of the past generation, who only now and then, in the phrase of that day, " essayed the sacred muse." His few Hymns have the merit of simplicity, good taste, and appropriateness to their subject. The following is a favourable specimen.

L.M.

AS blows the wind, and in its flight
Escapes the glance of keenest sight;
So are the wonder-working ways
Of God's regenerating grace.

As nothing can its power withstand
But Him who holds it in His hand,
So are the soul's corruptions slain
When once that soul is born again.

As o'er our frames we feel the gale
Gently or mightily prevail,
So some are softly drawn to heaven,
And others as by tempests driven.

And as the herbs, the flowers, the trees,
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze,
So visible the change we view
When grace doth thus the heart renew.

Come, Holy Spirit, and impart
Thy secret virtue to each heart;
And let this be the happy hour
To show Thy mighty quickening power.

INGRAM CORBIN.

203.—The Spirit of Gladness.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4.

THIS and the following Hymn, like many others of the author's productions, deserve to be better known. They are from *The Golden Chain of Praise*. For some reason, which we confess ourselves unable to appreciate, the second stanza reads in its later form:

"To Thee each precious thing we owe:
To Thee we bring the due delight;
We play before our God: we show
Our gladness in the Gladdener's sight."

The reader can choose between the versions: to us the thought in "Our mirth is not afraid of Thee," has always seemed peculiarly beautiful.

L.M.

THY happy ones a strain begin;
Dost Thou not, Lord, glad souls
possess?

Thy cheerful Spirit reigns within:
We feel Thee in our joyfulness.

Our mirth is not afraid of Thee;
Our life rejoices to be bright:
We would not from our gladness flee,
But show it in the Gladdener's sight.

Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny;
The Spirit loves the mirth He makes;
O sweet to the Taskmaster's eye
The cheer that each true servant takes.

We turn to Thee a smiling face;
Thou sendest us the smile again:
Our joy, the fulness of Thy grace;
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

Thou God of joy! our souls do well
The Life hereafter to forestall;
We go with happy ones to dwell,
To help the joy celestial.

THOMAS H. GILL.

204.—The Glory of the Latter Days.

JUDE 20.

THE author has taken as the motto of this noble Hymn the words of Milton, "The power of Thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine; but Thy Kingdom is now at hand, and Thou standing at the door."

C.M.

OUR God, our God! Thou shinest
here,
Thine own this latter day:
To us Thy radiant steps appear;
We watch Thy glorious way.

Thou tookest once our flesh : Thy face
Once on our darkness shone :
Yet through each age new births of grace
Still make Thy glory known.

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth He not still Thy Church extend
And waiting souls inspire ?

Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise,
Be this Thy mighty hour !
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power !

Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell !

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of Grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years !

THOMAS H. GILL.

205.—The Spirit of Light.

I JOHN iv. 13.



SOMEWHAT close translation of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* (a different Hymn from the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*; see Nos. 176, 206). In the third verse, second line, a different reading is,

"Thou the soul's delightful guest."

7s.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of Light !
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give :

Come, Thou Father of the poor !
Come with treasures which endure !
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow :

Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! Light divine !
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill :

If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away :

Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;
Give them life with Thee on high ;
Give them joys which never end.

Translated by EDWARD CASWALL.

206.—The Spirit of Light and Love.

I CORINTHIANS ii. 12.



NOTHER rendering of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. The translator (best known to us from his immortal Hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee") quotes Archbishop Trench's comment on the original : "The loveliest of all the Hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry has a king for its author. Robert the Second, son of Hugh Capet, succeeded his father on the throne of France in

the year 997. He was singularly attached to church music, which he enriched, as well as the hymnology, with compositions of his own." He died 1031.

664.6664.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart ;
O come to-day !

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our icy coldness end ;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy !

Translated by DR. RAY PALMER.

207.—The Renewing Spirit.



HE author (*Hymns of Faith and Hope*, second series) gives this as a "Pentecostal Hymn," translated "from the Latin." The original is a Hymn beginning, *Adsis, superne Spiritus*, given in *Hymni Ecclesiae*, Macmillan, p. 96. The rendering is by no means close.

6s. *Irregular.*

COME, heavenly Spirit, come,
Kind Father of the poor !
The Giver and the Gift,
Enter my lowly door.
Be Guest within my heart,
Nor ever hence depart.

Thou the eternal Truth !
Into dark hearts steal in ;
True Light, give light to souls
Sunk in the night of sin ;
True Strength, put forth Thy power
For us in evil hour !

Ours is a world of wiles,
Of beauteous vanities :
Come, and in us destroy
Its fair impurities,
Lest, by its tempting arts,
From Thee it steal our hearts.

Unveil Thy glorious self
To us, O Holy One,
That Thou into our hearts
Mayst shine, Thyself alone !
Saved from earth's vanities,
To Thee we long to rise.

Renew us, Holy One !
O purge us in Thy fire ;
Refine us, heavenly Flame,
Consume each low desire :
Prepare us as a sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in Thine eyes.

Far from Thee we have lived,
Exiles from home and Thee :
O bring us back in love,
End our captivity.
Be Thou the Way we wend,
Be Thou that Way's blest End.

Glory to the Father be,
 Glory to the equal Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be,
 Glory to the Three-in-One.
 Spirit, 'tis Thy breath divine
 Makes these hearts to burn and shine.

Translated by DR. H. BONAR.

208.—The Quickening and Purifying Spirit.

ROMANS viii. 2.

L.M. six lines.

ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light,
 Enlivening, consecrating Fire,
 Descend, and with celestial heat
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire ;
 Our souls refine, our dross consume :
 Come, condescending Spirit, come !

In our cold breasts O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel ;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
 And make our hearts Thy constant home.

Whatever guilt and madness dare,
 We would not quench the heavenly
 fire :
 Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
 Though in the flame we should expire.
 Our breasts expand to make Thee room ;
 Come, purifying Spirit, come !

Let pure devotion's fervours rise ;
 Let every pious passion glow ;
 O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below.
 Come, condescending Spirit, come,
 And make our souls Thy constant home.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

209.—Life through the Spirit.

JOHN iii. 8.

L.M.

SPIRIT ! whose various energies
 By dew and flame denoted are,
 By rain from the world-covering skies,
 By rushing and by whispering air :

Be Thou to us, O gentlest One,
 The brimful river of sweet peace,
 Sunshine of the celestial sun,
 Restoring air of sacred ease.

Life of our life, since Life of Him
 By whom we live eternally.
 Our heart is faint, our eye is dim,
 Till thou our spirit purify.

The purest airs are strongest too,
 Strong to enliven and to heal :
 O Spirit purer than the dew,
 Thine holiness in strength reveal.

Felt art Thou, and the heavy heart
 Grows cheerful and makes bright the
 eyes ;
 Up from the dust the enfeebled start,
 Armed and re-nerved for victories.

Felt art Thou, and relieving tears
 Fall, nourishing our young resolves :
 Felt art Thou, and our icy fears
 The sunny smile of Love dissolves.

O Spirit, when Thy mighty wind
 The entombing rocks of sin hath rent,
 Lead shuddering forth the awakened mind,
 In still voice whispering Thine intent.

As to the sacred light of day
 The stranger soul shall trembling come,
 Say, "These thy friends," and "This thy
 way,"
 And "Yonder thy celestial home."

T. T. LYNCH.

210.—The Light of Life.

ROMANS viii. 13.



AN imitation of Tersteegen's *O Gott, O Geist, O Licht des Lebens*. Another version will be found in *Lyra Germanica*, beginning "O God, O Spirit, Light of all that livè."

L.M. six lines.

SPIRIT of Grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead,
Bright Star, whereby through worldly
strife

The people of the Lord are led,
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come.

Burn up in me, Thou Fire of heaven,
The evil seen by Thee alone ;
Nor spare, though heart and flesh be
riven ;

For joy shall dawn when grief is gone,
And in my soul shall be restored
The glorious image of my Lord.

I languish in the plague of sin ;
O heal Thou me, and I shall live ;
Renew my fainting heart within,
And give the balm I cannot give.
Live Thou in me, O Life Divine !
The new creation's work is Thine.

O Breath from deep Eternity,
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert sand,
And where Thy living water flows,
The wild shall blossom as the rose.

Let me in will and deed and word
Obey Thee as a little child,
And in Thy love abide, O Lord,
For ever pure and undefiled :
Teach me to work and strive and pray,
And keep me in Thy heavenward way.

ANON.

From Hymnologia Christiana.

211.—Adoration to the Spirit.

2 CORINTHIANS iii. 17.

87-77.

GOD the Spirit, we adore Thee,
In the trinal GODHEAD One,
One in love and power and glory
With the Father and the Son ;
Prayer and praise to Thee we bring,
Our devotion's offering.

Once the desolate world-ocean,
Quickened from its long death-sleep,
Woke to light and life's emotion
At Thy brooding o'er its deep :
Spirit, ever may Thy breath
Quicken us from sleep and death !

Holy Fount of Inspiration,
By whose gift the great of old
Spake the Word of Revelation
Marvellous and manifold,
Grant to us who see and hear
Reverence of eye and ear.

Priceless gift of Christ for ever,
Righteousness and Peace and Joy,
Which the evil world, that never
Can receive, cannot destroy :
Shall the Church or faint or fear
While the Comforter is near ?

Author of our new creation,
Giver of the second birth,
May Thy ceaseless renovation
Cleanse our souls from stains of earth,
And our bodies ever be
Holy temples meet for Thee.

When we wander, Lord, direct us,
Keep us in the Master's way,
Let Thy strong, swift sword protect us,
Warring in the evil day ;
Paraclete for every need,
Come to strengthen and to lead !

Come, Thy glorious gifts providing,
Foretaste of the future now ;
Bring that sweet sense of abiding
Thou canst give, and only Thou.
One in Thee, we shall be one
In the Father and the Son.

S. J. STONE.

212.—Surrender to the Spirit's Influences.

ROMANS viii. 4.

LIKE many other authors, the writer of the following lines produced a large number of Hymns, but is remembered only on account of one or two. Several of the couplets are, without sufficient reason, recombined in our hymn-books, and some omitted. The hymn, as given below, is found in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*, and other accurate collections.

L.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove :
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of Truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take, to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply ;
Lead to Thyself, the spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be ;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

SIMON BROIVNE.

213.—Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

PSALM li. 11.

FROM *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, in two volumes, Bristol, 1749 : the last of nine "Penitential Hymns." The "Forty" in the last line of the second stanza is altered in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, and the collections generally, into "many ;" the interesting reference to the author's own age being inappropriate to general use. The last verse but one is also generally omitted ; and perhaps it is superfluous, although the repetition of the same thoughts powerfully expresses the urgency of desire.

L.M.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such
despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For forty long rebellious years :

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved :

Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
Into the rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

From now, my weary soul release ;
 Upraise me with Thy gracious hand,
 And guide into Thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

214.—The New Creation.

REVELATION xxi. 5.

C.M.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
 A world by sin destroyed ;
 Creator-Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.

Give Thou the word ;—that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife ;
 And earth again, like Eden crowned,
 Produce the Tree of Life.

If sang the morning-stars for joy,
 When Nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel-harps employ
 When Thou shalt all renew !

And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came !

So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 Thy new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign Love alone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

215.—A Whitsunday Hymn.

ACTS ii. 3.

C.M.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day
 To Thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long Thy praises to proclaim
 With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace Thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
 Ill demons to control ;
 But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,
 Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share ;
 Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
 And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power
 decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
 With faith, with hope, with love.

BISHOP HEBER.

216.—A Missionary Hymn.

MATTHEW ix. 38.



FREE translation of the German Hymn, *Wach' auf, Du Geist der ersten Zeugen!* which for several generations has been one of the chief Missionary Hymns of Germany, much as in our own country we use, "From Greenland's icy mountains," or "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." The author, better known to English readers from his *Golden Treasury*, entitled the Hymn: "A prayer to the Lord to send faithful labourers into His harvest, that His Word may be spread all over the World." It is a fine Hymn, although in this version it moves a little heavily.

8. 10. 8. 10 10 10.

A WAKE, Thou Spirit, who of old
 Didst fire the watchmen of the
 Church's youth,
 Who faced the foe, unshrinking, bold,

Who witnessed day and night the eternal
Truth,
Whose voices through the world are ring-
ing still,
And bringing hosts to know and do Thy
Will!

O that Thy fire were kindled soon,
That swift from land to land its flame
might leap!

Lord, give us but this priceless boon
Of faithful servants, fit for Thee to reap
The harvest of the soul: look down and
view

How great the harvest, yet the labourers
few.

Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son Himself hath bid us
pray!

For lo! Thy children's hearts are
stirred
In every land in this our darkening
day,

To cry for help with fervent soul to Thee;
O hear us, Lord, and speak, Thus let it
be!

O haste to help ere we are lost!
Send forth evangelists, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless
host,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong;
And let them all the earth for Thee
reclaim,
To be Thy kingdom, and to know Thy
Name.

Would there were help within our
walls!
O let Thy promised Spirit come again,
Before whom every barrier falls,
And ere the night once more shine forth
as then!
O rend the heavens and make Thy
presence felt!
The chains that bind us at Thy touch
would melt.

And let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land the Truth be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And gather to Thy churches far and wide.
And waken Israel from her sleep, O Lord!
Thus bless and spread the conquests of
Thy Word!

The Church's desert paths restore,
That stumbling-blocks which long in them
have lain

May hinder now Thy Word no more;
Destroy false doctrine, root out notions
vain:

Set free from hirelings, let the Church
and school

Bloom as a garden 'neath Thy prospering
rule.

C. H. VON BOGATSKY.

Translated by Miss C. Winkworth.

217.—The Spirit and the Word.

2 TIMOTHY iii. 16, 17.



AN appropriate introduction to the
Hymns which celebrate the power and
glory of the written Word. The
"degenerate age" in the fourth line is
characteristic.

L.M. six lines.

INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from Thee the sacred
page,
The same through all succeeding years;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of Thy Word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

The Word if Thou vouchsafe to give,
We find its efficacious power,
The saving benefit receive,
And taught aright our God to adore,
The living sentiment we feel,
Conformed to all Thy righteous will.

While now Thine oracles we read
With earnest prayer and strong desire,

O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,
Our souls to waken and inspire ;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

Whene'er in error's path we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by Thy Word reprove,
Convince, and bring the wanderers
back,

Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

The secret lessons of Thy grace,
Transmitted through the Word, repeat,
To train us up in all Thy ways,
To make us in Thy will complete ;
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

Furnished out of Thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by Thee
In what their various states demand ;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

218.—The Abiding Word.

PSALM cxix. 30.

HYMNS on the Scriptures are comparatively few. The topic is in fact exhausted in the glorious utterances of the Psalms ; and our modern poets, in celebrating the glories of the written Word, have been most successful when remaining close to the Bible model. The best treatment of the subject will, accordingly, be found in the earlier part of this volume, in the versions of Psalms xix. and cxix. A few Hymns however may be added here, as taking an independent line of thought. There is a fine, quaint simplicity about the following, which has caused its adoption in most modern Church Hymnals.

6s.

LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.

O ! that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

SIR H. W. BAKER.

219.—The Church a Witness to the Word.

I TIMOTHY iii. 15.

7.6.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky.
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world.
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

220.—Preciousness of God's Word.

COLOSSIANS iii. 16.



MODERNIZED version, by Dr. Watts, of a Hymn that is appended to many old editions of the English Prayer-book. Its Scriptural allusions are felicitous ; but certainly Dr. Watts was at his best upon this theme when more directly imitating the language of the Psalms. Other hymns of his on the Scriptures are those beginning—

" Let everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord."

And another in the *Hymns for Children*—

" Great God, with wonder and with praise,
 On all Thy works I look ;
 But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in Thy book."

C.M.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to Thee, my Lord,
 And not a glimpse of hope appears
 But in Thy written Word.

The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage ;
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 Almost in every page.

This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the strife
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.

O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to Thy right hand.

DR. WATTS.

221.—The Ever-present Oracle.

HEBREWS i. 1.

L.M.

O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold
 In wondrous modes to saints of old,
 By dream, by oracle, or seer ;
 Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?

What though no answering voice is heard,
 Thine oracles, the written Word,
 Counsel and guidance still impart,
 Responsive to the upright heart.

What though no more by dreams is shown
 That future things to God are known,
 Enough the promises reveal ;
 Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

Faith asks no signal from the skies,
 To show that prayers accepted rise ;
 Our Priest is in the holy place,
 And answers from the throne of grace.

No need of prophets to inquire ;
 The sun is risen ; the stars retire.
 The Comforter is come, and sheds
 His holy unction on our heads.

Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;
 Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
 And by Thy mighty acts declare,
 Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

JOSIAH CONDER.

222.—Our Own Treasure.

PROVERBS iii. 1.



RITTEN as a children's Hymn, these simple stanzas may be appropriated by all who delight in the written Word.

L.M.

HOLY Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am ;

Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
 Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ;

Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine, to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death ;

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom :
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !

J. BURTON.

223.—God's Word the Companion of our Life.

DEUTERONOMY vi. 7.



HE "Short Hymns" by Charles Wesley on "Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures," numbered from 1 to 3491, extend from Genesis to Revelation, and occupy nearly five volumes of the *Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, edited by Dr. Osborn. They are among the most characteristic writings of the author. The verses often express with wonderful terseness and force the leading thought of a text, and form the best of commentaries. Sometimes they are homely and practical in their application ; then again they express the profoundest Christian ex-

perience, or soar to mystic raptures. Only a few of these fine compositions have been employed for the purpose of Hymnody. The following favourite Wesleyan Hymn contains four of them (300-303). A preceding stanza is worth quoting (298) on Deuteronomy vi. 6.

"The table of my heart prepare
 (Such power belongs to Thee alone),
 And write, O God, Thy precepts there,
To show Thou still canst write in stone,
 So shall my pure obedience prove
 All things are possible to Love."

L.M. six lines.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
 Thy book be my companion still,
 My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
 Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
 And search the oracles divine,
 Till every heartfelt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine
 Subject of all my converse be !
 So will the Lord His follower join,
 And walk and talk Himself with me ;
 So shall my heart His presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling Word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast !
 While, on the bosom of my Lord,
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long ;
 And let Thy precious Word of grace
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue ;
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to the Church above.

CHARLES WESLEY.

224.—Increasing Light.

PSALM cxix. 18.



HE key-note of these fine verses is struck in the noble words of John Robinson, pastor of the "Pilgrim Fathers," who crossed the Atlantic in 1620 for the sake of religious freedom. In his farewell address at Leyden, Mr. Robinson said :

"If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry ; for I am verily persuaded *the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word.* For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw ; whatever part of His will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it ; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their lives, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God ; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you remember, it is an article of your church covenant that you be **READY TO RECEIVE WHATEVER TRUTH SHALL BE MADE KNOWN TO YOU FROM THE WRITTEN WORD OF GOD.**"

C.M.

WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind ;
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ?
That universe, how much unknown !
That ocean, unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ;—our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford :
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

The valley's passed ; ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard :
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above ;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love :
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word.

G. RAWSON.

225.—The Call of God.

ISAIAH lv.



well-known "Paraphrase" among those appended to the Scottish Psalter. An abridgment has found its way into many hymn-books ; and the Hymn has been divided, as in the Free Church Hymn-book, into two, the second beginning with verse 7 :

"Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call."

As it stands, it is perhaps the finest of the Paraphrases, bringing out, with great felicity, the evangelical application of the prophet's words. Dr. Watts has a Hymn on the same theme, but diffuse, and altogether inferior to this. It begins :

"Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice."

C. Wesley's also is of a similar character :

"Ho ! every one that thirsts draw nigh."

No. 4 in the Wesleyan Hymn-book.

C.M.

HO ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow ;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair ?
How long your strength and substance
waste
On trifles light as air ?

My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give ;
Incline your ear, and come to Me,
The soul that hears shall live.

With you a covenant I will make,
Thatever shall endure ;
The hope which gladdened David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.

Behold He comes ! your Leader comes,
With might and honour crowned ;
A Witness, who shall spread My name
To earth's remotest bound.

See ! nations hasten to His call
From every distant shore ;
Isles yet unknown shall bow to Him,
And Israel's God adore.

Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call ;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego ;
And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

He pardons with o'erflowing love :
For hear the voice divine :
" My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine :

" But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

" And as the rains from heaven distil,
Nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain ;

" So not a word that flows from Me
Shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to My call."

With joy and peace shall then be led
The glad converted lands ;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
The forests clap their hands.

Where briers grew 'midst barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring ;
And nature, through its utmost bounds,
Eternal praises sing.

ANONYMOUS.

226.—The Gospel Jubilee.

LEVITICUS XXV. 10.



HIS spirited Hymn is the third in a little penny tract containing seven "Hymns for New Year's Day," 1750, printed in Bristol. The tract also contains the fine lyric "Come, let us anew." The present Hymn is introduced without alteration into the Wesleyan Hymn-book, and into most collections. Many editors have altered "all-atoning" in the third verse, to "sin-atoning," so as to have the question of universal redemption at least an open one. Sometimes, also, the order of the verses is unnecessarily transposed ; and the second couplet of the last verse is made to read :

"Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face."

For this last alteration, Dr. Rippon seems to be responsible.

6666.88.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.


Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

227.—“ To-Day.”

HEBREWS iii. 7.

 HIS simple evangelical Hymn is taken from a volume, *Hymns of the Christian Life*, 1862. In the original it begins :

“ To-day Thy mercy calls me,”

and is throughout in the singular number. It appears, however, in the more appropriate plural form in many collections, and is no doubt authorized in this shape by the writer.

7.6.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been ;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.

The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.


To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits ;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates :
No question will be asked us
How often we have come ;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home !

Oh, all-embracing mercy !
Oh, ever-open door !
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er ?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer !

OSWALD ALLEN.

228.—The Stranger at the Door.

REVELATION iii. 20.

 HE wonderful allegory in which the Saviour has represented Himself as standing and knocking at the door of the heart, has fascinated poet and painter alike, while the preacher of the gospel has based upon it his most solemn appeals. Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, “ The Light of the World,” is familiar to all. There is a striking poem by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the same theme. It begins :

“ Knocking, knocking, ever knocking ?
Who is there ?
’Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before ;
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door ! ”

Another American author, Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, has some striking lines on the topic. The first stanza is as follows :

“ In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulses beating ;
 'Tis thy heart of sin :
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 Rise and let Me in ! "

There is a poem by Professor W. W. Skeat, suggested no doubt by Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, beginning :

" With patient heart, O man, before
 Thy closed, inhospitable door,
 I stand and watch and wait.
 In earnest tones I sadly plead ;
 My oft-repeated summons heed :
 Open, ere yet too late ! "

But the quaint old Hymn of Joseph Grigg will hardly be superseded, as giving simple, vigorous expression to the Saviour's call. It appears in our hymn-books in almost innumerable forms. The following is an exact transcript of the original as published, 1765, in a tract with three other Hymns, of which one was :

" Jesus, and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ? "

L.M.

BEHOLD ! a Stranger's at the door !
 He gently knocks, has knocked
 before :

Has waited long ; is waiting still :
 You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a friend indeed ?
 He will ; the very friend you need :
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He !
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands :
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out His enemy and thine,
 That hateful, hell-born monster sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

If thou art poor (and poor thou art),
 Lo ! He has riches to impart ;
 Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls ;
 O better far, the wealth of souls !

Thou'rt blind, He'll take the scales away,
 And let in everlasting day :
 Naked thou art, but He shall dress
 Thy blushing soul in righteousness.

Art thou a weeper ? grief shall fly,
 For who can weep with Jesus by ?
 No terror shall thy hopes annoy,
 No tear—except the tear of joy.

Admit Him ; for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest :
 Admit Him ; for you can't expel ;
 Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
 His feet departed, ne'er t' return :
 Admit Him ; or, the hour's at hand
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know (nor of the terms complain),
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
 To reign, and with no partial sway ;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of peace !
 O may Thy gentle reign increase !
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
 And be His empire all mankind.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

229.—" Behold I stand at the door and knock."

REVELATION iii. 20.



WE have inserted this touching Hymn where it seems most naturally to belong, among those which express the appeal of Christ's love to the lost. It is only fair, however, to the author, to say that in its original form (as in the motto-text from the Epistle to the Church at Laodicea) it is applied to *lukewarm Christians* ; the following being the second stanza, where the "sign" doubtless intends baptism.

" Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His Name and sign who bear !
 Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there ! "

7.6.

O JESUS ! Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er ;

O Jesus ! Thou art knocking ;
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !


O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"

O Lord ! with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore !

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

230.—Forgiveness.

LUKE vii. 48.

 HIS beautiful Hymn has as yet appeared in few of our collections, and when it is given it is often marred by abridgment and alteration. It is clearly destined to find a place among the choicest treasures of the Church. The version here given is transcribed with one slight variation from the little volume in which it first appeared, "*Lyra Fidelium: Twelve Hymns on the Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed*" (S.P.C.K. 1865). The article on which the Hymn is written is of course, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." The variation is in the third line of the last verse, where for "Mary's gift" the words were originally "that sweet maid !" The author, we believe, approves this alteration.

108.

WEARY of earth and laden with my
sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home :
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land ?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear ?

Yet there are hands stretched out to
draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed
from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw
me near ;
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly
wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may
live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will
give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord :
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life
laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I
owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Greatly forgiven, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.

231.—The Lamentation of a Sinner.

HOSEA xiv. 2.



HE quaint original of this pathetic outburst is to be found appended to editions of the "Old Version" of the Psalms. It consists of eleven four-lined stanzas, and begins :

"O Lord, turn not Thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before Thy mercy gate."

C.M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry ;
Thy mercy's gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord !
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well :
Wherefore to beg and to intreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we ask,
This is the total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

Varied from JOHN MARDLEY.

By Bishop Reginald Heber.

232.—The Call Obeyed.

LUKE xix. 6.

C.M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give ;
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

DR. H. BONAR.

233.—Miserere.

LUKE xviii. 13.

7s.

SINFUL, sighing to be blest ;
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest ;
"God be merciful to me !"

Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need ;
"God be merciful to me !"

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs ;
"God be merciful to me !"

From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee,
I am not my own, but Thine ;
"God be merciful to me !"

There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone ;
"God be merciful to me !"

He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be,
He's my all—and for His sake
"God be merciful to me!"

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

234.—The Only Deliverer.

ACTS iv. 12.

C.M.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken
heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

235.—"Just as I am."

LUKE xv. 22.



HIS Hymn from its simplicity and tenderness is endeared to Christians everywhere. It was first published in *The Invalid's Hymn-book* at Brighton,

1836.

The last verse is often omitted—for no sufficient reason, as it would appear. In the fifth verse a wrong punctuation (the omission of the pause at the end of the second line) sometimes makes the teaching appear at variance with evangelical doctrine. The true sense is not "Thou wilt receive

because of my faith," but "I come because I believe."

The Hymn has been translated into Latin—*Qualis sum, nec dicens quare*—by Dr. Herbert Kynaston. See Loftie's *Latin Year*, p. 148. It has also been rendered into most of the European languages. The French version begins thus :

"Tel que je suis, pécheur rebelle,
Au nom du sang verté pour moi,
Au nom de ta voix qui m'appelle,
Jésus, je viens à toi!"

888.6.

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down :
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

236.—Looking to Jesus.

JOHN i. 29.

THIS Hymn," says Dr. Palmer, "was written because it was born in my heart, and demanded expression. I recollect I wrote the stanzas with very tender emotion, and ended the last lines with tears." The Hymn was first given (in 1831 or 1832) to Dr. Lowell Mason, at his request, to be set to music. "On sitting down at home and looking it over, he became so much interested in it that he wrote for it the tune 'Olivet,' to which it has almost universally been sung. Two or three days afterwards we met in the street, when scarcely waiting to salute the writer, he earnestly exclaimed: 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years, and do many good things; but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of "My faith looks up to Thee."'" In 1840 the Hymn was introduced into England through Dr. Andrew Reed's Collection, and it now appears in almost every approved Hymnal. In its simplicity, truthfulness, and fervour, as well as in its fitness and grace of expression, it ranks among the chief of modern Hymns.

"During the American civil war, and on the evening preceding one of the most terrible of the battles, some six or eight Christian young men, who were looking forward to the deadly strife, met together in one of their rooms for prayer. After spending some time in committing themselves to God and in Christian conversation, and freely speaking together of the probability that they would not all of them survive the morrow, it was suggested by one of the number that they should draw up a paper expressive of the feelings with which they went to stand face to face with death, and all sign it; and that this should be left as a testimony to the friends of such of them as might fall. This was unanimously agreed to; and after consultation it was decided that a copy of 'My faith looks up to Thee' should be written out, and that each should subscribe his name to it, so that father, mother, brother, or sister, might know in what spirit they laid down their lives. Of course they did not all meet again."

664.6664.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul!

DR. RAY PALMER, 1830.

237.—Turning to God.

PSALM xxv. 2.

FROM *Poems by Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell*, 1846, the pseudonyms of the three sisters Brontë. Anne was the youngest. The story of the brave, sorrowful lives of these children of genius is known wherever the English language is spoken. The author of this Hymn, and of another poem beginning:

"I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task would lie,"

died at Scarborough, 1849. "When near her end, being asked if she felt easier, she replied, *It is not you who can give me ease; but soon all will be well, through the merits of our Redeemer.*"

The word "cherish" in the last line is altered in most hymn-books to "welcome." Readers can judge for themselves whether this would be an improvement; we have thought it best to give the line as originally written.

S.M.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin ;
But Thou, Who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from Thee ;
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee ;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

ANNE BRONTË.

238.—The Lost Sheep.

LUKE XV. 6.



SCARCELY perhaps a Hymn ; and yet the lines so poetically and touchingly render Christ's own parable of mercy that we could hardly have omitted them. Those who have listened to the verses as sympathetically sung by a great congregation, aroused and melted by the appeal of the gospel, will acknowledge their rare impressiveness as well as their pictorial vividness and beauty.

P.M.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee ?"

But the Shepherd made answer : "This of Mine

Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road berough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,

That mark out the mountain's track ?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice ! for the Lord brings back His own !"

MISS C. E. CLEPHANE.

239.—The Fold and the Home.

LUKE XV. 6.



ANOTHER variation on the same theme ; with the added thought of *Father* and *Home*, enhancing, we think, the beauty of the Hymn.

S.M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold !
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home !

DR. H. BONAR.

240.—The Wanderer's Return.

LUKE XV. 18, 19.



COMPANION Hymn to the preceding ; founded on the parable of the Prodigal Son. But the thought is beautifully added, that the sinner in the days of his wandering and rebellion was never deserted by the Divine Love.

108.

WEAR Y and sad, a wanderer from
Thee,
By grief heart-broken, and by sin
defiled ;
O what a joy in sorrow 'tis to be
Conscious that I am still, O God, Thy
child.

Strained were the cords of love by my
sad will,

I would have broke them had I had my
way,

But, Lord, it was Thy love, not mine, that
still

Held my heart back, my tottering steps
did stay.

And now the crumbs that from Thy table
fall

Are all I ask, more than is meet for me ;
Yet kiss and banquet, ring and robe, are
all

Waiting me, Father, in my home with
Thee.

Back to the door which ever open lay ;

Back to the table where the feast still
stood ;

Back to the heart which never, night or
day,

Forgot me in my most forgetful mood.

Drawn by Thy love, that found me when
a child,

And never for a moment let me go ;
Still, still Thine own, though soiled and
defiled,

I come, and Thou wilt make me clean,
I know.

There feed me with Thyself, until I grow
Into the stature of the life divine ;

My right to plead, my privilege to know,
That Christ is God's, and I, O Christ,
am Thine.

Feed me and set me up upon the Rock
Higher than I, my shelter and my stay
Against the rudest winter-tempest's shock,
Against the fiercest sultry summer's day.

Thus let my life in ceaseless progress
move,

On into deeper knowledge, Lord, of
Thee,

The length, the breadth, the height, the
depth of Love,

That first could care for, then did stoop
to me.

DR. J. S. B. MONSFELL.

241.—He first loved Us.

1 JOHN iv. 10.

THIS Hymn may perhaps be thought of an unusual strain. But it well expresses the truth which, of all that "accompany salvation," is best fitted to awaken grateful praise. "Not that we loved God; but that He loved us."

L.M.

O NOT upon our waiting eyes,
Lord, did the heavenly lustre break;
Not to our love's beseeching cries
Did Love divine slow answer make.

We made no haste to seek Thy face;
Thy angels found no listening ear;
We did not urge Thy lingering grace,
Nor win Thy distant glory near.

Oh, no! Thy voice was first to speak,
Thy glory, Lord, was swift to come,
Thy love made gracious haste to seek
And sweetly urge the wanderers home.

The heavenly glory would descend
Ere angel-wings to us were given;
And Love divine would earthward bend
To make our souls in love with heaven.

Oh! if with holy fire we burn,
'Tis from the flame celestial caught;
Yes! heavenward now we sometimes yearn,
Since heaven our souls so sweetly sought.

T. H. GILL.

242.—The Great Change.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 17.

L.M.

LORD! I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me!

Lord! I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear!

Lord! I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake!

Lord! I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre!

For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity!

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON.

243.—Progress.

PHILIPPIANS i. 6.

C.M.

WE praise and bless Thee, gracious
Lord,

Our Saviour kind and true!
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys Thy grace hath given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.

But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart
In Thine own ways to run.

When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light Thy yoke of love.

So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

C. F. P. SPITTA.

Translated by Mrs. Findlater.

244.—Self-dedication.

LUKE ix. 57.

7.6.

O JESUS, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Be Thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my Friend !
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me ;
 The world is ever near :
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear :
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within ;
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will.
 O speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control ;
 O speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul !

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory,
 There shall Thy servant be ;
 And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 O give me grace to follow,
 My Master and my Friend !

O let me see Thy footmarks,
 And in them plant mine own ;
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone !
 O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end ;
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend !

J. E. BODE.

245.—The Great Resolve.

MARK x. 28.

THAT would be interesting to learn what period of the author's spiritual history this Hymn commemorates. We know that Mr. Lyte was trained for the profession of medicine, which at an early period he gave up for the work of the ministry. Very probably the Hymn records the feelings with which he resolved upon this change in his career. Or perhaps it may belong to a later period, when he found and joyfully embraced the work of his life among the inhabitants of an obscure fishing village, and so spent his days, content for Christ's sake to be unknown.

The lines first appeared in a little volume entitled *Poems, Chiefly Religious*, Brixham, 1833.

8.7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own !

Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue :
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
 Show Thy face, and all is bright !

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favour, loss is gain !
 I have called Thee Abba, Father ;
 I have stayed my heart on Thee :
 Storms may howl and clouds may gather ;
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me :

O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee :--
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer :
Heaven's eternal day's before thee :
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission :
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days :
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. LYTE.

246.—“My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.”

SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 16.

105.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly
rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home ;
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
come :
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes ! He is mine ! and nought of earthly
things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth,
or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an
hour.

Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's
thine !

Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores sup-
plied ;

The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought
beside ;

And poor without Him, though of all
possessed :

Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;
Content while I am His, while He is
mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change
is seen ;

A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor
declines ;

Above the clouds and storms He walks
serene,

And sweetly on His people's darkness
shines :

All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is
mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when
down,

Reclaims me wandering, guards from
every foe ;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's
crown ;

Which, in return, before His feet I
throw,

Grieved that I cannot better grace His
shrine,

Who deigns to own me His, as He is
mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half
adore ;

But when I meet Him in the realms
above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Him
more,

And feel, and tell, amid the choir Divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine.

H. F. LYTE.

247.—Wrestling Jacob.

GENESIS xxxii. 26-29.



THE series of Hymns of self-dedication and trust may well be closed with this noble lyric, thought by many to be the finest that Charles Wesley ever wrote. Dr. Watts is reported to have said that "The single poem 'Wrestling Jacob' was worth all the verses he himself had written." James Montgomery in the *Christian Psalmist* writes: "Among Charles Wesley's highest achievements may be recorded, 'Come, O thou Traveller unknown,' in which with consummate art he carries on the action of a lyrical drama; every turn in the conflict with the mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night being marked with precision by the varying language of the speaker, accompanied by intense increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of the discovery, when he prevails, and exclaims, 'I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art!'" Dean Stanley writes: "The Hymn on 'Wrestling Jacob' is not only a Hymn, but a philosophical poem, disfigured indeed in parts by the anatomical allusions to the shrunk sinew, but filled on the whole with a depth and a pathos which might well" draw forth the testimonies just quoted from Watts and Montgomery.

In the words of the Rev. J. Jackson (*Life of C. Wesley*), the Hymn "applies with admirable ingenuity and tact the patriarch's mysterious conflict and the happy result to which it led, to the process of an awakened sinner's salvation."

L.M. six lines.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now; for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee:
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, my bowels move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'er-
come ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.





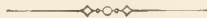
Book the Fourth.



HYMNS ON CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, LIFE, AND SERVICE: HERE AND HEREAFTER.

A LARGE variety of devotional lyrics will be necessarily included in the present division of our work. Many a meditative strain or outburst of holy feeling can scarcely be called a Hymn. Undoubtedly the outflowing of the soul to God is better, nobler, than that inward look which takes account of individual experiences—moods of reflectiveness, sorrow, resignation, trust, gladness, and hope. Yet there has always been felt to be room in our Psalmody for the lyrical expression of Christian feeling. David himself has set us the example. If one and another of the following pieces should seem hardly to claim the name of Hymns, call them *Songs of the Heart*, and their place among the rest will surely be uncontested.

The first Hymns of the section, in close continuance of the preceding, are expressions of devotedness to God, and of joy in fellowship with Him; then follow various utterances of Christian faith and feeling, of a sense of imperfection and sin, with gratitude for spiritual blessings, holy submission to the will of God, resolution to continue faithful to Him, gladness and exultation in His love. Hymns on Christian service form an important part of the section. Finally, a series of Hymns on the life beyond the veil set forth the Christian's deepest longings and brightest hopes.



248.—Ebenezer.

I SAMUEL vii. 12.

THIS popular Hymn has been the subject of an interesting discussion as to its authorship, the late Mr. Daniel Sedgwick confidently ascribing it to the Countess of Huntingdon. It appears, however, that the only evidence of the Countess's authorship is that a friend of hers, Mrs. Diana Binden, had a copy of Wesley's Hymns (ed. 1747), on the blank leaves of which were copied some Hymns ascribed to Lady Huntingdon, this being among them. On the title-page

Mrs. Binden's name is written, with the date 1759, so that the MS. Hymns were probably not copied until after that date. But an entry by Mr. Robinson in the records of the Baptist Church at Cambridge claims the Hymn as written by him when residing at Norwich, and printed by Mr. Wheatley of that city, in 1758. There is no ground, it would seem, for disturbing this testimony, especially as the Hymn has been generally received as Robinson's in the churches that have employed it in their Psalmody for more than a hundred years. There is a tradition that in his old age Mr. Robinson was heard more than once to say, "Oh that I could now

feel as when I wrote those two hymns ! " (See No. 51.)

In the first stanza the second strain is often altered to—

"Teach me some *melodious measure*,
Sung by *ransomed hosts* above ;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love."

8.7.

COME Thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above—
Praise the mount ! O fix me on it !
Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above !

ROBERT ROBINSON.

—••—
249.—The Love that Passeth
Knowledge.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.

108.

NOT what I am, O Lord ! but what
Thou art,
That, that alone can be my soul's true
rest ;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt
depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing
breast.

Thy name is Love ! I hear it from yon
cross ;
Thy name is Love ! I hear it from yon
tomb ;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's
thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall for ever bless ;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save ;
It holds me up in days of helplessness ;
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as Heaven's own
healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, My Lord and
God !
That fills my soul with peace, my lips
with song ;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my
rod ;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am
strong.

I am all want and hunger, this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here ;
Dear ones are leaving, and as they depart
Make room within for something yet more
dear.

More of Thyself O show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord ;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and
power,
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate
Word !

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

250.—Help from Jesus.

MATTHEW xx. 31.

6.5.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.


Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. FRYNE.

251.—The Power of Divine Love.

1 JOHN iv. 12.

 HIS translation from Gerhard Terstegen," writes Dr. Osborn, "was made by Wesley while he was at Savannah in 1736, and printed in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738. The original, beginning 'Verborgne Gottes Liebe du,' may be found in the Hernhuth Collection, 1737, p. 483. That translation agrees with this, except in verse 4, where we read :

'Ah ! tear it thence, that Thou alone
Might reign unrivalled Monarch there ;
From earthly loves I must be free
Ere I can find repose in Thee.'

But after the ever-memorable 24th of May, 1738, Wesley knew 'the way of God more perfectly,' and wrote as in the text. In a final revision for the Larger Hymn-book, 1780, he changed 'be' in verse 2, line 4, into 'seems,' and made the closing couplet of the Hymn precatory, in accordance with the two preceding, by changing 'is' into 'be.' "

L.M. six lines.

THOU hidden love of God, whose
height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows ;

I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.¹

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove :
And fain I would : but though my will
Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee :
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall
see :

Oh ! when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
share ?

Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live,
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive !
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee !

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

Ah, no ! ne'er will I backward turn :
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am !
Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for Thee, his constant
flame ;
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love.

¹ Compare Augustine's *Confessions*, i. 1.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, is all my choice !

G. TERSTEEGEN.

Translated by John Wesley.

252.—Love and Consecration.

JUDE 21.

THE original of this Hymn, like that of the preceding, is in the Herrnhuth Collection; it begins "Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke." The original title is "Gratitude for our Conversion." In the Wesleyan Hymn-book, which other collections have followed, the fourth line of the first verse reads, "In all *Thy* works." The original conveys a meaning more in accordance with the spirit of the Hymn. "In my *works* I will love Thee," i.e., "All that I *do*, as well as what I *feel* and *say*, shall be the expression of my love."

The last couplet of the sixth verse is a quotation from Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn.

L.M. six lines.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and Thee alone ;
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?
 Ah, why did I not sooner go
 To Thee, the only ease in pain ?
 Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to Thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I strayed,
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than Thee I loved ;
 And now if more at length I see,
 Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;

I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host in-
 spires ;
 "That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite."

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
 Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless day !

J. SCHEFFLER.

Translated by John Wesley.

253.—Jesus Only.

MARK ix. 8.

THIS Hymn of two verses contains a *thought*, sweet and perfect in expression. Its very brevity is its charm, and it must not be overlooked amid the numerous expansions of the same idea which other Hymns contain.

888.6.

O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead
 In earth beneath or heaven above,
 But just my own exceeding need
 And Thine exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
 Exceeding great but quickly o'er,
 Thy love, unbought, is all Thine own,
 And lasts for evermore !

MRS. JANE CREWDSON.

254.—“To Thee.”

JOHN vi. 68.



THE first Hymn in the author's collection of poems entitled *Under the Surface*, 1874. In the expression of simple and entire surrender in Christ, leading to joyful service, Miss Havergal is pre-eminent among our hymn-writers, and the present Hymn is among her best.

6666.88.

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read ;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be mine own ;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour, and my King !

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

255.—Christ is All.

EPHESIANS i. 3.

S.M.

O EVERLASTING Light !
Shine graciously within ;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin !

O everlasting Truth !
Truest of all that's true ;
Sure Guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too !

O everlasting Strength !
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day !

O everlasting Love !
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above ;
Bid doubt and trouble cease !

O everlasting Rest !
Lift off life's load of care ;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear !

Thou art in heaven our all ;
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now !

DR. H. BONAR.

256.—The Captivity of Love.

MATTHEW xi. 30.

S.M.

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see !
My Conqueror ! with what joy Divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !

I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind ;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.


I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God ;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

T. H. GILL.

257.—Progress.

HABAKKUK i. 12.

 HE author of this grand Hymn has adopted for a motto the words of Augustine, *Immutabilis mutans omnia*, "The Unchangeable One who changes all things."

8.8.6.

LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known !
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part !
Still, still Thou art our own.

Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee ;
Out of Thine own eternity

Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;

The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.

Spirit, who makest all things new,
Thou ledest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess ;


New births of grace, new raptures bring ;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode ;
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

T. H. GILL.

258.—The Soul's Longings.

PSALM lxxxvi. 11.

 HIS Hymn in the original version is entitled "A Poor Sinner," and contains seven double verses, the last stanza as given here being the second. The transposition, which adds much to the effect of the Hymn, and brings it to a fine climax, is in the Wesleyan Hymn-book. The final stanza (omitted here and in the Wesleyan Hymn-book) ends characteristically :

"I want I know not what,
I want my wants to see,
I want—alas what want I *not*,
When Thou art not in me !"

S. M.

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope !
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest my prayer ;
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly ;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord !
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

259.—Following Jesus.

JOHN xiii. 15.

C.M.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven !

JOHN HAMPTDEN GURNEY.

260.—Safe !

JOHN x. 28.

THIS bright little Hymn, commended by its appropriate tune, has of late years been adopted by thousands of rejoicing worshippers as expressive of their trust in a newly-found Redeemer. From its simplicity, as well as from its accordance with some of the deepest emotions of the renewed soul, it will surely become a classic in our Evangelical hymnody.

P.M.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !
Safe in the arms, etc.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er :
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms, etc.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

261.—“Looking unto Jesus.”

HEBREWS xii. 2.



ART of a longer poem entitled, “Divine Ejaculation,” beginning :

“In all extremes, Lord, Thou art
still
The Mount whereto my hopes do
flee.”

L.M. six lines.

FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death ;
Fill me with light that hath no shade ;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven and seest,
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be thou my Priest ;
Command my soul, and cure my sin.
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed, and blest, in Thee.
What I enjoy, O make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

When winter fortune clouds the brows
Of summer friends ; when eyes grow
strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change ;
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,
When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for
ever.

JOHN QUARLES.

262.—Early Self-dedication.

PROVERBS viii. 17.



YOUNG Man's Hymn. The great
lesson that the service of God is for
the golden hours of life as well as for
its darker days and fading remnant,
is perhaps too little inculcated ; it is certainly too
little heeded. So long as “religion” is set forth

chiefly as a preparation for death, so long will
its highest claims be disregarded. The phrase
“making the best of both worlds” is often cen-
sured, but it nevertheless contains a true and
beautiful meaning.

C.M.

WITH sin I would not make abode
While shines each golden hour ;
Nor keep away from Thee, my God !
Till falls my blissful bower.

I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love ;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part !
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart !

Lord ! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong ;
While runneth o'er each dear delight
To Thee should soar my song.

O choose me in my golden time !
In my dear joys have part !
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart !

I cannot, Lord ! too early take
The covenant divine ;
O ! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

T. H. GILL.

263.—Thine for Ever.

JOSHUA xxiv. 24.

7s.

THINE for ever : God of love !
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever : Lord of Life !
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever : O how blessed
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end !

Thine for ever : Saviour ! keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever : Thou our Guide !
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord ! from earth to heaven.

MARY F. MAUDE.

264.—The Fountain of Love.

I JOHN IV. 10.

C.M.

YE souls for whom the Son did die,
In whom the Spirit dwells,
Your sweet amazement riseth high,
And strong your rapture swells.

Yet the revealing Spirit keeps
More truth, more grace in store ;
Sublimar heights, diviner deeps,
He biddeth you explore.

Ye bless the love that did redeem,
The love that did renew,
But farther on the heavenly stream
Of love ye still pursue.

In sweet amazement still ye mount,
The stream divine ye trace
High up unto its very fount,
The Father's endless grace.

Who sparèd not that Son divine?
Who sent that Spirit sweet?
Father ! the work of love is Thine,
The wonder is complete !

Lord ! would'st Thou set Thy love on me
And choose me in Thy Son ?
Lord ! hath my heart been given to Thee ?
Hath love in me begun ?

Ne'er let Thy smile from me depart,
My heart from Thee remove !
Eternal Lover ! teach my heart
Thine own eternal love.

T. H. GILL.

265.—The Beatitudes.

MATTHEW V. 3-9.

8.8.6.

THERE is a dwelling-place above ;
Thither to meet the God of love
The poor in spirit go :
There is a Paradise of rest ;
For contrite hearts and souls distressed
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage ;
The meek that haven gain :
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true ;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart :
There is a sight from man concealed ;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name in heaven bestowed ;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know :
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high
Who serve Him here below.

Lord ! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given ;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven !

BISHOP R. MANT.

266.—The Truly Blessed.

MATTHEW v. 3-10.

L.M.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the men of broken heart
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love ;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin ;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.


Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the sufferers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.

DR. WATTS.

267.—Purity.

MATTHEW v. 8.

HE first and third verses of this Hymn are adapted from the poem in *The Christian Year*, on the "Purification of the Virgin Mary," the second and fourth verses being added to complete the Hymn, with Mr. Keble's permission. They

appear in the Mitre Hymn-book, 1836, edited by the Rev. W. J. Hall, who probably added the verses. Since then, they have been adopted generally by the editors of hymn-books, as in *Church Hymns*, Murray's *Hymnal* (1852), and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. In the third verse, "dwelling" has been substituted for "cradle."

S.M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
 Our life and peace to bring,
 To dwell in lowliness with men,
 Their pattern and their King.

He to the lowly soul
 Doth still Himself impart,
 And for His dwelling and His throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
 May ours this blessing be ;
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee.

J. KEBLE.

268.—Calmness.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 7.

C.M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow ;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on Thy breast ;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
 And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Let Thine outstretchèd wing
 Be like the shade of Elim's palms
 Beside her desert-spring.

Yes ; keep me calm, though loud and rude
 The sounds my ear that greet ;
 Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

DR. H. BONAR.

269.—Sincerity.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

S.M.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true ;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
"Lord, I believe," O hear my cry,
"Help Thou my unbelief!"

DR. H. BONAR.

270.—A New Heart.

PSALM li. 10.

C.M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesus ! for Thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.

My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,
Till Thou create my peace ;
Till, of my Eden repossessed,
From self and sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, dearest Lord ! impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

271.—"Help, Lord!"

MATTHEW xv. 25.

C.M.

O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord ! the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe,
For still, the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus ! from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in Heaven to be.

DEAN MILMAN.

272.—Grace Implored.

JAMES iv. 6.

S.M.

O LORD ! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart ;
In heaven I would Thy glory see,
Now, therefore, grace impart !

Grace to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew ;

Grace to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love,
Gently to deal with those that fall
Like Him who reigns above ;

Grace onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the shining prize bestow,
Christ's crown of righteousness.

Lord ! give me this rich grace !
O give Thyself to me,
That I may dwell before Thy face
And all Thy glory see !

C. T. ASLEY.

273.—“Not as though I had
already attained.”

PHILIPPIANS iii. 12.

S.M.

NOT yet I love my God
With undivided heart ;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.

Not yet, my gracious Lord,
Each care on Thee I cast,
Nor live on Thy life-giving word,
Nor hold each promise fast.

Not yet is all Thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine ;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of Thine.

Not yet Thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet I yearn for Thee
As Thou for me dost yearn,
Nor yet Thy wondrous love of me,
Even as I might, return.

But shall I not one day,
My God, be all Thine own,
Rejoicing, all Thy will obey,
And do Thy works alone ?

Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from Thy presence sweet ?

T. H. GILL.

274.—Love Divine.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.



HYMN like this, pre-eminently, should be printed as originally written. It is not too much to say that the alterations introduced have blurred, if they have not effaced, the author's design. His theme is the power of the life of love within the soul to overcome sin, and lead to perfect rest. The line :

“Take away our *power* of sinning,”

has been felt as overbold. Yet what is it but an expression of the Apostle's words : “He cannot sin, because he is born of God” (1 John iii. 9)? Why, again, is “*perfect* love,” at the end of verse 3, so frequently altered to “*precious* love”? In the last verse the words “perfectly restored in Thee” (applying to “us,” not to “great salvation”), is the key to Wesley's meaning throughout. So in verse 3, line 2, “life” is Wesley's reading, not “grace,” as most editors have it. As it stands, the Hymn is one of the noblest in the language.

8.7.

LOVE Divine ! all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;
 All Thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus ! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art :
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest :
 Take away our power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its Beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee :
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

CHARLES WESLEY.

275.—God's Presence Light in Darkness.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4.



THIS Hymn well expresses the exultation which arises from conscious communion with God. The first two verses especially are almost perfect in lyrical beauty. The last two are hardly in the same key ; although there are rare moods of Christian feeling to which the only adequate climax would seem to be the bursting of the bonds of flesh and sense

in order to attain the full freedom and delight of the spiritual realm ! Such moods now and then find expression in Watts's poetry, more frequently in Charles Wesley's.

C.M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun :
 He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word :
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqueror through.

DR. WATTS.

276.—The Joy of Faith.

PHILIPPIANS i. 25.



ABRIGHT, exuberant expression of Christian gladness, in present privilege and immortal hope ; childlike in its simplicity, yet with more than a touch of the sublime. If there is one false note it is in the word "favourites" in the third verse. With almost common consent, modern editors have substituted the word "children" to correspond with "Father" in the next stanza but one. We would have followed their example but for the wish to present this fine Hymn in the poet's own way.

S.M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.


The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Emmanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

DR. WATTS.

277.—The Hidden Life.

COLOSSIANS iii. 3.

NE of Newton's brightest and most faultless contributions to sacred Hymnody. In the fourth verse his own reading has been restored. Most modern hymn-books spoil the first line of that verse by the alteration :

"Though unperceived by mortal sense."

The author's contrast of course was between the "sometimes" and the "always." It has been suggested that his exact meaning would have been better given by the transposition :

"Though *always* unperceived by sense,
Faith *sometimes* sees Him near ;"

but this again would spoil the strain. That *He is* "always near," whether faith apprehends the fact or not, is the Christian's joy.

C.M.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord
Who makes your cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near ;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear ?

As surely as He overcame
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

JOHN NEWTON.

278.—Resting in God.

LAMENTATIONS iii. 24.

C.M.

MY heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing,
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill,
For the waters of this world have failed
And I am thirsty still !

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies ;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set ;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet !

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known ;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own :
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see,
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me !

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care ;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere :
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

ANNA L. WARING.

279.—Entire Submission.

LUKE xxii. 42.

NINE stanzas out of fourteen. The omitted verses are interesting, but not needful to the completeness of the Hymn. The second verse of the original, however, has an allusion to our great Exemplar in the fulfilment of the Father's will :

"Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those Three-and-thirty years."

Most hymn-editors change the word "kiss" in verse 2 below (Faber, verse 6) to "trace."

C.M.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God !
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear Thee, blessèd Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blessèd Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gladly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that He blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. FABER.

280.—Despondency Corrected.

ISAIAH lxv. 14.

AN unequal Hymn; yet highly characteristic of the author. In the original it contains eight double verses. The first two are the best; the remainder of the Hymn was probably intended to set forth the doctrine of "Final Perseverance," as the ground of hope. It contains, however, the deeper truth, that our relation to God does not depend upon our *sense* of it:

"The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay."

S.M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Bid every string awake!
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

Fastened within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.
Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will over pay!
Blessed is the man, O God!
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord!
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. TOPLADY.

281.—The Daily Christian Life.

2 CORINTHIANS ix. 8.

C.M. irregular.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

282.—Walking by Faith.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 7.

C.M.

WE walk by faith and not by sight ;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.

We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod,
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "*My Lord and God!*"

Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief ;
And may our faith abound
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found.

That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

HENRY ALFORD.

283.—The Constraint of Love.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 14.

L.M. six lines.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and
drear ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe ;

O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that
smite,

To shield us in our trial hour ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who thus hast bound me fast,
Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine ;
Love, who hast conquered me at last,
And rapt away this heart of mine ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

J. SCHEFFLER.

Translated by Miss Winkworth.

284.—Constancy.

EPHESIANS v. 1.



M. MILLER says of this Hymn that
"it is found in an extract from the
Journal of Mrs. Steinkopff, and
forms part of an account of a service
she attended at Waldbach church, on the after-
noon of Sunday, June 11, 1820. The text was,
'He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall
be satisfied' (Isaiah liiii. 11). After an earnest
appeal to his hearers, Oberlin read some verses of
a Hymn expressive of entire devotedness to God,

and said : ' My dear friends, may these be the feelings of our hearts, and as such let us sing them.' They then sang them heartily."

This Hymn is given below, in Mrs. Daniel Wilson's translation, and is interesting, as illustrating Oberlin's habit, like Doddridge's, of enforcing his sermons by Hymns specially composed. The fifth line, or *refrain* of each verse, is omitted by some editors.

L.M.

O LORD ! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee :
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee :
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee :
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee :
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

J. F. OBERLIN.

Translated by Mrs. D. Wilson.

285.—" Lord, save Us."

I KINGS viii. 30.

FROM a work entitled *The Voice and the Reply*, i.e., the Voice of God to Man, and Man's Reply to God, each being set forth in a progressive series of poetical compositions. The following Hymn is one of the "Replies," and is entitled by the writer, "The Prayer in the Temple."

777-5.

GOD of pity ! God of grace !
When we humbly seek Thy face
Bend from heaven Thy dwelling-place ;
Hear, forgive, and save !

When we in Thy temple meet,
Lay our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat ;
Look from heaven and save !

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill ;
Lord, accept and save !

Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold ;
Lord, forgive and save !

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess ;
Jesus, hear and save !

And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free ;
Hear, forgive, and save !

MRS. ELIZA F. MORRIS.

286.—Childlike Trust.

PSALM cxxxi. 2.

C.M.

AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm ;
So, I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine Almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace ;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face Divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,

And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society ;
 So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
 Lord,
 To love Thee more and more.

J. D. BURNS.

— • —

287.—A Quiet Spirit.

I KINGS xix. 12.

86.886.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives, Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
 As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind,
 and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

J. G. WHITTIER.

288.—Service and Praise.

PSALM cxix. 171.

C.M.

O WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy
 dear praise
 But tremble on my tongue ?
 Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
 A full triumphant song ?

How can this heart divinely glow,
 So ready to transgress ?
 Thy broken law doth dull me so ;
 My sins Thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn !
 Keep in Thy ways my feet ;
 Then shall my lips divinely burn ;
 Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make
 My soul more strong to soar ;
 Each work I do for Thee shall wake
 A strain Divine the more.

My voice shall more delight Thine ear
 The more I wait on Thee ;
 Thy service brings my soul more near
 The angelic harmony.

O, wherefore swells so sweet above
 The everlasting hymn ?
 Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
 Those tuneful seraphim !

O, when shall perfect holiness
 Make this poor voice Divine,
 And all harmonious heaven confess
 No sweeter song than mine ?

T. H. GILL.

— • —

289.—The Memory of Sin.

PSALM lxxix. 8.

C.M.

THY mercy, Lord, hath made me whole,
 My sins Thou hast forgiven :
 Yet still the grief regains my soul,
 Yet still my heart is riven.

Those buried sins of mine arise,
 Again my heart runs o'er ;—
 Once more those deep, repentant sighs,
 Those bitter tears once more !

O ! shall these drops of sadness make
The light celestial dim,
And memory's mournful music break
On heaven's eternal hymn ?

My Saviour's powerful blood I know ;
My pardoning God I bless ;
But send Thy Spirit down ! bestow
Of Thine own holiness !

Those sins, so bitter to my soul,
Lord, let me not repeat ;
So make my past less sorrowful,
So make my heaven more sweet !

Shall not this holier soul of mine
Enjoy Thy presence bright,
And memory's happy strains divine
Angelic ears delight !

T. H. GILL.

290.—Revival.

HOSEA vi. 1.



HE thirtieth Paraphrase in the Church
of Scotland Collection. The author
will be remembered also for the nine-
teenth :

"The race that long in darkness pined."

C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And still the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

DR. J. MORRISON.

291.—The Wanderer's Return.

HOSEA xiv. 4.

L.M. six lines.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore !
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within ;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

292.—The Life of Faith.

HEBREWS xi. 1.



ADAPTED for the Wesleyan Hymn-book from a poem of 88 stanzas, first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740 (Works, vol. i. p. 209). These six verses form the introduction to the poem, which is a fine paraphrase of Hebrews xi.

L.M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active
flame ;

Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same.

To Thee, our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable :
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

By faith we know Thee strong to save :
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou !)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

To him that in Thy name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

CHARLES WESLEY.

293.—Walking in the Light.

1 JOHN i. 7.

C.M.

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light !

BERNARD BARTON.

294.—Sincerity in Worship.

PSALM li. 6.

C.M.

LORD ! when we bend before Thy
throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.


JOSEPH D. CARLYLE.

Give these, and then Thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

295.—Praying Aright.

PROVERBS xvi. 1.

 HIS Hymn and the one that follows, by the same author, may be termed classic Hymns on Prayer. The second, perhaps, is, strictly speaking, rather a poem than a Hymn ; and yet its expression of the spirit of prayer is so apt and exquisite that no collection of devotional lyrics could well omit it. It first appeared in the Rev. J. Bickersteth's Collection, 1819.

C.M.

LORD ! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though frail and sinful in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
We perish if we cease from prayer,
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
God of all grace ! we come to Thee
With broken contrite hearts ;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts ;

Give deep humility, the sense
Of godly sorrow give,
A strong desiring confidence
To see Thy face and live ;
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;

Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

296.—What is Prayer ?

LUKE xi. 1.

C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays !

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

297.—Longing for God.

PSALM iv. 4.

FOR the sake of the last couplet, this short Hymn must be preserved. The call to silence is too little heeded amid the activities of modern "religious" life; and among the "scenes" from which it is good to be sometimes "withdrawn" are those where the highest aims are pursued in eager ways that leave little time for calm consideration.

L.M.

MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my soul be chained to earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone!
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

DR. WHITTS.

298.—The Unseen Redeemer.

I PETER i. 8.

C.M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER.

299.—The Lord's Prayer.

MATTHEW vi. 9-13.

THERE have been many versifications of the Lord's Prayer in order to adapt it to music, but none, perhaps, better than that which the famous missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson, composed when he was lying in the prison of a far-off land, suffering under the weight of heavy chains and countless tortures and deprivations. The author said of it that it is comprised in fewer words than the original Greek, and only two more words than the common translation.

C.M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread:
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free:
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory, ever be.

DR. A. JUDSON.

300.—Converse with God.

PSALM xxvii. 8.

C.M.

SPEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

301.—Solitary Devotion.

JEREMIAH ii. 2.

THE words of the motto-text, "When thou wentest after me in the wilderness," were chosen by the poet himself; and the Hymn has a peculiar charm not only from its own beauty, but from the glimpse it gives into the author's brighter experiences.

C.M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of life divine ;
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love !
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

302.—Lost Fellowship.

GALATIANS iv. 15.

A PATHETIC contrast with the preceding. The two Hymns together form a fragment of autobiography, almost too sacred to dwell upon, excepting when we can regard them apart from the author's own history, and see mirrored in their strains the experiences of the many who aspire and strive and often fail.

C.M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

303.—Walking with God.

GENESIS v. 24.



IN a very different strain from Cowper's Hymn just given, although suggested by the same brief yet sublime Bible description of a godly life. As a comment on this description in the form of a prayer, the following appears to us unusually felicitous.

64.64.664.

WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign ;

Daily confer on me

Converse divine :

Jesus, in Thee restored,

Brother and Holy Lord,

Let it be mine !

Walking with Thee, my God,

Like as a child

Leans on his father's strength,

Crossing the wild ;

And by the way is taught

Lessons of holy thought,

Faith undefiled.

Darkness and earthly mists,

How do they flee,

Far underneath my feet,

Walking with Thee !

Pure is that upper air,

Cloudless the prospect there,

Walking with Thee.

Walking in reverence

Humbly with Thee,

Yet from all abject fear

Lovingly free :

E'en as a friend with friend,

Cheered to the journey's end,

Walking with Thee !

Then Thy companions here

Walking with Thee,

Rise to a higher life,

Soul liberty.

They are not here to love,

But to the home above,

Taken by Thee.

Gently translated, they

Pass out of sight ;

Gone ! as the morning stars

Flee with the night :

Taken to endless day !—

So may I fade away

Into Thy light !

G. RAWSON.

304.—The Hour of Prayer.

ACTS iii. 1.

888.4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer ?

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief—
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

305.—“Still with Thee.”

PSALM cxxxix. 18.



IN the third verse of this Hymn, some editors have altered the phrase “where Time's is loud,” to “mid clamour loud.” No doubt the original is somewhat harsh, but it has the merit of convey-

ing a *thought* which the substituted words flatten into common-place. The contrast between the "still small voice" and the "persistent voice of Time" is finely suggested.

S.M.

STILL with Thee, O my God !
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind :
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose :
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES D. BURNS.

306.—Drawing near to God through Christ.

HEBREWS vii. 25.



HE *personal* reference in the last line of the first verse has been felt by many to be incongruous with the general tone of the Hymn, and it has accordingly been altered by many editors, who indeed have tried with indifferent success to retouch the Hymn throughout. It is given below as the author left it, and as it appears in the Wesleyan Hymn-book. In the last verse, as a matter of punctuation, it should be noted that the fourth line is to be read with the last two. "Peace, righteousness, joy, and love," are the Kingdom of Christ, according to Romans xiv. 17.

L.M.

O GOD of our forefathers ! hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies
known—
To Thee through Jesus we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-belovèd Son,
In whom Thy smiling face we see,
Through whom Thou art well-pleased
with me.

With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
The only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

Acceptance through His only Name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have ;
But more abundant life we claim,
Through Him who died our souls to
save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

Father ! behold Thy dying Son ;
And hear the blood that speaks above ;
On us let all Thy grace be shown :
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love—
Thy kingdom—come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art !

CHARLES WESLEY.

307.—The Indwelling Saviour.

EPHESIANS iii. 16.

L.M.

COME, dearest Lord ! descend and
dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.


Come fill our hearts with inward strength ;
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and
length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church through Christ His
Son.

PR. WATTS.

308.—“Still, still with Thee.”

PSALM cxxxix. 18.

 HIS poetical Hymn and the following
one were contributed by Mrs. Stowe
to the *Plymouth Collection of Hymns
and Tunes*, edited by the Rev. H. W.
Beecher, 1855.

11. 10.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple
morning breaketh—

When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the
daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am
with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic
shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the
morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth
rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! as to each new-born
morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is
given,
So doth this blessed consciousness
awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee
and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright
morning
When the soul waketh, and life's
shadows flee ;
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight
dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought,—I am
with Thee !

MRS. H. P. STOWE.

309.—“Abide in Me.”

JOHN xv. 4.

108.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sove-
reign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to
Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee !
From this good hour, O leave me never
more !
Then shall the discord cease, the wound
be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be
o'er.

Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark
thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and
divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems
around it thrown.

Abide in me ; there have been moments
blest

When I have heard Thy voice and felt
Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion,
hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the
hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and
rare ;

Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee !

MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

310.—Living to God.

PHILIPPIANS i. 22.



PRAYER on recovery from sickness ;
but strikingly and beautifully appropriate to all who would "live in earnest." We place it, therefore, at the beginning of a series of Hymns—only too few—on Christian Service.

108.

TEACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to
die,—

Gently and silently to pass away,—
On earth's long night to close the heavy
eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious
day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to
live,

To serve Thee in the darkest paths of
life ;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigour
give,
And make me more than conqueror in
the strife.

Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil ;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper
shine ;

Each day renew, remould the stubborn
will ;

Closer round Thee my heart's affections
twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no
more ;

But use the time remaining to me yet ;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain re-
gret.

Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart
employ,

Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its
load ;

Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near ;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the dark-
ened road.

Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things
away ;

Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and
power each day.

Teach me to live, with kindly words for
all,

Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of
gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy
call

Summons my spirit to its heavenly
home.

ELLEN E. BURMAN.

311.—Life's Service.

ISAIAH xxxviii. 18, 19.



R. WATTS entitles this Hymn "The Privileges of the Living above the Dead," and this thought runs through the whole. There are forms of earthly ministry in which we must do God's will *now* or *never*. What new occasions may be given to the redeemed in heaven to serve the Master, we cannot tell ; we have only this life for such works of love as those which the poet here describes. It is common enough to point the exhortation to lifelong earnestness by the thought that "the night cometh in which no man can

work;" but here the same lesson is not less effectively urged in the prospect of the eternal day.

L.M.

AWAKE, my zeal ; awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there ;
Lord ! I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown ;
And when my life and labour cease
May I possess the promised crown.

DR. WATTS.

312.—The ever-burning Altar Flame.

LEVITICUS vi. 13.

THIS choice Hymn, from the author's marvellous series of *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, gives a fine turn to the command, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar ; it shall never go out."

L.M.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee,
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY.

313.—The Labourer for Christ.

JOHN xv. 15, 16.



WO verses of this characteristic Hymn are omitted, as, although they have some fine lines :

"O ye who serve, remember One
The workers' way who trod :
He served as man, but now His throne,
It is the throne of God,"

the rest contains an emblem or rather a series of emblems which rather break the continuity of the strain. The omission was originally made with the author's own sanction.

C.M. six lines.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord !
But train me for Thy will,
For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve ; how many more
May to the service come !
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some ;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblessed
Wilt Thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day,

Sharing His service every one
 Share too His Sonship may ;
 Lord ! I would serve and be a son,
 Dismiss me not, I pray !

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

314.—The "Servant of the Lord."

DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 5.

C.M.

O NOT to fill the mouth of fame
 My longing soul is stirred ;
 O give me a diviner name,
 Call me Thy servant, Lord !

Sweet title that delighteth me,
 Rank earnestly implored !
 O what can reach the dignity
 Of Thy true servants, Lord ?

No longer would my soul be known
 As self-sustained and free ;
 O not mine own, O not mine own,
 Lord ! I belong to Thee.

In each aspiring burst of prayer
 Sweet leave my soul would ask
 Thine every burden, Lord ! to bear,
 To do Thine every task.

For ever, Lord ! Thy servant choose,
 Nought of Thy claim abate ;
 The glorious name I would not lose,
 Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
 No other name for me !
 The same sweet style and title given
 Through all eternity.

THOMAS H. GILL.

315.—Christ our constant Helper.

ACTS xviii. 9, 10.

C.M.

O NOT alone in saddest plight
 My Lord do I require ;
 Not only in the thickest fight,
 And in the sevenfold fire !

Not only for some task sublime
 Thy succour I implore ;
 Not only on some solemn time
 Thy Holy Spirit pour !

O ne'er can I my Helper spare ;
 I want Thee all the way ;
 I want my Saviour everywhere,
 I want Thee every day.

Lord ! for each daily task of mine
 I want Thy quickening power ;
 I want Thy smile away to shine
 The trouble of each hour.

I want each joy from Thee to spring,
 Each joy for Thee more bright ;
 Each footstep of Thine ordering,
 All light seen in Thy light.

THOMAS H. GILL.

316.—The Service of the Lord.

JOHN xii. 26.

C.M.

HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand !

With willing heart and longing eyes,
 To watch before Thy gate ;
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow, calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Belovèd's will.

Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord !
 Thus ever Thine alone ;
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won.
 Through evil or through good report,
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified !

How happily the working days
In this dear service fly ;
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh !
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company ;
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

C. F. SPITTA.
Translated by Miss Borthwick.

317.—The Worker's Cry for Light.

PSALM xliii. 3.

C.M.

L ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The way of work can see.
In plainest things I daily err
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

In word and plan and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work ;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.
The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn ;
I wander oft, and think it Thine
When walking in my own.

Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way ;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give !
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me ;
Beyond all disappointment then,
And failure I shall be.

The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord !
It is Thy race we run ;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

DR. H. FOWLER.

318.—Christian Stewardship.

I CHRONICLES xxix. 14.

S.M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be ;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive ;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

O hearts are bruised and dead ;
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold !

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord !
We do it unto Thee.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

319.—The Servant of God.

PSALM cxvi. 16.

7s.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee :
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store ;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

320.—Heavenly Help in Christ's Service.

I SAMUEL iii. 9.



HE devoted author of this Hymn and the preceding has left many a sacred lyric expressive of the deepest and holiest emotions of the heart filled with the love of Christ. But these two stand pre-eminent ; in their simplicity and completeness, they rank among the very highest of those Hymns—too few in number—which express the earnestness and joy of Christian service.

L.M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone :
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

321.—The Noble Army of Martyrs.

ACTS vii. 60.

C.M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :—
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :—
Who follows in His train ?


A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bowed their necks the death to
 feel :—
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

322.—“Stand up for Jesus.”

ROMANS i. 16.

HE fourth verse of this spirited Hymn is generally omitted in the collections, and it is undoubtedly inferior to the rest. But as it adds a distinct thought to the rest, it seems worth retaining.

7.6.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the Cross !
 Lift high His royal banner ;
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet-call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day ;
 Ye that are men, now serve Him,
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone :

The arm of flesh will fail you ;
 Ye dare not trust your own ;
 Put on the gospel armour,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.


Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Each soldier to his post ;
 Close up the broken column,
 And shout through all the host ;
 Make good the loss so heavy,
 In those that still remain ;
 And prove to all around you
 That death itself is gain.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.

323.—Marching Song.

DEUTERONOMY xxxi. 6.

HIS Hymn first appeared in the *Church Times*, 1865. Several editors have altered the second couplet of the first verse to :

“Looking unto Jesus,
 Who is gone before.”

There seems little reason for this change. “The Cross,” of course, may refer to the material symbol as used in processions ; but the reference may well be to the higher spiritual reality. The consecrated host follows “the pathway of the Cross.”

In singing this Hymn, the former half of the first verse is generally repeated at the end of every stanza as a chorus.

6.5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See His banners go !

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee :
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory !
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God.
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain :
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song :
 " Glory, laud, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King : "
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

S. BARING-GOULD.

324.—Marching to Heaven.

PSALM cxliii. 10.



ORIGINALLY a children's Hymn. It has been much altered in successive reprints since its first publication in 1860. The version here given is from

Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.), with a children's verse (3) omitted :

" Pattern of our childhood,
 Once Thyself a child,
 Make our childhood holy,
 Pure, and meek, and mild.

In the hour of danger,
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
 Only unto Thee ? "

As in the previous Hymn, the former half of verse 1 is generally sung at the end of each stanza as a chorus.

6.5.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high.
 Marching through the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 Still, with hearts united,
 Singing on our way.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing
 See Thy children meet ;
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray ;
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.

All our days direct us
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe :
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lour ;
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.

Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love.
 When the march is over,
 Then come rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.

T. J. POTTER, altered.

325.—The Right must Win.

ISAIAH xlix. 4.



HE Hymn from which the following is selected, contains nineteen verses, and is of unequal merit, though containing some finely expressed thoughts,

as :

"Love can be bold and guess, and act,
Where reason would not dare :—
She has a prudence of her own,
Her step is firm and free ;
Yet there is cautious Science too
In her simplicity."

The phrase in the 14th verse, "learn to *lose with God*" is also worth remembering. But the verses here given form a complete Hymn in themselves, and contain all that is most valuable in the original.

C.M.

IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Ah, He is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Workman of God ! oh ! lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul,
Muse, and take better heart :
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part !

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

DR. F. W. FABER.

326.—The Useful Life.

GALATIANS vi. 9.

L.M.

GO labour on ; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go labour on ; 'tis not for naught,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises ; what are men ?

Go, labour on ; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer :
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

Go labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
Be wise, the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice :
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, Behold I come !

DR. H. BONAR.

327.—The Faithful Servant.

LUKE xii. 35-37.



THE following Hymn is a good illustration of the felicity with which Dr. Doddridge weaves into his verse the successive points of the Scripture

passage which he selects on his theme. The word "favoured" in the last verse is often changed to "faithful;" but Doddridge undoubtedly meant to convey the thought that the diligence and watchfulness of the true servant were themselves the gifts of heavenly grace.

S.M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

328.—The Armour of God.

EPHESIANS vi. 13.

THE original of the following is a Hymn of sixteen double verses, in Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (Poetical Works, vol. v. p. 40). It contains a vivid enumeration of the several constituent parts of the believer's armour, with forceful applications, though somewhat diffuse. Twelve verses are in the Wesleyan Hymn-book (266-268) in three parts.

S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
And arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

But, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field;
Jesus hath died for you!
What can His love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand?

To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms
And use your every grace.

Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your hearts and hands abroad
And pray for Zion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day ;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

329.—Onward !

HEBREWS xi. 14.

8.7.

THROUGH the night of doubt and
sorrow,

Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. INGMANN.

*Adapted from the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's
Translation.*

330.—The Pilgrim Band.

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 17.

7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head !
O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn ;
What are they but vaunt-couriers
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they, save the effluence
Of uncreated Light ?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure ;
What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus wearth
He wearth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

331.—The Firm Foundation.

HEBREWS xiii. 5.

THIS old-fashioned, favourite, but unequal Hymn is remarkable for the aptitude with which it combines a great number of the choicest Scripture promises. The search for "references" to its successive lines would itself be a delightful and profitable Biblical study. The remarkable succession of *five* negatives in the original Greek of the motto-text (from Joshua i. 5) is reproduced very effectively in the last line of the Hymn. "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee" (Revised Version).

HIS.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

"In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes!
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

GEORGE KEITH.

332.—The Battle of Life.

DEUTERONOMY xx. 3.

THE rough draft of this Hymn was written by the author "on the back of one of his mathematical papers." Its present shape is due to Miss Fanny Fuller Maitland, in *Hymns for Private Devotion*, 1827; with the exception of the first verse, which begins, "Much in sorrow," and ends with the couplet—

"Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life."

7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe.
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
 March, in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight, nor think the battle long ;
 Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
 Soon shall every tear be dry :
 Let not fears your course impede ;
 Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

Completed by Fanny F. Maitland.

333.—Taking up the Cross.

MATTHEW xvi. 24.

S.M.

THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,
 O man, and follow Me ;"
 The night is black, the feet are slack,
 Yet we would follow Thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
 That we Thy face could see !
 Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
 Then might we follow Thee !

Dim tracts of time divide
 Those golden days from me ;
 Thy voice comes strange o'er years of
 change ;
 How can we follow Thee ?

Comes faint and far Thy voice
 From vales of Galilee ;
 Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;
 How should we follow Thee ?

O heavy cross—of faith
 In what we cannot see !
 As once of yore Thyself restore
 And help to follow Thee !

If not as once Thou cam'st
 In true humanity,
 Come yet as guest within the breast
 That burns to follow Thee.

Within our heart of hearts
 In nearest nearness be :
 Set up Thy throne within Thine own :—
 Go, Lord : we follow Thee.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

334.—"Father of Love."

GENESIS xxii. 11.



THE author of this striking Hymn
 says that it is "used frequently at
 Confirmation Services ; also as a
 New Year's Hymn."

C.M.

FATHER of love, our Guide and
 Friend,
 Oh lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial-time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won !

We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod ;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God !

If called like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time ;
 Deliverance shall arise.

Or, if some darker lot be good,
 Oh, teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, and solitude,
 That make the spirit pure !

Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name.
 In hope, and love, and fear.

And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
 And faultless anthems raise,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
 Accept our feeble praise !

DR. W. J. IRONS.

335.—The Cloudy Fiery Pillar.

EXODUS xiii. 21.

C.M.

LEND me, O Lord, Thy softening
cloud,

When sunshine makes a heaven below,
Lest in the desert I be proud,
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.

Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire Divine,
When darkness hides Thee from my
soul,
Lest in the desert I repine,
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.

Be Thou the shade on my right hand,
When in my strength I stand alone;
And when in night I lose the land,
Be Thou my star, my guiding One.

Cloud of the Cross, Light of the Crown,
With eve and morn my path beset;
Let pride on Calvary's steep lie down,
Let faith arise on Olivet.

Thy cloud that meets me in the day
Is but the shadow of Thy wing;
Concealing from my sight the way
That faith alone may homeward bring.

Thy fire that meets me in the night
Is the full brightness of Thy face,
Revealing through my tears a light
That leads me to Thy dwelling-place

GEORGE MATHISON.

336.—The God of Bethel.

GENESIS xxviii. 20-22.



HIS Hymn as given below is so endeared to multitudes, that we have thought it best to let it stand in its altered form. As originally written, it is a much closer paraphrase of the Scripture passage, although undoubtedly less poetical. It reads thus—

"O God of Jacob! by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hath all our fathers led;

To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

If Thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide;
If Thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide;

If Thou wilt spread Thy shield around,
Till these our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace;

To Thee as to our covenant God,
We will ourselves resign;
And count, that not one tenth alone,
But all we have is Thine."

There is reason to believe, say the editors of the *Free Church Hymn-book*, that, "O God of Bethel" was originally written by Doddridge, "Jacob" being an alteration in subsequent copies.

C.M.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Altered by Michael Bruce.

337.—**The Christian Voyage.**

PSALM cvii. 30.

THIS Hymn, a mariner's *Pilgrim's Progress*, has been often ascribed to Toplady. It is really by Richard de Courcy, and appears to have been written by him on one of the occasions when Whitefield was about to sail for America, probably for the seventh and last time, in 1769.

6666.88.

JESUS, at Thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep ;
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

Thou art my Pilot wise ;
My compass is Thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust Thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye ;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, Thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place :

Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

R. DE COURCY.

338.—**"Jesus, still lead on."**

LUKE v. 11.

55.88.55.

JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief ;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

*Translated by Miss Borthwick.*339.—**Forward !**

EXODUS xiv. 15.

6.5.

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head,

Who shall dream of shrinking
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light!

Forward! when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace,
Faint not till in glory
Gleams our Father's face:
Forward! all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth!
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
Forward! out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Far o'er yon horizon,
Rise the city towers
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours:

Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

DEAN ALFORD.

340.—The Christian Race.

HEBREWS xii. 1.

C.M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blessed Saviour! introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

341.—The Heavenly Race.

ISAIAH xl. 31.

L.M.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought begone;
Awake! and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint :

Thee, mighty God ! Whose matchless
power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.


From Thee, the over-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and drop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

DR. WATTS.

342.—The Pilgrim's Song.

MICAH ii. 10.

 HIS quaint Hymn appeared with certain alterations in Madan's Collection, and has therefore been often attributed to him. The late Mr. Sedgwick, however, has conclusively shown that it was by Robert Seagrave, and has published the correct text in *Seagrave's Works*. We have restored the third verse, omitted in the hymn-books generally.

76.76.7776.

RISE, my soul, and stretch Thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay :
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun :
Both speed them to their source ;
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.


Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore ;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

343.—The Head of the Church.

REVELATION xv. 3.

 ROM Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution, by John and Charles Wesley, Bristol, 1745. It is the last Hymn in the little collection. The writers, having expressed their loyalty and uttered their prayers for the deliverance of the realm from the threatening rebellion, break forth into this glowing anthem to the KING OF KINGS.

77.87.

HHEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows our
days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour :
The love Divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Through torrents of temptation,
 Nor will we fear, when Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world with sin and Satan
 In vain our march opposes,
 Through Thee we shall break through
 them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
 To which Thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise for that high prize
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand
 To take us up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

344.—“ Watch and Pray.”

MATTHEW xxvi. 41.

777-3.

CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
 Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
 Thou art in the midst of foes ;
 Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
 Mustering their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
 Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it every night and day ;
 Ambushed lies the evil one ;
 Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
 Still they mark each warrior's way ;
 All with one sweet voice exclaim,
 Watch and pray.

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey ;
 Hide within thy heart His word,
 Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day ;
 Pray that help may be sent down ;
 Watch and pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

345.—The Triune Guide.

PSALM cvii. 7.

8.7.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea :
 Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.


Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
 Thou didst tread the earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love with every feeling blending,
 Pleasures that can never cloy :
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON.

346.—The Pillar of the Cloud.

NEHEMIAH ix. 19.

 IN the collected edition of Dr. Newman's poems, *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868, this Hymn is signed "At sea, June 16, 1833."

Dr. Newman writes in his *Apologia*, in reference to the time when he was hoping and longing to restore "Catholicity" to the English Establishment : "I was aching to get home (from Sicily), yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. I knew nothing of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament there. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since

become well known. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage" (pp. 99, 100).

Dr. Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church, 1845.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but
now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past
years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

347.—"Able to keep you from falling."

JUDE 25.



SPIRITED version of Jude's great doxology. Critics have found one or two of its stanzas ungrammatical, and so have altered or excluded the Hymn. But it will live ! It is worth noticing that the Revised Version accurately but unmelodiously reads the Apostle's words "To Him who is able to guard you from stumbling." It is not only the actual "fall" from which the children of God are kept, but from the false or hesitating step

which threatens danger. Dr. Watts seems to have caught this idea by adding the "hurtful snare" to his mention of "sin and death."

S.M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring !

'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs !

DR. WATTS.

348.—Divine Guidance.

EXODUS xiii. 21.



HIS Hymn, translated from the Welsh, has always been a favourite "song of pilgrimage."

Keble has re-written it thus ; but in its original ruggedness it preserves more of the true characteristics of a popular Hymn.*

"Guide us, Thou Whose name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land ;
We are weak, and Thou Almighty ;
Hold us with Thy strong right hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

Let the cloud and fire supernal
Day and night before us go ;
Lead us to the Rock and Fountain,

* Mr. Conder also re-wrote the Hymn for the (old) Congregational Hymn-book, but with little better success.

Whence the living waters flow ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till no want we know.

When we touch the cold dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide ;
Through the flood and through the whirlpool
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide :
Jesu, lead us,
Land us safe on Canaan's side."

The third line of the third stanza has been a perplexity to many editors, who have altered it in various ways—most generally into :

"Bear me through the swelling current ;"

but in its original form it is a terse expression of the thought in Hosea xiii. 14, "O death, I will be thy plagues ; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

8.7.4.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of death, and hell's destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

W. WILLIAMS.

349.—The Traveller.

ISAIAH xxxv. 10.



FROM "Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ," 1747 (Works, vol. iv. p. 262). Two verses are omitted in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, from which the following is taken. One (after verse 4) is eminently characteristic :

"Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And still with longing eyes look up,
Our hearts and prayers before us send,
Our ready scouts of faith and hope,
Who bring us news of Sion here:
We soon shall see the towers appear !"

The other is equally worth quoting, in its imagery reminding us of Bunyan's "Land of Beulah."

"E'en now we taste the pleasures there,
A cloud of spicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes ;
From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below."

L.M. six lines.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place,
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find :
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
 We urge our way with strength renewed;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

350.—The Great Cloud of Witnesses.

HEBREWS xii. 1.

OF T, as we run the weary way,
 That leads through shadows unto day,

With trial sore amazed,
 We deem our sorrows are unknown,
 Our battle joined and fought alone,
 Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
 The witnesses who watch our race,
 Beyond the senses' ken;
 The mighty cloud of all who died
 With faithful rapture, humble pride,
 For love of God and men.

Who, from the battlements above,
 Follow our course with eager love,
 And cheer our contest on;
 Who cry at every faithful blow,
 Struck at the old usurping foe—
 "Servant of God, well done."

And One, the conqueror of death,
 Captain and perfecter of faith,
 Who, for the joy of love,
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 Awakes in us the battle flame,
 And waits for us above.

Therefore with patience run the race,
 With joy and confidence and grace,
 With cheerful hope and power;
 Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
 The weights that faith and love impede,
 Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,
 Our days are compassed with its love,
 Its light is on our road:

And when the knell of death is rung,
 Loud hallelujahs shall be sung
 To welcome us to God.

"Christian Hymns."

351.—Lovest Thou Me?

JOHN xxi. 15.



HIS simple and pathetic Hymn has attracted fresh notice in recent years, owing to the Italian version of it by Mr. Gladstone, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1883. Mr. Gladstone writes: "To the Italian language, so rich in poetry, the Hymn, in one sense of the word, is almost unknown. Religious exercises were supplied, within the Latin communion, with the Latin hymns, and hymns in the vernacular, both here and in Germany, may be considered, I presume, as a product of the change which restored the use of the mother tongue in the services of our Church. Although the want has not been felt in Italy, the language in which Dante wrote cannot be incapable of the force and compression, both in force and substance, proper to the Hymn."

The translation is remarkably successful throughout. We give the first verse:

"Senti, senti, anima mia:
 (Fu il Signore che sentia),
 Gesù parla, e parla a te,—
 'Di, Figliuolo, ami Me?'"

7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:
 'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word,
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right:
 Turned Thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards a child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember Thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath;
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My reign shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee, and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more.

W. COOPER.

352.—"Remember Me."

NEHEMIAH xiii. 31.

THIS Hymn from its directness, truthfulness, and simplicity, still holds a place in our collections. It is a favourable specimen of the devout author's compositions, and (as in so many cases) the alterations which most editors have made appear by no means improvements : as when, for instance, the solemn words with which the last verse opens are attenuated to :

"When in the solemn hour of death
Earth's shadows fade and flee."

C.M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows !

I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me !

When, groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
In love remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
O give me strength, Lord ! as my day ;
For good remember me !

Distressed with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear, and remember me !

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach ! and welcome, shame !
If Thou remember me.

The hour is near ; consigned to death
I own the just decree ;
"Saviour," with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me !"

THOMAS HAWKES.

353.—"Begone Unbelief."

MATTHEW viii. 26.

PERHAPS the most characteristic of Newton's Hymns. It is rough, unpolished, and mixes metaphors in a surprising way. Yet it has laid hold upon devout hearts as few other Hymns have done. The emotions of which it is the outpouring belong to periods of our spiritual history in which there is little disposition to dwell upon the graces of style, or to criticise uncouthness of expression. We have therefore had no hesitation in admitting it, although it has been rejected by many modern hymn-editors.

6.5.

BE GONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide :
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death :

And can He have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.


How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine :
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?

Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

JOHN NEWTON.

354.—“Shew Pity, Lord !”

PSALM li. 1.

 HERE are several versions of this touching Hymn. That which follows is taken from the *Augustine Hymn Book*, edited by Dr. Thomas. At the end of the third verse, for the sake of grammar, many editors read :

“We would be cleansed, and none can cleanse but Thou,
The darkest stains Thou canst make white as snow.”

IOS.

SHEW pity, Lord ! for we are frail and faint ;
We fade away ; O list to our complaint !
We fade away like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin, and then our work is done.

Shew pity, Lord ! our souls are sore distressed ;
As troubled seas, our natures have no rest ;
As troubled seas that dash upon the shore,
We throb and heave ever and evermore.

Shew pity, Lord ! our grief is in our sin ;
We would be cleansed, O make us pure within !
We would be cleansed, but none can cleanse but Thee ;
Thy word of love can make the conscience free.

Shew pity, Lord ! inspire our souls with love,
That holy love which draws the soul above ;
That holy love which make us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints, through all eternity.

DR. D. THOMAS.

355.—The Sympathy of Christ.

HEBREWS iv. 15.

C.M.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord ! too slight
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no burdening care too light
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress,
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord ! of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

MRS. J. ANNE CREWSON.

356.—The Sympathy of Christ
in Sorrow.

HEBREWS iv. 15.



HIS truly beautiful Hymn was contributed by the author to the *Christian Observer*, 1806, and was published in a revised form in the same periodical, 1812. The second line of verse 2 reads in the latter version :

"From heavenly *Virtue's* narrow way."

Many editors alter "painful" in the last verse, line 4, to "dying."

L.M. six lines.

WHEN gathering clouds around I
view,

And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR R. GRANT.

357.—"Thy Way, not Mine."

PSALM xlvii. 4.



PRINTED from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series. "Friend," in the last verse but one, is altered by most editors to "friends." The singular number was probably intended to make the sense more general—"My friend, *whoever* that friend may be."

6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friend,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.

DR. H. BONAR.

358.—Chastening in Mercy.

HEBREWS xii. 6.

C.M.

THOU, whose tender feet have trod
The thorny path of woe !
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign ;
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son ;
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done !

I know that trial is His love
With but a graver face ;
That veiled in sorrow, earthwards move
His ministries of grace.

May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares !

So will I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod ;
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

JAMES D. BURNS.

359.—The Spirit of Submission.

PSALM cxlv. 20.

C.M.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting
Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.


When gladness gilds the favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
Because it rests on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

360.—The Peace of Jesus.

JOHN xiv. 27.

“Y peace I give unto you.” Seldom, perhaps, has a more touching and beautiful commentary on these words been given than in the following lines. “Herein,” it has been well said, “does *His* peace differ from that which ‘the world giveth,’ in that its prime essential is not ease, but strife ; not self-indulgence, but self-sacrifice ; not acquiescence in evil for the sake of quiet, but conflict with it for the sake of God.”

666666.4.10.

WE ask for peace, O Lord !
Thy children ask Thy peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day ;—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord,
 Yet not to stand secure,
 Girt round with iron pride,
 Contented to endure :
 Crushing the gentle strings
 That human hearts should know,
 Untouched by others' joy,
 Or others' woe ;—
 Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy peace, O Lord !
 Through storm, and fear, and strife,
 To light and guide us on,
 Through a long, struggling life :
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve, what the world calls
 Our wasted might,— [light.
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the
 It is Thine own, O Lord :—
 Who toil while others sleep,
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap,
 They lean on Thee entranced,
 In calm and perfect rest :
 Give us that peace, O Lord,
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love
 Thee best.

MISS A. A. PROCTER.

361.—Trust amid Life's Mysteries.

C.M. JOHN xiii. 7.

MY Father, it is good for me
 To trust and not to trace ;
 And wait with deep humility
 For Thy revealing grace.

Lord ! when Thy way is in the sea,
 And strange to mortal sense,
 I love Thee in the mystery,
 I trust Thy providence.

I cannot see the secret things
 In this my dark abode ;
 I may not reach with earthly wings
 The heights and depths of God.

So, faith and patience, wait awhile !—
 Not doubting, not in fear ;
 For soon in heaven my Father's smile
 Shall render all things clear.

Then shalt Thou end Time's short eclipse,
 Its short uncertain night ;
 Bring in the grand apocalypse :
 Reveal the perfect Light.

G. RAWSON.

362.—Light out of Darkness.

PSALM cxii. 4.

7.6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings :
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in His wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may ;

It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe His people too
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens,
 Will give His children bread.

Though vine or fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWTER.

363.—Casting our Care on God.

I PETER v. 7.



ROFESSOR ANSTICE (King's College, London), dying at Torquay in his twenty-eighth year, dictated this and his other Hymns to his wife during the last few weeks of his life. They "were composed just at the period of the day (the afternoon) when he most felt the oppression of his illness—all his brighter morning hours being given to pupils up to the very day of his death." In some collections this Hymn is considerably altered. Its form, as here given, is from the *Child's Christian Year*.

88.6.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life !
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms !
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowers around us preach ;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

364.—United to Christ.

JOHN xv. 4.

64.64.10.10.

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this—
That "my Belovèd's mine, and I am
His?"

Thine am I by all ties :
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly
wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe ;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own : Lord, I am
Thine.

How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee ; or gathered gold,
Or any power ?
Why should I keep one precious thing
from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear
Self for me ?

I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove.
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow
o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for ever-
more.

C. E. MUDIE.

365.—“Perfect Peace.”

ISAIAH xvi. 3.

IOS.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark
world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round?

On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
known?

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
and ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall
cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect
peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

366.—Bethel.

GENESIS xxviii. 12.



HIS familiar Hymn was originally
published in *Hymns and Anthems*,
prepared by Mr. C. J. Fox for the
use of the congregation meeting at
Finsbury Circus, and has found a place in the
hymn-books of almost all sections of the Church.
A verse has been added to give evangelical com-
pleteness to the whole, but it has not lived :

“Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine ;
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the Divine !
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to Thee,
Nearest to Thee.”

64.64.664.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Even though it be a cross

That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone ;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear

Steps unto heaven ;

All that Thou send'st to me

In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,

Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise ;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly ;

Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

367.—“Thy Will be Done.”

MATTHEW xxvi. 39.



HIS favourite Hymn is given here as
it appears in *Selections from the Poems*
of *Charlotte Elliott*, published by the
Religious Tract Society. Many hymn-
books add two verses :

"E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
Thy will be done !"

the Hymn concluding with the stanza :

"Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
Thy will be done !"

These verses are inferior to the rest, and were added by the author for special occasions. They are therefore omitted in the standard edition of her Hymns and Poems.

888.4.

MY God and Father ! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;
I have but yielded what was Thine ;
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,—
Thy will be done !

Let but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

368.—Clinging to Jesus.

JOHN xv. 9.

888.6.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen ;
The faint, the weak on Thee may
lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
Here she has found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

Of't when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers "Still cling to Me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not life's rough storm to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

369.—Secret Strength.

PSALM xlii. 7, 8.



HE original Hymn has fourteen stanzas (*Hymns and Meditations*, 4th ed., No 27). The omitted lines are interesting, as a paraphrase of the motto-text; but the Hymn is complete as it stands here, and, as an expression of the peaceful trust from which strength and joy arise, it is hardly surpassed by any in our collection.

C.M. six lines.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less;
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the
storm,
As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore!
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away.
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

ANNA L. WARRING.

370.—Unable to Choose.

PHILIPPIANS i. 22.



ALMOST every hymn-book which gives us this quaint, heartfelt strain of the old Nonconformist has changed the last line of the first stanza thus:

“To soar to endless day.”

The alteration may be an improvement; but the original line in its ruggedness contains an application of Christ's parable (“The Labourers in the Vineyard”) which Baxter himself would have been sorry to lose. Not that the interpretation is quite sound. The parable speaks of the various times at which men *began* their work, and refers rather to external privileges than to the personal call of grace. Baxter applies it to the earlier or later *ending* of the task of life. Then, again, surely a longer life gives, with all its trials and dangers, an opportunity to win a larger blessedness in heaven! Still the Hymn may stand as a fine comment on the motto-text from the Apostle Paul; and the last four lines are truly golden!

It may be added that some editors (as the late Dean Alford in his *Year of Praise*) alter the conclusion of the first verse thus:

“If life be long, my days are blest
When they are spent for Thee;
If short my course, I sooner rest,
From sin and trouble free.”

The Hymn is part (verses 4, 7, 8) of a longer poem, entitled, “The Covenant and Confidence of Faith;” written to soothe and comfort Baxter's afflicted wife. It begins:

“My whole, though broken heart, O Lord;”

and the verse which here stands first, begins :

"Now it belongs not to my care,"

One of the verses omitted below contains a beautiful figure, appropriate to the unfulfilled purposes of life :

"If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit ;
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
My life was in the root."

C.M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord ! when grace has made me
meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

371.—The Blessed Life.

GALATIANS ii. 20.

L.M.

O BLESSED Life ! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous
seems ;
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

O blessed Life ! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed Life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed Life ! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O Life ! how blessed !—how divine !—
High Life, the earnest of a higher :
Saviour ! fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed Life be mine.

W. T. MATSON.

372.—Praise in Affliction.

JOB xiii. 15.

P.M.

FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God
and my King ?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude
bring ?
Shall I praise Thee for plenty, for
health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sun-
shine of peace ?
Shall I praise Thee for flowers that
bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures
possessed ?
For the spirits that heightened my days
of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow
by night ?

For this would I praise Thee ! but if only
for this
I should leave half untold the donation of
bliss :
I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for
care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the an-
guish I bear :

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and
tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and
my God,
For the good and the evil Thy hand hath
bestowed.

The flowers weresweet, but their fragrance
is flown ;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered
and gone ;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious
to me ;
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to
Thee.

CAROLINE FRY. (MRS. WILSON.)

In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire :
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall—and bruised and
wounded lie,
Our lips in dust !
God's arm shall lift us up to victory !
In Him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things
below,
Nor things above,
Can ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

FRANCES P. COBBE.

373.—The Discipline of Love.

PSALM xxxvii. 7.

10.4.

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming
morn—
Wouldst thou ask why ?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's Son may lie :
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must
know
Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy nor
grief ;
God chooses best :
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father in His tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain :
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;
Our faith, the rain.

374.—Through Peace to Light.

PSALM lxxviii. 53.

10.4.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road :
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see :
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
 Like quiet night ;
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
 shine
 Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

375.—The Storm of Life.

MATTHEW xiv. 28.

L.M.

O, IN the dark and stormy night
 When far from land I cry with fear,
 Shine o'er the waves, thou holy Light,
 Then, O my Saviour, be Thou near !
 Though from afar, let me but see
 Dim through the dark Thy gliding form,
 And bright the gloomy hour will be
 That brought Thy presence in the storm.

Then lift Thy hand, and bid me come,
 And higher though the tempest blow,
 I, through the wind and through the gloom,
 To Thy loved side will gladly go.
 The wind is fair that blows to Thee,
 The wave is firm that bears me on ;
 And stronger still that love to me
 Which many waters could not drown.

Or, for Thy coming bid me wait ;
 My soul in patience shall abide ;
 And though the storm may not abate,
 I will not seek another guide.
 With Thee I fear no angry blast,
 With Thee my course points ever home ;
 And in good time, all perils past,
 To the Fair Havens I shall come.

JAMES D. BURNS.

376.—“I would not live alway.”

JOB vii. 16.



N abridgment from a longer poem
 which is given by Dr. Schaff, *Christ
 in Song*, p. 525. A great favourite
 with the churches in America. The
Plymouth Collection gives the Hymn in a yet
 shorter form and with several various readings.

11s.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway
 below ;
 O no, I'll not linger when bidden to go :
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us
 here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer.

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way ;
 Where, seeking for rest, we but hover
 around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting
 is found.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by
 sin,
 Temptation without and corruption with-
 in :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
 with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
 tent tears.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
 its gloom ;
 There sweet be my rest till He bid me
 arise,
 To hail Him, in triumph descending the
 skies.

Who, who would live alway?—Away from
 his God,
 Away from yon heavens, that blissful
 abode
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally
 reigns :

Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported
 to greet ;

While the songs of salvation exultingly
roll,
And the love of the Lord is the bliss of
the soul?

That heavenly music ; hark, sweet in the
air,
The notes of the harpers how clear ring-
ing there !
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of
gold,
The King, all arrayed in His beauty,
behold !

O give me, O give me the wings of a
dove,
To adore Him, be near Him, enwrap
with His love ;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the
word :
Hallelujah, Amen, evermore with the
Lord !

DR. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

377.—Angel Messengers.

LUKE xxii. 43.

7s.

PRAISE and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty God ! in sweetest tone ;
Lo ! from every land and tongue
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee that Thou dost send
Daily, from Thy heaven above,
Angel messengers of love
Who Thy threatened ones defend.

'Tis their office, spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day ;
And before their heavenly might
Powers of darkness flee away ;
And the wearied heart grows strong,
As an angel strengthened Him
Fainting in the garden dim,
'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.

Right and seemly is it then
We should glory that our God
Hath such honour put on men,
That He sends o'er earth abroad

Princes of the realm above,
Champions, who by day and night
Shield us with His holy might ;
Come, behold how great His love !

JOHANN RIST.

Translated by Miss Winkworth.

378.—Angelic Ministry.

HEBREWS i. 14.

L.M.

THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace
above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear,
They come to speed us on our way ;
God willeth them with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
" O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Blest Jesus ! Thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears ;
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou dar'st not scorn Thine angel's aid.

To us the zeal of angels give
With love to serve Thee while we live ;
To us an angel guard supply
When on the bed of death we lie.

So when the toils of earth are past
We may attain to bliss at last,
And with the choirs of angels sing
Glory to the eternal King.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

379.—The Christian Life a Sabbath.

HEBREWS iv. 9.



FROM a poem of seventeen verses, forming a copious comment on the words, "There remaineth a keeping of Sabbath for the people of God." This "Sabbath," as the poet saw, is to be entered even while on earth; the promise is not for heaven only, but expresses the true ideal of the Christian life. "Faith, and not death, is the gate to participation in Christ's rest" (McLaren's *Sermons*, first series, xxi.).

C.M.

LOrd, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

380.—Earthly Paradise.

GENESIS ii. 8.



ANOTHER aspect of the thought embodied in the foregoing Hymn. There, the *Sabbath*, here *Eden*, is the Christian's ideal. An "earthly Paradise" is no vain dream, if entered by the gate of faith. The Hymn has a prefatory verse in the original, the omission of which seems an improvement:

"Not where long passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees:
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies."

7s.

ALL before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its rivers old,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is less ancient story told,
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out
From the heart and from the life;
When the sensuous is laid low
Through the Spirit's holy strife.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True, and beautiful, and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope, shall mar
Its immortal unity.

R. W. EMERSON.

381.—"A little while."

JOHN xvi. 16.

S.M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

DR. H. BONAR.

382.—Home to God.

ISAIAH li. 11.



HIS favourite Hymn in the original consists of twelve verses. The third and the last four are here omitted, as they rather impair the force of the rest. In the last verse, line 1 reads in many hymn-books—

“ Lord, submissive make us go.”

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward !

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK.

383.—No Continuing City.

HEBREWS xiii. 14.



HE first four and the last two of a Hymn of ten stanzas. The part omitted is, like many of the author's compositions, very prosaic ; but the rest of the Hymn is among his choicest. Other Hymns of his on the same topic are those beginning :

" From Egypt lately come ;"

and

" The people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven ;"

to which may be added :

" What is life ? 'tis but a vapour !"

L.M.

WE'VE no abiding city here ;
This may distress the worldling's
mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here ;
Sad truth, were this to be our home !
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here ;
Then let us live as pilgrims do :
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here ;
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are
blest !

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

384.—Heaven is my Home.

HEBREWS xi. 16.

64.64 6664.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage ?
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home ;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast :
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home ;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best ;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home ;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home ;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

T. RAWSON TAYLOR.

385.—Longing for Heaven.

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 18.



HERE is another and a later version of this exquisite Hymn, adapting it for general evening use, beginning :

"The crimson of the sunset sky,
The last gold lines of day,
Along the mountain's rosy verge,
How fast they fade away !"

But we think that Christian readers will not willingly surrender this more usual form of the Hymn, pointing as it does from the transient beauties of earth to the eternal loveliness beyond.

C.M.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of heaven !
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins !
O for a soul washed white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord ;
O by Thy life laid down ;
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

386.—The Heavenly Canaan.

DEUTERONOMY iii. 27.

C.M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

DR. SAMUEL STENNETT.

387.—The Prospect of Heaven.

DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 1.

THE charm of this Hymn does not arise from correctness of language or congruity of metaphor. On these points it is undoubtedly open to criticism such as Dr. Kennedy's (Preface to *Hymnologia Christiana*) Yet the touching beauty of its chief emblem, with the transparent simplicity of its expression, will always commend it to both old and young. It is a possession of which the Church will not willingly be deprived.

A tradition connects this hymn with Southampton. "While looking out upon the beautiful scenery of the harbour and river, and the green glades of the New Forest on its further bank, the idea suggested itself to Dr. Watts, of 'a land of pure delight' and of 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood' 'dressed in living green,' as an image of the heavenly Canaan."

The following translation of the Hymn into rhyming Latin verse appeared in the *Spectator*, December 24, 1875 :

" Pulchra terra, pura terra
 Plena gaudiorum,
 Ubi cœlitum paratur
 Regimen piorum !
 Infinita Lux avertit
 Noctem tenebrarum,
 Et felicitas dolorem
 Pellit incolarum.

Ibi vernæ tempus horæ
 Semper revirescit,
 Neque regionis istæ
 Flosculus tabescit.
 Oram dividit ab orâ
 Maris breve fretum,
 Terram haud secus Felicem,
 A nostrate, Lethum.

Quâ trans ripam fundit undas
 Fluvius tumentes,
 Stant in omne tempus agri
 Foliis virentes.
 In conspectu Judæorum
 Canaân sic jacebat,
 Rivus inter hos et illos
 Usque dum volvebat.

Ast mortalium catervæ
 Semper hæsitantes,
 Atque freti tam pusilli
 Transitum vitantes.
 Juxtâ ripam metuentur
 Hinc et hinc vagantur,
 Nec viam, timore pressi,
 Prendere conantur.

Si modo formidolosam
 Pellere liceret
 Diffidentiam quæ nostris
 Mentibus adhæret !

Dux quâ constitit Judæus
 Stare si possemus,
 Deque summo montis jugo
 Visum haberemus !
 Nullus ultrâ timor mortis
 Ante pedes staret,
 Nullus interfusus amnis
 Transitum vetaret.

J. A. H."

C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

DR. WATTS.

388.—The Better Land.

I PETER i. 4.

C.M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise ;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes
 But half its joys explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come ;
 There grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known;
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displays
 His beams of wondrous grace;
 His happy subjects sing His praise,
 And bow before His face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love;
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above!

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For Thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise, and join
 The chorus of the sky.

MISS STEELE.

389.—Near to Heaven.

2 TIMOTHY iv. 6.

THE following lines were written one Sunday after church service; and have become very popular in America, notwithstanding their irregularity of metre, a special tune having been adapted to the Hymn. The following is a correct version of what has been much altered in the collections, both on account of the metre and for other reasons.

P.M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 I'm nearer home to-day
 Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be,
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross;
 Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the deep and unknown stream
 That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink;
 If it be I am nearer home,
 Even to-day, than I think:

Father, perfect my trust;
 Let her spirit feel in death,
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the rock of a living faith!

THOMAS CARY.

390.—Immanuel's Land.

ISAIAH viii. 8.



FAVOURITE Hymn with many of the devout; impassioned and tender. The use of the text from Isaiah is of course by way of accommodation; due, we believe, in the first instance to the devout Samuel Rutherford, one of whose sayings in prospect of death was "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." The original poem has nineteen stanzas. See the *Christian Treasury*, 1857.

7.6.

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes:
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in His beauty,
 Without a veil is seen;
 It were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between:
 The Lamb with His fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love!
 The streams on earth I've tasted
 More deep I'll drink above:
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide ;
 Now, like a weary traveller
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove ;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love :
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,
 And my Belovèd's mine !
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine ;"
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace ;
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His piercèd hand ;—
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

MRS. COUSIN.

391.—Pilgrims of the Night.

ROMANS xiii. 12.



HIS noble Hymn is greatly improved
 by *one* change which the author him-
 self could scarcely have resisted ! In
 the last verse, the second couplet, he
 wrote :

"While we toil on, and *soothe ourselves with*
weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in cloudless
 love."

Surely this is a false note. The manful soul will
 struggle against the on-coming tears, and rather
 seek to have them dried even here, than give way
 to them for the sake of soothing. The second
 verse and the last but one are often omitted
 in the hymn-books.

11.10.9.11.

HARK ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs
 are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
 wave-beat shore !
 How sweet the truth those blessèd strains
 are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no
 more !
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
 night.

Darker than night, life's shadows fall
 around us,
 And, like benighted men, we miss our
 mark ;
 God hides Himself, and grace hath
 scarcely found us,
 Ere death finds out his victims in the
 dark.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Onward we go, for still we hear them
 singing,
 "Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you
 come !"
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly
 ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-
 ing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
 sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly
 stealing,
 Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps
 to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length : though life be long
 and dreary,
 The day must dawn and darksome night
 be past ;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Cheer up, my soul ! faith's moonbeams
softly glisten

Upon the breast of life's most troubled
sea ;

And it will cheer thy drooping heart to
listen

To those brave songs which angels mean
for thee.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches
keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above ;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of
weeping,

Till life's long night shall break in end-
less love.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

DR. F. W. FABER.

392.—Soon, and for ever.

I CORINTHIANS vii. 29.



HE author of this deeply consolatory
Hymn (*Parish Musings*, p. 7) tells us
that it is founded upon a dying Chris-
tian's last words. As a message from
a triumphant death-bed, it may well give thoughts
of peace and strength to the living !

IO. II.

SOON and for ever—such promise our
trust ;

Though “ashes to ashes,” and “dust unto
dust ;”

Soon and for ever—our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in
Thee.

When the sins and the sorrows of time
shall be o'er,

Its pangs and its partings remembered
no more ;

Where life cannot fail, and where death
cannot sever,

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and
for ever.

Soon and for ever—the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow
away ;

Soon and for ever—we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that
have been.

When fightings without us and fears from
within

Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin ;
Where tears and where fears and where
death shall be—never !

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and
for ever.

Soon and for ever—the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory
won ;

Soon and for ever—the soldier lay down
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a
crown.

Then droop not in sorrow, despond not
in fear,

A glorious to-morrow is brightening and
near ;

When (blessed reward of each faithful
endeavour),

Christians with Christ shall be, soon and
for ever !

DR. J. S. F. MONSIELL.

393.—With Christ for ever.

JOHN xvii. 24.

L.M.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest !

Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blessed.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;

Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,

Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart

Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none re-
move ;

There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

394.—The Hope of Heaven.

ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven !
A country far from mortal sight ;
Yet O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here ;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear :
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past ;
But O ! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair ;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there :
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come ?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined ?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

The race we all are running now ;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand ;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share ;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day !
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled !

O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek ;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze
Who bought the sight for me ;
And shout, and wonder at His grace,
Through all eternity !

CHARLES WESLEY.

395.—The One Family.

EPHESIANS iii. 15.¹

THE "Funeral Hymns" of the Wesleys form a separate collection (in three series, Works, vol. vi. pp. 188-366), and are characterized by an exaltation of feeling, a rapturous triumph in Christ, unequalled elsewhere in English devotional poetry. Many of them are animated by personal friendship, and form imperishable memorials of saintly

¹ The text is here used according to the common rendering, *The one family*. The Revised Version, however, reads *Every family*.

souls otherwise unknown. Others, like the present Hymn, and the two following, are of a more general character. They all exhibit a spirit deeply penetrated by a sense of the nearness of eternity, with an absolute assurance of hope such as is not always attained by even devout believers.

Scarcely any Hymn has been more altered than this first of the three. To recount the so-called improvements would be an endless and unprofitable task. The second verse however remains, so far as we have seen, untouched by the most daring revisers. It is a beautiful application of the passing of the Israelites over Jordan : some in the bed of the river, others on the further bank awaiting the summons to descend, while many were already in Canaan. As a specimen of the way in which the bold expressions of the Hymn have often been toned down, we may cite a very common reading in verse 3.

"E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;"

"ten thousand" being regarded as too great a number ! The close of the Hymn, with its expression of longing, has also been an offence, and we have seen it thus printed :

"O Jesus, be our constant Guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide
And land us all in heaven !"

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death :
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :

His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.


Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity :
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

CHARLES WESLEY.

396.—The House not made with Hands.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 1.

 HE longing for heaven which this grand Hymn expresses may be thought, especially in the last verse, to go beyond the limits of patient expectation, as it is certainly beyond the ordinary experience of Christians. We must, however, remember two things ; first, that the constant stress and conflict of such a life as that of the early Methodists may well have awakened a keen, continual longing for the perfect rest ; and, secondly, that to the fervent spirit of the poet, the celestial life appeared possible even *here*, so that he needed not even to *die* to be in a sense taken to heaven. This is unquestionably the thought of the last couplet, which might be paralleled by many of Charles Wesley's Hymns.

S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure :
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !

For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray :
O might the tabernacle fall !
O might we 'scape away !
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

Absent, alas ! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight ;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light.

O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face !
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven !

CHARLES WESLEY.

397.—A Christian's Death.

REVELATION xiv. 13.



HIS noble "funeral Hymn" is from the collection of 1742—the same that contains the "Wrestling Jacob." Another scarcely inferior immediately follows, beginning :

"Hark, a voice divides the sky,
Blessed are the faithful dead."

This latter has the beautiful thought :

"When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, *A man is dead !*
Angels sing, *A child is born !*"

7s.

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and
praise,

Pay we, gracious God, to Thee ;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory ;
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son ;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God ;
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song ;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long ;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain,
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to Thee, to us, is gain ;
Thou art entered into joy :
Let the unbelievers mourn ;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

CHARLES WESLEY.

398.—Dying in the Lord.

REVELATION xiv. 13.



LACE must be found for this brief Hymn, which in its simplicity is perhaps the best rendering in metre of the "voice from heaven" which the seer in Patmos heard. As a sweet and touching funeral Hymn it is almost unrivalled.

C.M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims

For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed :
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

DR. WATTS.

399.—The Invisible State.

REVELATION vii. 15-17.



MR. CONDER has never reached a higher strain than in the following Hymn, the second part of a poem entitled "The Reverie," the former part dealing with some of the deeper mysteries of life. It begins :

" O that in unfettered union
Spirit could with spirit blend."

The ordinary conception of the "intermediate state" and of the final resurrection has scarcely ever been more finely expressed than in the two concluding verses.

The Hymn with two others was given to Dr. Collyer for his collection in 1812, when the author was but twenty-three years old. The title and the motto are Mr. Conder's, also the occasional italics, showing the thoughts on which he desired to lay special emphasis. It may be interesting to add, that the other two Hymns contributed by the young author are one beginning :

" When in the hour of lonely woe,"
and a paraphrase of Psalm xxiii. :
" Jesus my Shepherd is."

8.7.

O H, the hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud ;
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the Invisible shall crowd ;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God, alone.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence ?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain ?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain ?
Can the grave those ties dis sever,
With the very heart-strings twined ?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind ?

No, the past she still remembers ;
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew :
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs *perfection* to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest ;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being ?
Can I trust an *angel's* care ?
O Thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there !

Jesus, blessèd Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod :
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.

Blessèd fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence ;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield, Omnipotence.
Blessèd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo ! it comes, that day of wonder !
Louder chorals shake the skies.
Hades' gates are burst asunder :
See, the new-clothed myriads rise !—
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour :
Here must reason prostrate fall :
Oh, the Ineffable *For Ever*,
And the Eternal *All in all* !

JOSIAH CONDER.

400.—The Sunset of Life.

ISAIAH lvii. 2.

C.M.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low,—the withering
leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo ! above the dews of night
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

DR. W. O. FEARODY.

401.—The Dying Christian to his Soul.

I CORINTHIANS xv. 55.



HE Emperor Adrian's well-known address to his soul has furnished the groundwork of this classic poem ; but the measure in which the Christian's hope transcends the heathen philosophy is well shown in the contrast between the two. Adrian could but ask, "Whither art thou going, poor feeble, fluttering soul of mine?" But life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel.

Pope has himself translated Adrian's lines freely thus :

" Ah, fleeting spirit ! wandering fire,
That long hast warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more my frame inspire ?
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest ?
Whither, ah, whither art thou flying ?
To what dark, undiscovered shore ?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more." ¹

But the Hymn was written in reply to a request from Steele, "to make an ode of a cheerful dying spirit," that is, to imitate Adrian's lines in "two or three stanzas for music." Pope replied immediately, "I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me :"
sending with this letter the first copy of *Vital*

¹ We subjoin the lines for reference :

" Animula vaga, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca ? "

Spark; which contains also some reminiscences of a fragment by the poetess Sappho. See the *Spectator*, November 10, 1712. Pope at this time was just twenty-four years old.

P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away."
—What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes ; it disappears :
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly ;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

402.—The Parting Soul.

2 TIMOTHY iv. 6.



F this Hymn Mr. Montgomery says :
" It is scarcely suitable to be sung ;
but it may be uttered by ' the dying
Christian to his soul ' with a joy
which he alone can feel, and feel only at the
height in the last moment of time, and the first of
eternity."

7s.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown !
Go, His triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His presence fly :
Thine the merit of His blood ;
Thine the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed ;
Willing to retain her guest ?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die ;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Singing, to thy crown remove ;
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave ;
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view ;
Love divine shall bear thee through !
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait Thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for Thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given :
Kindle higher joy in heaven !—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death !

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

403.—Beside the Grave.

PSALM xxxix. 11, 12.



FROM a piece entitled "The Funeral
Day of Sir Walter Scott." Some of
the verses here omitted form a fine
tribute to the genius of the departed

author :

"A spirit on its way
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From Thee was sent ;
Now call'st Thou back Thine own—
Hence is that radiance flown—
To earth but lent.

Now hath he passed !—the lord
Of each deep bosom-chord—
To meet Thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On Thy blessed mercy thrown,
O Infinite !"

So, from his harvest-home,
Must the tired peasant come ;
So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul revealed
To Thee, All Just !

The selected verses form a fine funeral Hymn,
in itself complete.

66.4.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God.

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine :
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

MRS. HEMANS.

404.—Burial Anthem.

JOB iii. 17.



FROM the poet's fine drama, the *Martyr of Antioch*: a dirge at the martyred Christian's grave.

P.M.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us ;
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode :
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find :
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

DEAN H. H. MILLMAN.

405.—**Servant of God, well done !**

MATTHEW XXV. 21.



WE give the whole of this fine Hymn, written, as the author tells us, on occasion of the death of an aged minister—the Rev. Thomas Taylor, who had said in his last sermon “that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.” Very soon after, he died suddenly at midnight. Some of the stanzas contain special allusions to the life and character of the departed ; but most of the Hymn is of general application. The stanzas on the “Sword of the Spirit” are striking.

S.M.

SERVANT of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy !—
The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear :
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper, keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
“To meet thy God prepare !”
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay :
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past ;
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

406.—**“Evermore !”**

HEBREWS x. 34.

WHEN the toil of day is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore ;

When the strife of sin is stilled.
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore !

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Grant us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life ! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore !

Christian Hymns.

407.—Resting in God.

I THESSALONIANS iv. 13.
7777-88.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last :
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here :
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise :
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well ;
He who died for their release :
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust ;"
Calmly now the words we say ;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection day :
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. ELLERTON.

408.—The Living Dead.

LUKE xx. 38.

L.M. six lines.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes,
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are Thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into men of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit, be
For ever living unto Thee !

J. ELLERTON.

409.—Paradise.



NE verse (3) is here omitted. In the Hymn as generally sung a stanza has been added :

"O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight."

This verse first appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

C.M. and Chorus.

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
'Tis weary waiting here,
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I feel 'twill not be long ;
Patience ! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

DR. F. W. FABER.

410.—Heaven.

HEBREWS xl. 16.



As a fitting introduction to the Hymns that celebrate the glories of the New Jerusalem, the following may be given entire. It belongs to the latter part of the seventeenth century, and until quite recent years has been strangely forgotten.

The mediæval hymnology abounded in references to the earthly Jerusalem as the type of the heavenly ; dwelling upon the name of the city as signifying "Vision of Peace." Daniel, in his *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, gives some interesting specimens. See vol. i. pp. 239, 240.

"Urbs beata Hirusalem,"

and

"Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem."

PART I.

6666.88.

SWEET place ; sweet place alone !
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty !
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest :
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitched but a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement ;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir :
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end,
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best friend.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

PART II.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home where'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.

O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

Thy walls, sweet city ! thine
With pearls are garnishèd,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night.
O no ! these needless are ;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease :
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold :
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found ;
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

Ah me ! ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay ;
No place like this on high ;
Thither, Lord ! guide my way.
O happy place ! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

411.—Jerusalem the Golden.

REVELATION xxi. 2.



BERNARD, monk of Cluny, lived about the middle of the twelfth century—a time of great degeneracy and corruption in France as elsewhere. He occupied his time in part by writing a long Latin rhyming dactylic poem, "On the Contempt of the World," opening with a description of the peace and glory of heaven. This was first made familiar to English readers by Dr. Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, who published extracts from it in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*. From a part of this Dr. Neale translated the Hymn (Part III. below), "Jerusalem the Golden," and afterwards published the whole poem, with a translation in the same metre extending to 436 lines. The portions most suitable for use as Hymns are given below.

The freedom of the translation, as well as the peculiar and difficult metre of the original, may be estimated by the following extract from Bernard's poem, corresponding with Part III. of the following :

"Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obrui, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora ;
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.
Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit ;
O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
Stant Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena,
Est tibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis ;
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida, vestibis
albis,
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis."

Bernard writes in reference to his poem, "I said, 'Lord, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may show forth Thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth Thy grace.' And the Lord said, 'Open thy mouth,' which he straightway filled with the Spirit of wisdom and understanding : that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly, that unless that Spirit of wisdom and understanding had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a metre, I could not have composed so long a work."

Dr. Neale writes of his version in 1861, "I am deeply thankful that Bernard's lines seem to have spoken to the hearts of so many ; I can reckon up at least fourteen new hymnals in which more or fewer of them have found a place ;" in 1864, "I am yet more thankful that

the Cluniac's verses have been permitted to solace the death-beds of so many of God's servants, and not seldom to have supplied them with the last earthly language of praise;" and in 1865, "Bernard would have been surprised could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a minister of the Scotch Establishment, a Swedenborgian minister, and a hymn-book for the use of American Evangelical Lutheran Church, sanctioned by the 'Ministerium of Pennsylvania,' which extracts largely from it." There is now hardly, if at all, a hymn-book in general favour where these verses are not found, with many variations, chiefly in the order of the stanzas.

Another translation of part of Bernard's poem by G. Moultrie, published in Mr. Orby Shipley's *Lyra Mystica*,¹ somewhat closely reproduces the metre of the original. A few couplets will suffice.

"O Sion bright with gold, flowing with milk thy fold, city of gladness,
Tongue cannot tell thy bliss, heart sinks oppressed with this, even to sadness.

I cannot strain my sight to that intense delight, nor tell the story.

What throbs of ardent love thrill through the courts above, how vast their glory!

My ears may strain to hear, they cannot reach the sphere, for full before it

Beams of surpassing light fall on my dazzled sight; mute I adore it;

For Sion's halls along, echoes the voice of song: there the departed

Fresh from the deadly fight, throng round the Lord of light, jubilant-hearted."

PART I.

7.6.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;

The life that knows no ending,

The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution!

Short toil, eternal rest;

For mortals and for sinners

A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,

But then shall wear the crown

Of full and everlasting

And passionless renown.²

And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!

O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

PART II.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

¹ "The Heavenly Fatherland," p. 113.

² The original of this verse is:

"Sunt modo praelia, postmodo præmia: qualia? Plena
Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna."

Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced,
 The saints build up thy fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessèd country
 Shall I e'er see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
 Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part :
 His only, His for ever
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

PART III.

JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 Conjubilant with song ;
 And bright with many an angel
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
 And there from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O fields that know no sorrow !
 O state that fears no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit ever blest !

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

412.—The Heavenly City.

REVELATION xxi. 10.

THERE can now be no doubt that the original of the English New Jerusalem Hymns (which in their turn were imitated from the Latin) is to be found in the poem, a part of which is given below, entitled "A Song by F. B. P. to the tune of Diana," contained with other pieces, mostly of a Romanist tone, in a British Museum MS., No. 15,225. Dr. Bonar has given a full and interesting account of this MS. in the preface to his little book, entitled *The New Jerusalem; a Hymn of the Olden Time*; and has printed the Hymn, consisting of twenty-six verses, entire. It was enlarged and paraphrased by David Dickson, a Scottish minister of the seventeenth century, whose version contains no fewer than 62 stanzas or 248 lines. This seems to have been popular as a broadside in Scotland for many years, and exists in several forms. Dr. Bonar, in the work already cited, has reprinted it with various readings and some valuable notes.

The copy of the older version here subjoined (fourteen verses out of the twenty-six), is from Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*. Dr. Bonar, who gives the poem in the ancient spelling, attributes it to about the year 1616.

The modern version is the well-known Hymn. It can be traced no higher than a collection published in 1801 by Dr. Williams, of Homerton College, and Mr. Boden, a Congregational minister, who attribute it to the "Eckington Collection." Eckington is near Sheffield, but there is now no trace of the book cited. It may have been a fugitive compilation by Mr. Boden, who was himself for awhile pastor at Eckington; and in that case, he was probably the adapter of the Hymn. An earlier form of it, but more diffuse and altogether inferior, is by the Rev. W. Burkitt, the expositor (1693), who introduces the verse :

"Reach down, reach down Thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end."

This prosaic verse, in a modified form, is still found in some editions of the Hymn.

ANCIENT VERSION.

C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to Thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones ;
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end !
Thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great ;
They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment,
Continually do moan ;
We sit and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play ;
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow ;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in Thee !
Would God my woes were at an end !
Thy joys that I might see !

F. E. P.

MODERN VERSION.

C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for Thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

*Adapted by an unknown Author from
the preceding Hymn.*

413.—Safe Home.

ISAIAH li. II.



FROM Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. A last verse is there given, which certainly does not improve the Hymn.

6666.88.

SAFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck :
But, O ! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm,
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp :
And yet how nearly he had failed ;
How nearly had the foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home ;
O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam !
O sins and doubts and fears.
But now has come the glorious day
When God has wiped all tears away !

*JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.
Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.*

414.—Within the Veil.

REVELATION xii. II.



WAS preaching," writes Doddridge in a letter to Watts, in 1731, "to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, at a village, when after a sermon from Hebrews vi. 12, we sang one of your hymns ('Give me the wings,' &c.), and in that part of the worship I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditors. After the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected ; and the clerk, in particular, said, he could hardly utter the words as he gave out the Hymn. These were most of them poor people who work for their living." Southey writes of this incident, "The Hymn, indeed, was likely to have this effect upon an assembly whose minds were under the immediate impression produced by a pathetic preacher." The *Hymns* were first published in 1707.

C.M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came :
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.


They marked the footsteps that He trod
(His zeal inspired their breast) ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

DR. WATTS.

415.—The Cloud of Witnesses.

HEBREWS xii. 1.

HE bracketed stanzas in this Hymn are sometimes omitted ; but they form a fine application of the well-known verses in the *Te Deum*. While Apostles, Evangelists, Martyrs praise the Saviour in heaven, it is well that we should praise Him for giving them to the Church and the world. Such adoration is as far as possible removed from saint-worship.

IO. IO. IO. 4.

FOR all the saints, who from their
labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed.
Hallelujah !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and
their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true
light.

Hallelujah !

[For the Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the cross, o'er land
and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to
Thee,

Hallelujah !

For the Evangelists, by whose pure word,
Like fourfold stream, the garden of the
Lord

Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.
Hallelujah !

For Martyrs, who with rapture-kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from
the sky,

And, dying, grasped it, Thee we glorify,
Hallelujah !]

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.

Hallelujah !

O blest communion, fellowship Divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine :
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong,

Hallelujah !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah !


But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious
day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright
array !
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Hallelujah !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah !

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

416.—At Home in Heaven.

I THESSALONIANS iv. 17.

HIS Hymn is generally given incomplete, or is divided into two ; the former comprising the first four verses of Part I., the latter the first four of Part II. A writer in the *Spectator* (November 15, 1884) speaks of it as "probably the most beautiful hymn in the language." It is only just to the author to give the concluding stanzas, on the "intermediate state" and the resurrection, which bring the Hymn to a grand climax.

PART I.

S.M.

FOR ever with the Lord,

Amen, so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality !Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.Then, then, I feel that He—
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

PART II.

FOR ever with the Lord;

Father, if 'tis Thy will,

The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
*For ever with the Lord !*Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through
the tomb—
*For ever with the Lord.*The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound ;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
*For ever with the Lord.*That resurrection word,
That shout of victory
Once more : *For ever with the Lord.*
Amen ! So let it be !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

417.—The Heavenly Company.

REVELATION vii. 13.

FROM "Hymns on the Lord's Supper"
(Works, vol. iii. No. 106). The thought
of heaven is indeed most congenial at
the Communion Table ; as it is then
pre-eminently that we apprehend the oneness of the
redeemed host ; and the little company gathered
in Christ's name enters by faith into the fellowship
of the great assembly before the Throne.

7s.

WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

418.—The Glorified Saints.

REVELATION vii. 13.



HIS well-known Paraphrase from the Scottish collection is an adaptation, and a great improvement, of a Hymn by Dr. Watts, beginning:

"These glorious minds how bright they shine!"

It is not wonderful that the same thrilling passage from the Revelation has inspired many of our Hymn-writers. In addition to the Hymn by Charles Wesley, preceding this, we might instance another by Dr. Watts:

"What happy men or angels these?"

Montgomery's:

"What are these in bright array?"

Josiah Conder's:

"See the ransomed millions stand;"

with a translation from the German of Theodor Schenk, by Miss F. E. Cox:

"Who are these like stars appearing?"

and a homely but striking Hymn by Rowland Hill:

"Exalted high at God's right hand;"

and, lastly, two good Hymns; one by Joseph Anstice, in the *Child's Christian Year*:

"What countless crowd on Zion stands?"

the other by Mr. G. Rawson:

"Who are these in dazzling brightness?"

But it is unnecessary to give more than this Hymn and the two following.

C.M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits
shine!

Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

WILLIAM CAMERON.

419.—The Multitude before the Throne.

REVELATION xv. 2.

P.M.

STAND up before your God,
A multitude so bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors all—
In radiant robes of white ;
The Church below—would join you now,
And her sad soul would raise
From earthly tears—and gloomy fears
In a glorious act of praise.

Ye—in the rest of God,
We, by His holy will,
As parts of the great armament
On distant service still.
A weary band—in foreign land
Long exile we may see,
But faith can rise—to yon fair skies,
For a while with you to be.

Ye—in the light of God
Safe hushed from all alarm,
Out of the wild and surging waves,
Have passed into the calm,
No sinful stain—no grief, no pain,
Can ever mar your hymn !
But fears of death—they cloy our breath,
And the mists around are dim !

So !—stand before your God
In beautiful array ;
Sound your uplifted trumpets loud
On your triumphal way ;
Your fight is done—your victory won—
Yours is the "Morning Star !"
The sea of glass gleams as ye pass,
And we hear your notes afar.

"Salvation to our God,
And to the Lamb once slain,"
We answer to your chorus high,
"Worthy the Lamb" again.

For us to God—by His own blood
Hath He redeemed from sin,
Him, soon with you—we hope to view,
And the self-same glory win.

G. RAWSON.

420.—The Song of Heaven.

REVELATION vii. 9.

8.7.

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;

Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

"God of God"—the One-begotten,
"Light of Light," Emmanuel,
In whose body, joined together,
All the saints for ever dwell :
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost, adore.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

421.—Kings and Priests unto God.

REVELATION i. 6.

7s.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.


Who were these ? on earth they dwelt ;
Sinners once, of Adam's race ;
Guilt, and doubt, and suffering felt ;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us :
Ah ! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

422.—Sighing for the Consummation.

ROMANS viii. 19.

HE original of this Hymn is in Bailey's *Festus* : it is founded upon the prayer in the Burial Service, "That it may please Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect and to hasten Thy kingdom." Doubtlessly there are moods of mind to which such an aspiration is congenial : while still the prayer is uttered in submission to what may be God's higher yet unknown purpose with regard to His creation.

C.M.

CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee ;
Thou knowest how they long
To leave these broken lays, and aid
In heaven's unceasing song.
Earth is the place of severance,
Sin, danger, and defect ;
Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee,
Accomplish Thine elect.


Father, the whole creation groans,
Till in Thine own abode,
Complete in number and in bliss,
Shine all the sons of God :
Let them be manifested, Lord,
One countless, sacred host,
From every world and bygone time,
From every clime and coast.

Prophets, apostles, martyrs, kings,
The sage, the little child ;
Confessing through one wondrous death
They all are reconciled.
Lord, finish soon the mystery
Of human death and sin ;
Let time be ended, and the bright
Eternity begin.

G. RAIFSON.

423.—Safety in Judgment.

JOEL iii. 16.

HIS sublime ode originally formed part of a collection of seventeen Hymns for the year 1756, especially for the Fast-day on the sixth of February. Europe was in commotion, and a general war was imminent. England, threatened anew by

France, seemed on the eve of humiliation and defeat. "A despondency without parallel in our history took possession of our coolest statesmen, and even the impassive Chesterfield cried in despair, 'We are no longer a nation.'" ¹ Our position in India was full of peril: the tragedy of the Black Hole in Calcutta occurred a little later in the same year. Nature itself appeared to sympathize in the general distraction; and the great earthquake at Lisbon, in November, 1755, to the minds of many presaged a more terrible catastrophe. In this state of affairs the Christian patriot and poet "sings of mercy and of judgment," declaring the awfulness of God's anger against national sins, and celebrating the security and certain triumph of the believer in Christ. Such is the occasion of what Southey calls "the finest lyric in the English language."

76.76.78.76.

STAND the omnipotent decree :
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just ;
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man !
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck ;
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire !

Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void :
 Sees the universe renewed,
 The grand millennial year begun ;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

¹ Green's *History of the English People* : "The Seven Years' War."





Book the Fifth.



HYMNS CONCERNING THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, ITS FELLOWSHIP AND WORK, CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

FEW topics seem better fitted to awaken those higher emotions that find expression in song, than the changeful history and glorious prospects of Christ's HOLY UNIVERSAL CHURCH. This is the one permanent institution amid the vicissitudes of time, surviving even the organizations which variously endeavour to express its unity, and which fondly claim the title of "the *Visible Church*." The true Church is ever invisible, yet most real; and such realities as Christ's living presence and the Holy Spirit's power afford the worthiest themes of praise. Yet good "Church Hymns" are comparatively few, and the following selection, brief as it is, has been difficult to make. No doubt, several Hymns that might have been appropriate here are already included under other heads, as the Kingdom of Christ, the work of the Comforter, the character, conflicts, and hopes of the Christian; while many of the best have been given as versions of such Psalms as the Forty-sixth, the Eighty-seventh, the Seventy-second, and the Hundred and Thirty-second.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper have found an appropriate place in the present section; that ordinance being the great symbol of Christian Fellowship, as well as the commemoration of His death, who "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." To these, with like appropriateness, have been added Hymns on the Lord's Day and on Public Worship.

424.—The Communion of Saints.

HEBREWS xii. 18-24.

THE sublime words on which this Hymn is founded are a description of present privilege rather than of future hope. "Ye *are* come;" not, "Ye *shall* come." The contrast is between the Law and the Gospel, as shadowed by the difference between the stern mountain in the desert, with its

terrors, and the holy hill of Zion, as the centre of a happy community dwelling beneath the smile of God. But as the Zion is spiritual, so is the community also; embracing both worlds and all time. The "general assembly" is festal, as the word employed denotes; and the "first-born" are the elder brethren of the Father's family, who entered into rest before the younger days, the "last time," of the Gospel dispensation. Dr. Watts has caught the spirit of the text with much felicity, and his verses are little

more than a paraphrase. Another Hymn on the same subject by Montgomery, begins—

"Not to the mount that burned with fire ;"

but in comparison with the following, it fails in simplicity.

C. M.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;

But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight ;

Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blessed.

DR. WATTS.

425.—The One Foundation.

I CORINTHIANS iii. II.



NE of the finest Hymns of modern times. All sections of the Universal Church can join in it, as the blessings which it claims are too vast to be the property of any one outward organization. The "schisms" are the divisions in heart, from whatever cause they may arise, that rend asunder the body of Christ ; and the "heresies" are the falsehoods that contradict those essential truths which are not the property of any one sect or party, but to which all true believers of every name give witness.

7.6.

THE Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord :
She is His new creation
By water and the Word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One ;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden-land.

Oh, happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee !

There past the border mountains,
Where in sweet vales the bride
With Thee by living fountains
For ever shall abide.

S. J. STONE.

426.—The Unity of the Church.

EPHESIANS iv. 5.

6666.88.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword—love :
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is one ;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone ;
Thou, who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
The utterance of His latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain !

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew ;
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

ANONYMOUS.

427.—The River of God.

EZEKIEL xlvii. 9.

C.M.

THERE is a river, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows :
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day :
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign ;
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave ;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.


To them distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh ;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.

Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill ;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will.

W. HURN.

428.—The Church Universal.

GALATIANS iv. 26.

“HE flock of God,” it has been well said, “is larger than the fold.” It is good sometimes to think of the universal Church in that deep spiritual unity which *cannot* be expressed in outward form, as transcending all limits of organization or of creeds, and gathering into itself all that is pure, noble, and good, in God’s spiritual creation.

C.M.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God’s faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime,
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

429.—The Common Faith.

JUDE 3.

TH would not be fair to print this Hymn without acknowledging that the author intended by the "faith of our fathers" the Roman Catholic system of belief. We are justified, however, in applying his glowing words and high resolutions to the faith which we hold, and which has pre-eminently had its martyrs in the past.

L.M. six lines.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for thee.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers ; God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee ;
And through the truth that comes from
God,

Mankind shall then be truly free.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

DR. F. W. FABER, altered.

430.—The Church's Cry for Help.

MATTHEW viii. 25.

888.6.

LO ! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking ;

For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

Lo ! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling ;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing ;
Lord and Saviour, help us.

Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding ;
Lord and Saviour, help us.

By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

DEAN ALFORD.

431.—The Little Flock.

LUKE xii. 32.

C.M.

CHURCH of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice !

Thy words, amid the words of earth,
How noiseless and how low !
Amid the hurrying crowds of time,
Thy steps how calm and slow !

Amid the restless eyes of earth
How steadfast is thine eye,
Fixed on the silent loveliness
Of the far Eastern sky !

A little flock ! 'Tis well, 'tis well ;
Such be her lot and name ;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length ;
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then, entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing ;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

DR. H. BONAR.

432.—The Watching Church.

2 PETER iii. 12.

8.7.

LORD, her watch Thy Church is keep-
ing :

When shall earth Thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard ;
Can they hear without a preacher,
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word !—in every nation
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end ! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin ;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :—
Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping ;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign !

H. DOBNTON.

433.—The Church's Longing.

REVELATION xxii. 7.

L.M

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure ?
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy gospel to the poor.

Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on Thee.

Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

BISHOP HEBER.

434.—“Come, Lord Jesus.”

REVELATION xxii. 20.

S.M.

COME, Jesus, come ! for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

Come, Jesus, come ! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain ;
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

Come, Jesus, come ! for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

Hark ! herald-voices near
Lead on Thy happier day ;
O, come ! and our hosannahs hear ;
We wait to strew Thy way.

Come as in days of old,
With words of grace and power ;
Gather us all within Thy fold,
And never leave us more.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

435.—“Watchman, what of the Night ?”

ISAIAH xxi. 11.



ABOLD application of a prophecy which had originally a very different meaning. The dialogue form, unusual as it is and difficult to manage, is most felicitously employed, and scarcely anything in Christian Psalmody could be finer or more appropriate than this Hymn worthily sung in antiphonal strain.

7s.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are :
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ! it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends :
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn :
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

SIR JOHN ROWKING.

436.—The Morning Star.

REVELATION xxii. 16.



THIS is the author's *one* Hymn ; the others of his composition are far inferior. It is entitled by him “The Heart Watching for the Morning,” and is given as a “Millennial Hymn.”

C.M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away :
Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King :
Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.


O come with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile :

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruit
Of grace and peace divine ;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

SIR E. DENNY.

437.—The Desire of the Nations.

ISAIAH lii. 15.

 HE "sprinkling" of the nations, of which the prophet speaks, may be in allusion to Leviticus xiv. 7—the sign of purification from the leprosy of sin. See also the prophecy, Ezekiel xxxvi. 25.

S. 7.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee :
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest :
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of Heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

BISHOP A. C. COXE.

438.—Home Missions.

LUKE xiv. 23.

L. M.

LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might ;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee !

Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.


Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. CULLEN BRYANT.

439.—Foreign Missions.

ACTS xvi. 9.

 RITTEN while Heber was rector of Hodnet in Shropshire, to be sung after a missionary sermon at Wrexham, Whitsunday, 1819, by Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, Heber's father-in-law.

It is simply headed, "Before a Collection made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." Some of the original fly-sheets on which the Hymn was printed, it is said, still remain ; they are more valuable than most relics, being the earliest published form of words which have since that time been on the lips of unnumbered thousands, giving fitting and beautiful expression to the prayer *Thy Kingdom come*. The Hymn is the more interesting as having been composed *before* Heber's career as a missionary bishop.

In line 2 of the second stanza "Java" is often changed to "Ceylon" ; but the reading is without authority in any genuine edition of the Hymn.

7.6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

BISHOP HEBER.

440.—Missionary Hymn.

ROMANS i. 14.

7.6.

L ORD God of our salvation,
 Whose love has brought us nigh,
 Through His humiliation,
 Who reigns with Thee on high ;
 Behold us as we gather,
 Adoring at Thy feet,
 And with Thy smile, O Father,
 Thy children deign to greet.

We give Thee thanks and blessing
 For Thy surpassing gift,
 The heart, its Lord possessing,
 What lofty hopes uplift !
 Since, saved of every nation,
 And kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 A countless congregation
 Shall grace to Him ascribe.

Yet are we sad before Thee,
 For dying souls afar,
 Who have not seen the glory
 Of Jacob's royal Star ;
 Nor know His wealth of merit,
 Who did in death atone,
 And, through the eternal Spirit,
 Has made His life their own.

On, on the moments bear them
 Where deeper shades prevail,
 Our God, wilt Thou prepare them,
 The gospel's light to hail ?
 Thyself in Christ revealing,
 Reclaim, renew, restore,
 Spread wide the wings of healing,
 The balm Divine outpour.

Hear, Thou, the loving voices
 That pray, " Thy Kingdom come ;"
 In Thee our faith rejoices,
 Let not our lips be dumb ;
 Nor slow to swell the gladness
 Of Thy salvation's day,
 And tell a world of sadness
 Its curse is rolled away.

JOSEPH TRITTON.

441.—" Let there be Light."

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 6.

664.6664.

T HOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;
 And where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 " Let there be light !"

Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
“Let there be light!”


Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
By Thine Almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place
“Let there be light!”

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide
“Let there be light!”

JOHN MARRIOTT.

442.—The Enkindled Flame.

JAMES iii. 5.

 HIS animated and jubilant Hymn,” says Mr. Miller, “was written in the time of the author's success among the Newcastle colliers, and it is thought that the imagery of the first verse was suggested by the large fires burning there at night. It appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.”

7s.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is,
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

443.—“The Lamb's Bride.”

REVELATION xix. 9.

7.6.

AWAKE! awake! O Zion!
Put on thy strength Divine,—
Thy garments, bright in beauty—
The bridal dress be thine;
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

Jerusalem the holy,
In light and peace behold;
Her glowing altars flaming,
Her candlesticks of gold.

The heavenly bridegroom's dwelling,
The place of David's thrones ;
Her solemn anthems swelling,
Her pavement precious stones.

Jerusalem, victorious
In triumph o'er her foes ;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close :
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again ;
No sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign ;
To reign in every nation,
And rule in every zone ;
O world-wide coronation !
In every heart a throne.

Awake ! awake ! O Zion !
Thy bridal day draws nigh—
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high :
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward ;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

444.—The Messengers of Peace.

ISAIAH lii. 7.

S.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

DR. WATTS.

445.—For a meeting of Ministers.

HEBREWS xiii. 17.

L.M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled servants
bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign ;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

446.—Ordination.

ACTS ii. 4.

THE poem on Ordination in *The Christian Year*, of which this beautiful Hymn forms the close, is founded upon the direction (in the Church of England Ordination office) to pause at a certain period of the service for silent prayer, after which the Hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* is to be sung. The soft music of this strain, following the act of devotion, seems to the poet no less than the earnest *given* that the prayer is heard. For use as a Hymn, apart from the prefatory and descriptive verses, some such alteration as that made in the first line is necessary. No other change is made.

L.M.

SPIRIT of Christ—Thine earnest give
That these our prayers are heard,
and they

Who grasp, this hour, the sword of heaven,
Shall feel Thee on their weary way.

Of as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene.

Spirit of Light and Truth ! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour ;
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

And O ! when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin.

The heart lies down—O mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near ;
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear !

J. KEELE.

447.—Waiting for Success.

LUKE v. 5.

PART of the poem in *The Christian Year* for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity. The omitted verses contain a lovely picture of the fisher's work :

“ For not upon a tranquil lake
Our pleasant task we ply,
When all along our glistening wake
The softest moonbeams lie ;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar
Our midnight chant attend,
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore
With midnight silence blend.”

In contrast with the sterner scene of toil :

“ Full many a dreary, anxious hour ;
We watch our nets alone,
In drenching spray, and driving shower,
And hear the night-bird's moan.”

But the verses selected form of themselves a very striking Hymn.

The allusion in the last verse but one is to the words of the prophet Habakkuk (i. 16) : “ They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag.”

C.M.

“ **T**HE livelong night we've toiled in
vain,

But at Thy gracious word
We will let down the net again ;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.”

So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

At morn we look, and nought is there—
Sad dawn of cheerless day !
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay ?

There is a stay—and we are strong ;
Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand.

In His own time ; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride ;
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.

Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.

To our own nets ne'er bow we down ;
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore :

Or if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail ;
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.

J. KEELF.

448.—“Do this in Remembrance of Me.”

LUKE xxii. 14.



YMNS on the Lord's Supper as the great festival of the Church of Christ are very numerous, and some that here follow will be found especially beautiful. The selection might have been much larger but for two defects, from which indeed some of those included here are not wholly free. One is the too exclusive stress given to the thought of a *suffering* Redeemer, often with an almost sensuous dwelling on the details of His passion. Even when we show forth (“proclaim,” as in the Revised Version) the Lord's *death*, we should never forget that He *lives* (see Hymn 129). The commemoration of the sacrifice is emphatically a *Communion* with the Intercessor ; and thus also it becomes a true *Eucharist*, the highest act of Christian “Thanksgiving.”

The second defect is the tendency, kindred with the above, to *materialize* the great metaphor of “partaking the Body and Blood of the Lord.” That participation is and can be only spiritual. The doctrine of Transubstantiation itself, as has been said, is but a prosaic hardening of figure into fact, and not a few hymn-writers, who have been far enough from holding this doctrine, have not been sufficiently on their guard against misapprehension. Hymns which *really* imply this doctrine, or which speak of the Supper as a “tremendous mystery,” of course have no place in the following pages.

7s.

WHEN the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the apostles with their Lord,

Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and brake the bread—
“This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me.”

Years have passed : in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
“Drink and eat ; remember Me.”

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed :
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deepening gloom,
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying said “Remember Me.”

When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O Friend of human-kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free ;
Thus may we remember Thee.

DEAN STANLEY.

449.—Christ's Glory revealed.

REVELATION i. 17.



HE first four verses are the beginning of a poem of seventeen stanzas in the *Christian Year*. The following verses of the poem enumerate the consolations which “the Church” gives to the penitent in the Communion feast. These stanzas form a beautiful commentary on the several parts of the Church of England Service ; but the last verse, as added by Mr. G. Rawson in the Leeds Hymn-book (736), brings out a deeper truth and richer sweetness, in fixing the mind on Christ alone.

L.M.

O GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear ?

For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud;
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from the atoning sacrifice,
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.


Oh! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker—dare I stay?
My Saviour—dare I turn away?

O Saviour! calm our troubled fears;
O Saviour! gather up our tears;
And let us in this solemn hour
Behold Thy glory, feel Thy power.

J. KEELE.

450.—“The Table of the Lord.”

MALACHI i. 12.

 R. DODDRIDGE seems to have composed this Hymn after a sermon on the text above quoted; and the original title is *God's Name Profaned when His Table is treated with Contempt*. The Hymn, although by a Nonconformist, was long inserted at the end of editions of the Church of England Prayer-book.

L.M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'er-
flow?

Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are these emblems all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain;
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts pre-
pared,

With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive our dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

451.—The Saviour's Guests.

ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

L.M. six lines.

FORTH from the dark and stormy
sky,

Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly,
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain:
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

BISHOP HEER.

452.—The Symbols of Christ's Love.

JOHN vi. 55.

C.M.

O JESUS CHRIST! the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ! the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.

Now while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met;

Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine,
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

My meat indeed—my drink indeed—
 Art Thou, my gracious Lord ;
 Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
 On this Thy precious Word ;

Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
 My glad and thankful heart
 Forgets the things Thou hast denied
 In those Thou dost impart.

MRS. S. LEE.

453.—Christ revealed in His Ordinance.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.

7s.

JESUS ! to Thy table led,
 Now let every heart be fed
 With the true and living bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
 Thy true presence let us feel,
 All Thy wondrous love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
 Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
 Turn our sadness into praise.

When we taste the mystic wine,
 Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
 Fill our hearts with love divine.

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
 Whence there flowed the healing tide ;
 There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
 Cold and wavering faith increase,
 Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

Lead us by Thy piercèd hand
 Till around Thy throne we stand,
 In the bright and better land.

R. H. BAYNES.

454.—The Love of Jesus.

1 JOHN iv. 10.



HE Communion Hymns of Dr. Watts, gathered together in his "Third Book," include a few that the Church will not willingly let die, and pre-eminently that already given (107):

"When I survey the wondrous cross."

One or two others, less memorable, have yet endeared themselves to many generations, as:

"How sweet and awful is the place,"

and:

"Jesus invites His saints."

Better known, however, is the following, in which simplicity and pathos redeem the lack of high poetical expression.

On the authority of the late Mr. D. Sedgwick we retain in the last verse but one the reading of many old editions: "Nor *lets* His saints forget." Dr. Watts meant to say that Christ had ordained this memorial that His Church might remember Him. Most modern hymn-books, however, make the line hortatory: "Nor *let* His saints forget."

C.M.

HOW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
 And pity brought Him down.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes
 To raise us to His throne,
 There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
 But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was His blood
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great ;
 Well He remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets His saints forget !

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we His death record ;
 And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

DR. WATTS.

455.—Jesus Remembered.

LUKE xxii. 19.

C.M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord :
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

*J. MONTGOMERY.***456.—The Feast of Love.**

I CORINTHIANS x. 16.

S.M.

SWEET feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

That blood that flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet,

To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare !

*SIR EDWARD DENNY.***457.—Heavenly Food.**

JOHN vi. 53.

7.6.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art !
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage ;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more :
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

*THOMAS AQUINAS.**Translated by Ray Palmer.*

458.—Love and Fellowship.

JOHN xiii. 23.



THIS Hymn is from a series of six (*Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749) on the same subject: "Desiring to Love." In its ardour and pathos it well merits a place among Hymns for the Lord's Supper, a position to which a fine appropriateness is given by the allusion to "the beloved disciple," in the last verse. Many hymn-books end with the stanza on "Mary at the Master's feet," an obvious incompleteness. There is a seventh verse in the original, which, though fine in itself, seems needless here, and the Wesleyan Hymn-book judiciously omits it.

8.8.6.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !

Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart ;
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine
Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

O that with humbled Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
Thou know'st (for all to Thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love !

O that I could with favoured John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest !

CHARLES WESLEY.

459.—Sacrifice and Redemption.

MARK xiv. 23.

S.M.

NO gospel like this feast,
Spread for Thy church by Thee ;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won ;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given ;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the pierced side ;
To us the bread of life.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height ;
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight ;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose,
Thy love prepares with God.

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !

MRS. E. CHARLES.

460.—Remembering Jesus.

I CORINTHIANS XI. 24.

8. 10. 10. 10. 8. 6.

O HOLY Jesus ! Prince of Peace !
Thy peace be with us gathering
round Thy board,

Where the dread presence of an unseen
Lord

Waits to be gracious, charged with full
release

To every heavy-laden soul
Which here remembers Thee.

Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou who didst love Thine own unto the
end,

Thou whose dear voice to every sorrow-
ing friend

Spoke the great promise through the
deepening gloom,

Thou bidst us, Master of the Feast,
To-day remember Thee.

And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of
love,

Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,

A fount of grace and life to all ;
We do remember Thee.

When stung by thoughts of sin and
shame

We scarce can dare to meet our Father's
look,

Through these Thy signs we know that
not rebuke

But pardoning love is ours, as in Thy
name

We now present ourselves, and here
O Christ, remember Thee !

Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each,
That love whose ever-lengthening cords
can reach

From the white choir around Thy hea-
venly shrine

To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

Thy banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial
meat,

To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid
us do,

Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee !

ROBERT BROWN BORTHWICK.

461.—Miracles of Mercy.

LUKE vi. 19.



THE motto selected by the poet himself
for this Hymn was *Jehovah-Rophi*—
"I am the Lord that healeth thee"
(Exodus xv. 26). But it seems specially
appropriate for the communion service, in which
Christ the Healer of the soul is so truly revealed
to faith. Compare Hymns 69, 72, 73.

C.M.

HEAL us, Emmanuel ! we are here
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord !

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
Lord, I believe, with tears he cried,
O help my unbelief !

She too, who touched Thee in the press
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, *Daughter, go in peace*,
Thy faith hath made thee whole !

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view,
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may ;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

WILLIAM COWPER.

462.—“The Lord's Table.”

I CORINTHIANS X. 21.
108.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;

Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;

Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,

And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;

Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;

Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,

This is the heavenly table spread for me ;

Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong

The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear :

The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;

The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,

Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need

Another arm save Thine to lean upon.

It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed ;

My strength is in Thy might—Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is

My wisdom and my teacher, both in one ;

No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,

No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;

Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood.

Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,

Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert-night :

It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;

Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above ;

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,—

The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

DR. H. BONAR.

463.—Christ our Life.

JOHN X. 10.

8.7.

LABOURING and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
Bread of Life ! on Thee we feed.

Thirsting for the springs of water
That, by Love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
Well of Life ! from Thee we draw.

Driven out from happy Eden,
Far from home and shelter strayed,
Tossed with tempest, faint from sunshine,
Tree of Life ! we seek Thy shade.

In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see—
Light to those who sit in darkness,
Light of Life ! we walk in Thee.

Strangers upon earth and pilgrims
Wearied with the world, and weak ;
By life's many ways bewildered,
Path of Life ! for Thee we seek.

Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
Longing, struggling to be free,
Where Thy loving banner leads us,
Prince of Life ! we follow Thee.

Sick of sense's vain deceivings,
Crumbling round us into dust ;
Strong alone in Faith's believings,
Word of Life ! in Thee we trust.

Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give ;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
Life of Life ! in Thee we live.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

464.—The Symbols of Peace.

LUKE xxii. 24.

C.M.

HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease !
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

Not here, where met to think of Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace Thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though Thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come : " we watch, we
wait,
To hear Thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

EMILY TAYLOR.

465.—The True Bread and Wine.

JOHN vi. 33.
9.8.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

BISHOP HEBER.

466.—Spiritual Food.

MATTHEW vi. 11.



HE petition in the Lord's Prayer for daily bread has often from the earliest times been applied to the sustenance of the soul. This reference has been supported by the rendering of the Latin Vulgate: *panem supersubstantialem*, "supersubstantial," or spiritual bread. Mr. Keble's lines will be remembered :

"Or rather help us, Lord, to choose the good,
To pray for nought, to seek to none but Thee,
Nor by 'our daily bread' mean common food,
Nor say, 'From this world's evil set us free.'
Teach us to love, with Christ, our sole true bliss,
Else, though in Christ's own words, we surely
pray amiss."

6s.

GIVE us our daily bread,
O God, the bread of *strength*;
For we have learnt to know
How weak we are at length :
As children we are weak,
As children must be fed ;
Give us Thy grace, O Lord,
To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread,
The bitter bread of *grief* :
We sought earth's poisoned feasts,
For pleasure and relief ;
We sought her deadly fruits,
But now, O God, instead,
We ask Thy healing grief,
To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread,
To cheer our fainting soul ;
The feast of *comfort*, Lord,
And peace to make us whole
For we are sick of tears,
The useless tears we shed ;
Now give us comfort, Lord,
To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily bread,
The bread of angels, Lord,
By us so many times
Broken, betrayed, adored ;

His body and His blood,
The feast that Jesus spread,
Give HIM, our life, our all,
To be our daily bread,

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

467.—Christ's Prayer for All.

JOHN xvii. 20.

C.M.

"NO, not for these alone I pray!"
The dying Saviour said;
Though on His breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

Though to His eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round Him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone He prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of His prayer!

EMILY TAYLOR.

468.—Renewal of Self-dedication.

ACTS viii. 39.



ONE element at least in Eucharistic joy is the gladness of remembered and renewed self-consecration. It is this which makes the following Hymn eminently appropriate at the Lord's Supper. It is also used as a Confirmation Hymn in the Church of England, and as a Baptismal Hymn by those who regard baptism as a profession of faith.

L.M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blessed?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

469.—The Supper of the Lamb.

REVELATION xix. 9.



CENTO from two Communion Hymns (*Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745) one of which begins:

"Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord;"

and the other:

"Thee, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread,
Nourished by Thy preserving grace,
And at Thy table fed."

The felicity of the adaptation makes the Hymn in its altered form one of the very best for the Communion. The word "Epiphany" for "manifestation" (Titus ii. 13) will hardly be a difficulty to any reader.

S.M.

WE in the lower parts
Of Thy great kingdom feast,
And feel the earnest in our hearts
Of Thine eternal rest.

Thy presence makes the feast,
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

For still a higher seat
We in Thy kingdom claim;
And here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

Lift up from earth our eyes
To that great banquet there ;
And ever for the crowning prize
Our waiting hearts prepare.

The life that's hid with Thee
With hidden manna feed,
Until the great Epiphany,
When we shall feast indeed.

Adapted from Charles Wesley.

470.—The Lord's Supper.

I CORINTHIANS xi. 26.

888.4.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come !

His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come !

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see ;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come !

And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last advent we unite ;
The shame ! the glory ! by this rite,
Until He come !

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come !

O blessed hope ! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come !

G. RAWSON.

471.—“Till He come.”

I CORINTHIANS xi. 26.

7s.

TILL He come, O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords :
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, *Till He come.*

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast !
Hush, be every murmur dumb :
It is only, *Till He come.*

Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
Would we have one sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lost,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, *Till He come.*

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread :
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, *Till He come.*

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

472.—The One Church.

EPHESIANS ii. 19.



HIS exquisite little Hymn is from the same collection as No. 469. There is no place where the “communion of saints” is more deeply realized than at the Lord's Table. The voices of heaven and earth are one in celebrating the glories of the Lamb that was slain.

C.M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads
From hence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

473.—Heavenward !

HEBREWS xiii. 14.



HERE is another and better known translation of this fine Hymn (*Himmelan geht unsre Bahn*) by Miss Winkworth, beginning :

"Heavenward doth our journey tend ;"

but the following verses more literally as well as forcibly reproduce the original in its exact metre.

78.78.77.

H EAVENWARD still our pathway tends,

Here on earth we are but strangers ;
Till our road in Canaan ends,
Through this wild beset with dangers,
Pilgrims we, a scattered band,
Seek above our fatherland.

Heavenward still my soul ascend !
Thou art one of heaven's creations ;
Earth can ne'er give aim or end
Fit to fill thy aspirations :
Turns a heaven-illumined mind
Evermore its source to find.

Heavenward still ! God's volume blest,
Thus, throughout its sacred pages,
Calls me on, and speaks of rest,
Rest with Him through endless ages :
While mine ear that call attends,
Still to heaven my path ascends.

Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
When His festal board invites me ;
Then my spirit upward flies,
Foretaste then of heaven delights me :
When on earth this food has ceased,
Comes the Lamb's own marriage-feast.

Heavenward still my spirit wends,
That fair land by faith exploring ;
Heavenward still my heart ascends,
Sun and moon and stars outsoaring :
Their faint rays in vain would try
Once with light of heaven to vie.

Heavenward still ! when life shall close,
Death to my true home shall guide me ;
There, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me :
Christ Himself the way has led,
Joyful in His steps I tread.

Still then heavenward ! heavenward still !
That shall be my watchward ever !
Joys of heaven my heart shall fill,
Chasing joys that filled it never :
Heavenward still my thoughts shall run
Till the gate of Heaven be won.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK.
Translated by F. E. Cox.

474.—"Go in Peace."

LUKE vii. 50.

76.76.78.76.

L AMB of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who think on Thee ;
And every struggling soul release ;
O ! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray ;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;
Burst our bonds, and set us free
From all iniquity release ;
O ! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;

By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
O ! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Never will we hence depart,
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give !
Still our souls shall cry to Thee
Till perfected in holiness ;
O ! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

475.—United Worship.

MATTHEW XVIII. 20.

IT cannot be inappropriate to mark the transition from the Eucharistic Hymns to those for the Lord's day and public worship by these well-known stanzas of Cowper. The special allusions in some of the verses are explained by the fact that the Hymn was composed for the opening of a room for prayer-meetings at Olney, in 1769. Here the poet in his happier days often led the devotions.

As a specimen of unwarrantable interpolations, the following additions to the Hymn, by Mr. Keble, may be quoted from the Sarum Hymn-book. After verse 4 Mr. Keble adds :

"Here to the babe new born on earth
Grant Thou the newer, better birth ;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

Here to the weary, hungry soul
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole ;
The bread that is Christ's flesh for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood."

Besides other ineffective alterations, Mr. Keble rewrote the last verse thus :

"Come, with Thy mighty, rushing wind,
Thy fire that rages unconfined ;
Shake every soul, win every heart,
Come, nor for evermore depart !

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

[Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

W. COWPER.

476.—Lord's Day Morning— Early Prayer-meeting.

PSALM lxxiii. 1.

S. M.

SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air :
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.

While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend ;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
Oh, Lord, Thy Spirit send !

Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

Oh hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. SPURGEON.

477.—Rest and Worship.

REVELATION i. 10.

THE only one of the author's many Hymns that is likely to live, and that for its tender restful tone rather than for any poetic excellence. These five verses are from a longer poem of fourteen. In many hymn-books a second verse is added by a different writer:

"Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven."

This *inversion* of the history of the manna is undoubtedly ingenious and interesting; but the addition as a whole scarcely improves the Hymn.

L.M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun,
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, Thy works we view
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

DR. JOSEPH STEPHEN.

478.—Songs of Praise.

PSALM cxi. 1.

7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then amid eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

479.—The Day of Rest.

MARK xvi. 2.

TWO verses of this beautiful Hymn (2 and 6) are often omitted in the collections; and the words in verse 5 "At His dear altar" are changed to "In Thy pure presence," the Hymn having been originally "sacramental." But take "altar" in its widest, spiritual sense, and there seems no real reason for the change.

7.6.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain:

It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

As bursts of glorious sunshine
Across a stormy sea,
Revealing to the sailors
The port where they would be,—
The calm and peaceful haven,
The dazzling, golden shore,
The home of saints and angels,
Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy ;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest ;
And woe to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast.

O, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
At His dear altar kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy word undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !

And with that sorrow mingling
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure,—
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed !

So be it, Lord, for ever :
O may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessed name adore :
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls ;

So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that home at last ;
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin, and strife is past ;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer !
Most Holy Trinity !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

480.—The Day of Prayer.

JOHN XX. I.

S.M.

THIS is the day of light ;
Let there be light to-day !
O Day-spring, rise upon our night
And chase its gloom away !

This is the day of rest ;
Our failing strength renew !
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew !

This is the day of peace ;
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid Thou the noise of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still !

This is the day of prayer ;
Let earth to heaven draw near !
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days ;
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

JOHN ELLERTON.

481.—The Day that the Lord hath made.

PSALM cxviii. 24.



NOBLE Hymn ; perhaps the author's finest. It is the first in his *Holy Year*, and is simply headed "Sunday." Many hymn-books omit the fourth verse, and most have what appear unnecessary alterations. It is here printed in its complete and exact form.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth,
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary, sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountains,
We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls ;

Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

482.—The First Day of the Week.

GENESIS i. 3.

L.M.

THIS day at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was
poured ;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine !

This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again ;
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee !

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame ;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray !

O day of light, and life, and grace !
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallowed hours, thou gift of love,
Give we again to God above !

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

483.—"The Lord's Day."

REVELATION i. 10.

86.86.88.

SWEET day of worship, day of rest,
Heaven's impress on our life,
May weary heart and brain oppressed
Now cease from care and strife,
And in communion still and sweet,
Sit lowly at the Master's feet.

It comes, long-looked for ; weary eyes
 Have pined its light to see,
 Have waited for this morn to rise,
 As prisoners to be free ;
 For thus by sign and shadow known
 Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
 The pearly gates behold,
 The jasper and the amethyst,
 The streets of shining gold ;
 Until, without, we yet begin
 The thankful song they chant within.

May the fair blessing of the time
 Hold every heart in peace,
 And echoes of the eternal chime
 Linger when songs must cease ;
 May God, who dwelleth everywhere,
 Make all the world our house of prayer,

Till we abide where perfectly
 God's love shall rule our days,
 Where all our work a prayer shall be,
 And all our prayer be praise ;
 Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide
 To set no more in eventide.

MRS. LUCY F. MASSEY.

484.—The Beauty of Holiness.

PSALM xxix. 2.

P.M.

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty
 of holiness,
 Bow down before Him, His glory pro-
 claim ;
 With gold of obedience and incense of
 lowliness
 Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His
 Name.
 Low at His feet lay thy burden of careful-
 ness,
 High on His heart He will bear it for
 thee,
 Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy
 prayerfulness,
 Guiding thy steps as may best for thee
 be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slen-
 derness
 Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon
 as thine ;
 Truth in its beauty, and love in its tender-
 ness,
 These are the offerings to lay on His
 shrine.

These, though we bring them in trem-
 bling and fearfulness,
 He will accept for the Name that is
 dear ;
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-
 fulness,
 Trust for our trembling, and hope for
 our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holi-
 ness,
 Bow down before Him, His glory pro-
 claim ;
 With gold of obedience and incense of
 lowliness,
 Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His
 Name.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

485—"Hear Thou in Heaven!"

1 KINGS viii. 22-54.

P.M.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace
 On Thy name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love ;

When the proud man from his pride
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee ;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd,
 When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God ;
 When the learnèd and the high
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessèd name :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child with grave, fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair ;
 When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;
 When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
 Heaves her heavy groan ;
 When Thy Salem's exiled sons,
 Breathe their bitter moan ;
 When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
 Looking for a home,
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,
 "Come, Lord Jesus, come !"
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

DR. H. BONAR.

486.—Universal Worship.

JOHN iv. 23.

L.M.

THOU to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was
 strung,
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime
 And prophets praised with glowing
 tongue !

Not now on Zion's height alone
 The favoured worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well ;

From every place below the skies
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty, bend the
 knee ;
 And childhood lisp with reverent air
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung !
 To Thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT.

487.—God is Here !

GENESIS xxviii. 16, 17.



NE of Wesley's happiest translations.
 The original in the Herrnhuth Collec-
 tion begins *Gott ist gegenwärtig*. The
 last two verses are omitted in many
 hymn-books.

L.M. six lines.

LO God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this
 place ;
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face :
 Who know His power, His grace who
 prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo God is here ! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring :

Disdain not, Lord ! our meaner song
Who praise Thee with a stammering
tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone ;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give :
O take, O seal them for Thine own !
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord ;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face ;
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will ;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted, sacrifice.

In Thee we move : all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all ;
Thou vast unfathomable sea !
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man !)
All may we lose, so Thee we gain.

As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire ;
Thou beam of the eternal beam,
Thou purging fire, Thou quickening flame.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN,
Translated by John Wesley.

488.—Stand up and bless the Lord.

NEHEMIAH ix. 5.

S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?

O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

489.—Public Worship.

JEREMIAH xxix. 13.



IX verses out of sixteen, admirably
selected, and turning a long, diffuse
composition into an effective Hymn.
As a specimen of what has been
omitted we subjoin the last double stanza of the
original :

" 'Stablish, Lord, our hearts with grace,
Give us an abiding peace ;
Then though floods around us flow,
Though winds from all quarters blow,
Built upon Thyself the Rock,
We endure the mighty shock ;
We are over and above
Conquerors through Thy matchless love."

We have restored the original reading in one or
two places where the hymn-books have generally
altered it. Dr. Rogers gives the whole in *Lyra*
Britannica.

7s.

LORD ! we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord ! on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord ! we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow !

Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford,
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

490.—Before the Throne of God.

PSALM lxxv. 1.

L.M.

PRAISE waits on earth, O Lord ! for
Thee ;
Thy saints adore Thy holy Name,
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly Thy protection claim.

Thy hand has raised us from the dust,
The breath of life Thy Spirit gave ;
Where but in Thee can mortals trust ?
Who but our God has power to save ?

Eternal Source of truth and light !
To Thee we look, on Thee we call ;
Lord ! what are we in Thy pure sight ?
But Thou to us art all in all.

Still may Thy children in Thy word
Their common trust and refuge see ;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, the love of Thee !

Here, at the portal of Thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears ;
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

So shall our sun of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

491.—Song of the Church, Militant and Triumphant.

REVELATION v. 12.

C.M.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold,

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church-triumphant's song.

*Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love !*

*Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save !
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O grave ?*

Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

492.—Hosanna in the Highest !

JOHN xii. 13.

L.M. with chorus.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the
 highest.

Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound ;
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the
 highest.

O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer ;
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Here we Thy parting promise claim.
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the
 highest.

But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the
 highest.

So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the
 highest.

BISHOP HERER.

493.—Dedication of a place of Worship.

ISAIAH vi. 8.

L.M.

NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
 The Lord upon His throne ap-
 pears ;
 Nor seraphim responsive cry,
 "Holy ! thrice holy !" in our ears.

Yet God is present in this place,
 Veiled in serener majesty ;
 So full of glory, truth, and grace,
 That faith alone such light can see.

Nor as He in the temple taught,
 Is Christ within these walls revealed,
 When blind, and deaf, and dumb were
 brought,
 Lepers, and lame,—and all were healed.

Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
 Or thronging multitudes are found,
 All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
 And hear and know the joyful sound.

Send forth the Seraphim, O Lord !
 To touch Thy servants' lips with fire ;
 Saviour ! give them Thy faithful word ;
 God ! Holy Ghost ! their hearts inspire.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

494.—The House of Prayer.

PSALM xxvi. 8.



COMPOSED by the author for the
 re-opening service of the country
 church where he had worshipped in
 his early days. This fact explains
 some of the allusions in the Hymn. Apart from
 their intrinsic interest, the two Hymns—see also
 380—of so celebrated a writer deserve a place in
 any comprehensive collection.

C.M.

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God :—
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal Light to clear
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the Church a blessing found,
 That filled their homes again ;

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall !
Speak through his lips Thy pure com-
mands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all.

R. W. EMERSON.

495.—Sabbath Evening.

REVELATION iv. 8.

S.M.

OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But, O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLERTON.

496.—Lord's Day Evening.

PSALM cxiii. 3.

9.8.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord ! is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymn ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church un-
sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.


The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

JOHN ELLERTON.

497.—Peace from the Sanctuary.

PSALM xxix. 11.

 HE close of Sabbath worship could
not be more appropriately or beauti-
fully signalised than by this brief
Hymn, the thought of which is the
peaceful and holy influence which, in minds and
hearts prepared and attuned by worship, is borne
from the day of rest into the hours of ordinary
life.

108.

SAVIOUR ! again to Thy dear Name
we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise,
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end,
the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord ! through the
coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace !

JOHN ELLERTON.

498.—Lord's Day Evening Prayer.

PSALM cxxi. 8.

L.M.

WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
O Lord, our God, accept them now.

O let each following Sabbath yield
For our loved work an ampler field,
A sturdier hatred of the wrong,
A stronger purpose to grow strong.

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
'Mid the sweet stillness while we bow,
All-gracious Lord ! forgive us now.

And teach us erring souls to win,
And hide their multitude of sin ;
To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,
And grow more like Him day by day.

So as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last ;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
When all the weary wheels stand still ;

When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men ;
Our Father, O receive us then.

DR. W. M. PUNSHON.

499.—Close of the Sabbath-day.

ISAIAH lxvi. 23.



HREE verses at the beginning of this
Hymn have been omitted as super-
fluous. The first line is :

" Millions within Thy courts have met ; "

and the fourth verse (here the first) begins :

" *Still* as the light of morning broke ; "

the rest of the Hymn is unaltered.

L.M.

LORD, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs ;
And still, when evening stretched her
shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas
In halcyon hours when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel languages
In pure accord to Thy throne.

Not angel trumpets sound more clear ;
Nor elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to Thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful
praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one has sought Thy face in vain.


Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the
rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more ; and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord ;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

500.—The Eternal Sabbath.

HEBREWS iv. 9.

IKE most of the author's Hymns, this was written to follow a sermon, from the text here given as a motto ; preached, as his diary records, on January 2, 1736-7.

L.M.

Lord of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To *that* our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place,
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred high eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

501.—Family Worship—Lord's Day Evening.

PSALM xlii. 8.



IN the group of Hymns adapted to the close of Divine worship this simple tribute of *domestic* praise may be appropriately inserted. The version here given is from the hymn-book edited by the late Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham. We have not been able to find a copy of the original text, and other hymn-books give the Hymn with some slight differences.

7s.

HOLY Father ! whom we praise
With imperfect accents here ;
Ancient of eternal days !
Lord of heaven and earth and air !
Stooping from amid the blaze
Of the flaming seraphim,
Hear and help us while we raise
This our Sabbath evening hymn.

We have trod Thy temple, Lord !
We have joined the public praise,
We have heard Thy holy word,
We have sought Thy heavenly grace :
All Thy goodness we record,
All our powers to Thee we bring,
Keep us in Thy watch and ward
'Neath the night's o'ershadowing.

We have seen Thy dying love,
Jesus, once for sinners slain !
We would follow Thee above ;
We with Thee would rise and reign :
May each passing Sabbath prove
Sweet with new delight in Thee ;
Spirit ! on our natures move,
Fit us for eternity !

THOMAS BINNEY.

502.—Dismission.

LUKE xxiv. 50.



HIS favourite Hymn first appeared in 1774, in a collection edited by the Rev. John Harris of Hull. It has been ascribed to different authors, as to Madan, Burder, and the Hon. Walter Shirley (see Hymn 106) ; but in the seventh edition of Harris's

collection it is assigned to Dr. Fawcett—a direct testimony which seems to outweigh the merely inferential evidence by which it is attributed to the others. See the *Irish Church Hymnal*, p. 9. Burder wrote a shorter Hymn beginning with the same line.

8.7.4.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

DR. JOHN FAWCETT.





Book the Sixth.



HYMNS ADAPTED TO TIMES, SEASONS, AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

THE first place in this closing section of our work must be given to Morning and Evening Hymns. Of these, and especially of the latter, there are very many; and, after a few conspicuous examples, these are on so general a level of excellence that selection is difficult. For the periods of the natural year, and the great events of ecclesiastical or social life, not a few Hymns in preceding Sections will be found appropriate; but some have a more special adaptation, and are therefore best grouped under the above general heading. A few miscellaneous Hymns complete the selection.



503.—Morning Hymn.

PSALM v. 3.

THE Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns of the saintly Bishop Ken were written for the Winchester scholars, with the admonition: "Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymn in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist upon happy experience assures you that 'it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning, and of His truth in the night season.'" The Hymns are themselves a treasury of sacred verse. From their length it has usually been necessary to abridge them for purposes of worship, but in a work like the present they cannot but be inserted at full length. The grand yet simple Doxology, familiar to English-speaking Christians of every Church, was affixed by the author to all three of these Hymns.

The following copy of the Hymn is taken from an edition published in 1712, the year after the bishop's death; which edition Lord Selborne supposes to contain Ken's own corrections. The chief differences are that in the first form of the Hymn the second verse begins:

"Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;"

and the ninth verse has "*Glory to Thee*" instead of "*All praise.*" The word "early" was also originally written instead of "joyful" in the first verse—a form which a few hymn-books still retain. Some editions, still later than 1712, read in the beginning of the sixth verse, "Awake! awake!" which is certainly not Ken's alteration, and appears, although Lord Selborne has adopted it, an obvious error. The poet is not calling on the heavenly choirs to awake; but arouses himself to join in their song.¹

¹ An interesting pamphlet published by Mr. D. Sedgwick in 1864 contains the earlier and later forms of Ken's three Hymns, with an Introduction by Lord Selborne, vindicating the authenticity of the latter.

L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake ! I wake ! Ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will,
O may I never more do ill !

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly ;
But God shall that defect supply ;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,

I may of endless light partake !

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed
And I in hymns to be employed !

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
O never then from me depart !
For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

504.—Morning.

LAMENTATIONS iii. 23.



HIS well-known Hymn is taken from
the first poem in the *Christian Year*,
beginning :

" Hues of the rich unfolding morn."

The omitted half (four stanzas at the beginning,
four preceding the last three) have great beauty ;
but as a Hymn the verses here selected are uni-
versally recognized as complete in themselves.

L.M.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
Heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray !

JOHN KEEBLE.

505.—Christ our Life.

JOHN viii. 12.

THE Latin original of this Hymn, "Splendor paternæ gloriæ," was probably by Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, and may be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. i. p. 24. Chandler's admirable translation is given in full by Lord Selborne: the few alterations, which are great improvements in bringing the version nearer to the original, are from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. One verse is omitted.

L.M.

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face ;
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night ;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Oh, hallowed thus be every day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

O Christ ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

AMBROSE.

Adopted from J. Chandler's Translation.

506.—Morning Invocation.

PSALM lvii. 8.

THE Latin Hymn of which this is a free translation was, like the preceding, by Ambrose, or one of his successors. It begins :

"Jam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,"

and was constantly used in the early Latin Church at the hour of prime. So famous a Hymn has many translators. One version in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* begins :

"Now that the daylight fills the sky."

There is another in *Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1847, inserted in Mr. Spurgeon's collection, beginning—

"Now that the sun is beaming bright ;"

and one by J. Chandler, in the Wesleyan and other collections :

"Once more the sun is beaming bright."

The original is in Daniel, vol. i. p. 56, where it is said to have been primarily written for a fast-

day. In the version here given this point is passed over, but other translators have noted it, as in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* :

"O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure ;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food."

L.M.

NOW doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray ;
Be present with us, Lord most high !
Through all the actions of the day.

Create in us a heart sincere ;
Simplicity of word and will ;
And may the morn, so bright and clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil.

Keep us, eternal Lord ! this day
From every sinful passion free ;
Grant us, in all we do or say,
In all our thoughts, to honour Thee.


So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord ! with conscience clear,
To Thee our grateful praises sing.

AMBROSE.

Based on a translation by E. Caswall.

507.—Thoughts at Daybreak.

EPHESIANS v. 14.

 FROM a German Hymn of the seventeenth century. The translation first appeared in the *British Magazine*, 1838.

P.M.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking !
Now is breaking
Over earth another day ;
Come ! to Him who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning :
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers ;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter Sun to greet.


Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey ;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

FREDERIC R. L. VON CANITZ.

Translated by J. B. Brickoll.

508.—Morning Thoughts.

PROVERBS iv. 26.

 HE grave, moral strain of this seventeenth-century Catholic (See also No. 534), may well be profitably pondered by the thoughtful of all communions.

L.M.

OPEN thine eyes, my soul, and see
Once more the light returns to thee ;
Look round about, and choose the way
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to-day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet ;
Think where thou once hast fallen before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,
And cast to steer thy life by those ;
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment
Those stubborn sins that ne'er repent ;
Think on the joys that wait above,
To crown the head of holy love.

O my dear Lord, guide Thou my course,
And draw me on with Thy sweet force ;
Till make me walk, still make me tend,
By Thee my way, to Thee my end.

JOHN AUSTIN.

509.—The Dayspring from on High.

LUKE i. 78.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, Revealer of our light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Dayspring from on high, be near :
Day-star, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

CHARLES WESLEY.

510.—The Daily Task.

PSALM cxliii. 8.



R. T. H. GILL speaks of this Hymn as a "glorious bundle of closely packed aspirations."¹ It would indeed be difficult, within the same space, to give more adequate expression to the high, calm earnestness of the Christian soul, girding itself anew for the tasks of life. The poetry of the Hymn is in its simplicity and intensity. Sometimes the author can be diffuse enough ; but, on the other hand, no Hymn-writer has given finer specimens of concentrated power.

The expression, "inmost substance," is of course a spiritual application of Psalm cxxix.

16. In the last verse those editors of Hymns have lost a beautiful thought who have altered Wesley's words to "run my even course with joy!"

L.M.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The tasks Thy wisdom has assigned
Oh let me carefully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my work to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day ;

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

511.—The Praises of Jesus.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4.



THE original of this Hymn is the German *Gelobt sey Jesus Christ!* It has twenty-eight couplets, with the refrain to each : the fourteen selected make a fine and spirited Hymn.

6s.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair ;
May Jesus Christ be praised !
To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

¹ *The Congregationalist*, September, 1877, art. "Charles Wesley."

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

To God the Word on high,
The host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

FROM THE GERMAN.
Translated by E. Caswall.

512.—Daily Grace.

PSALM CXXI. 1, 2.

L.M.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern
skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour ! till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Friend ;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine !

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus ! Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

513.—Morning Self-dedication.

PSALM CXXXIX. 18.

C.M.

FATHER in heaven, I praise Thy name
With sounding words of song ;
With gladsome words aloud proclaim
That I to Thee belong.

I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind ;
The world is all a sign ;
Each thing that wakes my heart and mind,
My life and hope, is Thine.

The living soul which I call *me*,
Doth love, and seek, and know ;
It is an utterance of Thee,
Hidden in Whom I grow.

Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

Lord, let me live and act this day
Still rising from the dead ;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

Within my heart, speak Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep,
Till the night comes, and labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

514.—The Pilgrim's Prayer.

ISAIAH xl. 31.

8.7.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

ANONYMOUS.

515.—The Lowly Lot made Noble.

PROVERBS xiii. 7.

C.M.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do—
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work to do,
If we but do our best.

Thus we may make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light !

WILLIAM GASKELL.

516.—Morning Prayer and Daily Work.

LUKE ix. 33.

108.

STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly
hill :
A little longer let us linger still ;
With all the mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the awful Presence still abide :
Before the throne of light we trembling
stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay ! we breathe a purer
air ;
This life is not the life that waits us there :
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come
and go ;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not
know ;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow eternally.

" No ! " saith the Lord, " the hour is past
—we go ;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of
prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow
there !
Here we sought God that we might know
His will ;
There we must do it—serve Him—seek
Him still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the
road.

He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere.
At God's own feet our spirits seek their
rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him
best.

S. GREG.

517.—Noontide.

PSALM xlii. 8.

L.M.

UP to the throne of God is borne
Our voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide :
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We must not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the midday hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready hand bestowed
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot
An altar is in each man's cot ;
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short
day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

518.—Evening Hymn.

JOB xxxv. 10.



N the original form of this Hymn (compare 503) the first line reads, as now in most hymn-books :

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,"

and the third verse ends :

"Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day."

There are one or two minor alterations in the later version ; but the principal ones are in the last two verses (before the Doxology). Ken had originally thrown them into the form of a direct address to his "guardian" (*i.e.*, guardian angel).

"You, my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed your vigils keep,
Divine love into me instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill."

This led to the charge that Ken had "taught the scholars of Winchester to invoke the court of heaven ;" so that the good bishop had to declare : "By that apostrophe I did no more intend the Popish invocation of saints and angels than the holy Psalmist did, when he calls upon the sun, moon, and stars, fire, hail, and snow, &c., to praise God ;" yet, he adds, "to prevent all future misinterpretations, I have altered not the sense, but the words of that paragraph," as we have them now.

L.M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God ! this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day !

O may my soul on Thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive :
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains ;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds ;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire !

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill :

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or in my stead all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

519.—Sunset.

PSALM cxli. 2.



HIS Hymn, says the translator, is from the Latin, *Sol præceps rapitur, proxima nox adest*; but the original appears to be lost. It was in some manual of devotion, probably of the eighteenth century. A

retranslation of the Hymn into Latin will be found in Mr. Courtier Biggs's *Hymns Ancient and Modern, with Annotations*.

64.66.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned.

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord divine !
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine !

LATIN HYMN.

Translated by Edward Caswall.

520.—Day and Night.

PSALM iv. 8.



HE first stanza of the following Hymn is by Bishop Heber, the third by Archbishop Whately. An intermediate verse seemed needful to complete the Hymn, and this was added in the *Sarum Hymnal* by the Rev. Thomas Darling.

P.M.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

And when morn again shall call us,
 To run life's way,
 May we still, whate'er befall us,
 Thy will obey :
 From the power of evil hide us,
 In the narrow pathway guide us,
 Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
 The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And when we die
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie :
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God ! forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high.

521.—The Day's Decline.

ZECHARIAH xiv. 7.
108.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
 Fainter and yet more faint the sun-
 light glows ;
 O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
 Eternal Light of light, be with us now !
 Where Thou art present darkness cannot
 be,
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
 Thee !
 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
 Onward to darkness and to death we
 tend ;
 O Conqueror of the grave ! be Thou our
 Guide,
 Be Thou our Light in death's dark even-
 tide ;
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou who in darkness walking didst
 appear
 Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
 Come, Lord ! in lonesome days, when
 storms assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succours
 fail ;
 When all is dark may we behold Thee
 nigh,
 And hear Thy voice, *Fear not, for it is I.*

The weary world is mouldering to decay,
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall
 fall,
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide !

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

522.—The World without Night.

REVELATION xxii. 5.

888.4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent too soon her golden store ;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn ;
 Its glorious noon how quickly past !
 Lead us, O Christ ! when all is gone,
 Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high,
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky ;

Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless
 white,
 And evening shadows never fall ;
 Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
 Art Lord of all !

GODFREY THRING.

523.—Our Triune Protector.

NUMBERS vi. 24, 25.

7.

GOD the Father ! be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night ;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light !

God the Saviour ! be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night ;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light !

God the Spirit ! deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night ;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light !

Holy Trinity ! be nigh,
Mystery of love adored !
Help to live, and help to die,
Lighten all our darkness, Lord !

G. RAHSON.

524.—Nightly Blessings.

HOSEA xiv. 5.

P.M.

HOW calmly the evening once more
is descending,

As kind as a promise, as still as a
prayer ;
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter be-
friending
May we and our households continue to
share !

The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is
open ;
O, enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;
The silence and smile of His love are the
token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

We come to be soothed with His merciful
healing ;
The dew of the night cure the wounds
of the day ;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity
feeling ;
With thanks for the past, for the future
we pray.

Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in
sorrow ;
Sustain us in work till the time of our
rest ;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's
to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected
possessed.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

525.—Jesus our Guardian.

PSALM cxxvii. 2.



HIS little Hymn," writes the translator,
"is a great favourite in the Greek
Isles. It is to the scattered hamlets
of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop
Ken's Evening Hymn is to the villages of our
own land ; and its melody is singularly plaintive
and soothing."

76.76.88.

THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesus ! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of sin may be :
O Jesus ! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be :
O Jesus ! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour ;
Or sleep in death shall I :
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry :
"He could not make their darkness light ;
Nor guard them through the hours of
night."

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

ANATOLIUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Translated by John Mason Neale.

526.—Evening Song.

HOSEA ii. 18.

PART of a Hymn of six double verses,
 beginning —

“What though my frail eyelids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And punctual, as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep.”

The part here selected begins originally :

“Beneficent Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Feeder and Guardian of Thine !”

In its present shape the Hymn is one of the
 finest of our shorter and simpler evening songs.

8s.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of
 Thine !

My all to Thy covenant care
 I, sleeping and waking, resign.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend
 To watch while Thy saints are asleep,
 By day and by night they attend
 The heirs of salvation to keep.

Their worship no interval knows,
 Their fervour is still on the wing,
 And while they protect my repose
 They chant to the praise of my King.

I too, at the season ordained,
 Their chorus for ever shall join ;
 And love and adore without end
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

527.—Peaceful Trust.

PSALM cxxi. 7.

FROM a Christmas tale entitled “Poor Dick,” in “The Wreck of the Golden Mary,” published in Charles Dickens’ *Household Words*, for 1856. The author is better known by her *nom de plume* of “Holme Lee,” under which she has published several admirable works of fiction. This, her only Hymn, first appeared, Mr. Miller informs us, in the *New Congregational Hymn-book*.

8.7.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father !
 Ere I lay me down to sleep ;
 Bid Thine angels pure and holy
 Round my bed their vigil keep.

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
 Far outweighs them every one,
 Down before the cross I cast them
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
 Underneath its boundless shade ;
 Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
 When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
 By the span of human thought ;
 None shall bound the tender mercies
 Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
 Give me strength for days to come,
 Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
 Till Thine angels bid me home.

MISS HARRIET PARR.

528.—Nightly Blessing from Heaven.

PSALM lxxiii. 7.

10s.

O LORD, who by Thy presence has
 made light
 The heat and burden of the toilsome
 day,
 Be with me also in the silent night,
 Be with me when the daylight fades
 away.

As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
 So deign at evening to become my Guest ;
 As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
 So also deign to share and bless my rest.

No step disturbs me, not a sound is heard,
 I commune in my chamber and am still,
 And muse with deep attention on Thy Word,
 The faithful record of Thy mind and will.
 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord !
 Thy blessing is endued with soothing power ;
 On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy word
 Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

Howsad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
 The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
 But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
 I seem with heavenly manna to be fed ;
 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
 The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
 If Thou be with me when my labours close,
 No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest ;
 After the day's confusion, toil, and din,
 O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
 To give salvation, and to pardon sin !
 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
 Left in my bosom from the day just past ;
 And let me on a Father's loving heart
 Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

*C. J. P. SPITTA.
 Translated by R. Massie.*

529.—Nightly Guardianship.

LUKE xi. 4.

SS. 7.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free :
 Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
 Through the day Thy care hath led us,
 With divinest charity.

This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity ;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

From enticements of the devil,
 From the might of spirits evil,
 Be our shield and panoply ;
 Let Thy power this night defend us,
 And a heavenly peace attend us,
 And angelic company.

Whilst the night dews are distilling,
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 With Thine own serenity ;
 Softly let our eyes be closing,
 Loving souls on Thee reposing,
 Ever blessed Trinity.

G. RAWSON.

530.—The Peace of Jesus.

JOHN xx. 19.

L.M.

THOU who hast known the careworn breast,
 The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
 Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
 And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
 Gladness and hope without alloy ;
 The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
 And gleamings of eternal joy.

Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
 "Peace be to you, this evening hour ;"
 Then all the struggles of the day
 Vanish before Thy loving power.

Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night ;
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory there is light.

G. RAUSON.

531.—A Song of Praise for Evening.

PSALM iv. 5.

A QUAIN Hymn, characteristic of the devout author, many of whose *Lays of Praise* abound with felicities of expression, and a truly poetic, although rugged, strain. The present Hymn, like others of the writer, is found in our hymn-books in an almost endless variety of forms. The following is a complete and exact transcript from Mr. Sedgwick's careful edition. The half-stanza at the conclusion is usual in Mason's Hymns.

C.M.

NOW from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise ;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love ; awake, my joy ;
Awake, my heart and tongue :
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

Man's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days,
The letters mercies closely joined,
The title is Thy praise.
This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide ;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day :
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till I shall praise Thee as I would
Accept my heart's desire.

Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score ;
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

JOHN MASON.

532.—Prayer for Rest.

PROVERBS iii. 24.



HIS lovely little Hymn is of American origin, but of unknown authorship. It is given in *Hymns of Duty and Faith*, from a New York collection, 1869, of which the well-known poetess, Phæbe Cary, was one of the editors.

888.6.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in
Thine ;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my
bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head ;
So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

ANONYMOUS.

533.—Light in Darkness.

ISAIAH xlv. 7.

7s.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Maker ! here am I,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
Through the dim abyss, my heart ;

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Burning like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,—
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine unclouded, still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou art there. Oh, let me know
Thou art here within me too !
Be the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, now shed abroad.

May my soul attuned be
To that perfect harmony
Which beyond the power of sound
Fills the universe around !

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

534.—Penitent Thoughts at Eventide.

PSALM cxli. 2.



HIS is a favourable example of seventeenth-century Hymns. It was written by a Roman Catholic (see Biographical Index), but is equally suitable for the evening devotions of all Christians.

S.M.

LORD, now the time returns
For weary men to rest,
And lay aside those pains and cares
With which our day's oppressed ;

Or rather change our thoughts
To more concerning cares ;—
How to redeem our misspent time,
With sighs, and tears, and prayers.

How to provide for heaven,
That place of rest and peace,
Where our full joys shall never wane,
Our pleasures never cease.

Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief hope !
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By Thee we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN.

535.—The Guardian of Slumber.

JEREMIAH xxxi. 26.

C.M.

OGOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who with Thy sweet repose dost crown
The labour of the day !

Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With Thy forgiveness dear ;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me ;
That with the new, unsullied day,
My soul wake fresh and free.

And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me ;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

536.—An Evening Thanksgiving.

PSALM cxxxix. 17.

87.87.77.

FATHER, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creep slowly round me,
Ere soft slumber be my guest,
Let me bless Thee that to-day
Thou, my God, hast been my stay.

Lord, I need no earthly temple,
For, where I Thy love have found,
All Thy humblest creatures teach me
Where I am is holy ground :
Lord, I need no holier place
Than where I Thy love can trace.

For the birds and flowers I thank Thee,
 For each song and perfume sweet,
 For the faith that dare address Thee,
 For the love that may Thee greet ;
 Most, that I for every gift,
 May my soul to Thee uplift.

For the love of friends I bless Thee,
 Who to-day my joy have shared,
 Whose true hearts, spread out before me,
 Have Thy love to me declared ;
 For each thought of truth and love
 They have echoed from above.

For the mystic bond which binds us
 Each to each, and all to Thee,
 And with all the past entwines us,
 In the world's long harmony ;
 For each striving human soul
 Which is part of Thy great whole.

Pour thy Spirit, Lord, upon me,
 Guard me in unconscious sleep ;
 Be Thy Spirit ever with me
 While death-slumbers o'er me creep ;
 And, my life's long journey past,
 I am safe with Thee at last !

F. B.

Hymns of Duty and Faith.

537.—The Still, Small Voice.

I KINGS XX. 12.



FROM *Hymns and Poems*, 1742. Three verses out of six entitled, "Waiting for Christ the Prophet." The sublime incident in Elijah's history has seldom been more effectively applied.

76.76.7776.

OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice !
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of Thy grace !
 From the world of sin and noise
 And hurry I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe :

Silent am I now, and still,
 Dare not in Thy presence move :
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of Thy love !

Lord, my time is in Thy hand ;
 My soul to Thee convert !
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart.
 Thine, in whom I live and move,
 Thine the work, the praise is Thine !
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love ;
 And all Thou art is mine !

CHARLES WESLEY.

538.—Close of a Working Day.

I PETER V. 7.

C.M.

THE twilight falls, the night is near ;
 We put our work away,
 And kneel to Him who bends to hear
 The story of the day.

The common story ; yet we kneel
 To tell it at Thy call,
 And cares grow lighter when we feel
 Our Father knows them all.

Yes, all ! the morning and the night,
 The joy, the grief, the loss,
 The mountain track, the valley bright,
 The daily thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all : we lean our head,
 Our wearied eyelids close ;
 Content and glad awhile to tread
 The way our Father knows.

And He has loved us ! all our heart
 With answering love is stirred ;
 And poverty and toil and smart
 Find healing in that word.

So here we lay us down to rest,
 As nightly shadows fall ;
 And lean, confiding, on His breast,
 Who knows and pities all.

Christian Hymns.

539.—Evening Prayer of the Sorrowing.

I PETER iv. 19.

C.M.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day :
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise ;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes of earthly love and joy
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend :
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

540.—Household Evening Hymn.

PSALM ciii. 17.

C.M.

O LORD, another day is flown ;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray ;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they ?

O let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

541.—An Evening Blessing.

PSALM xci. 5-7.



VERY popular form of this brief Hymn, set to beautiful music, begins :

“ Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing.”

The original is, as we have given it, and as it is found in most hymn-books, an appeal to the *Saviour*. We believe that the change was made by Dr. Martineau (*Hymns for Church and Home*, 1840) to adapt the Hymn to Unitarian worship.

8.7.

S AVIOUR ! breathe an evening blessing

Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal ;
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watches where His people be :
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light, and deathless bloom !

JAMES EDMESTON.

542.—Evening.

PSALM ccli. 2.



HIS, like the "Morning" of the same author, is part of a well-known poem in the *Christian Year*. It begins :

"'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze."

Five verses are omitted in adapting it as a Hymn. Many collections also omit stanzas 2 and 3 as given below ; but these seem necessary to the completeness of the Hymn. Another verse often given (after 6 below) is a prayer for the Church of Christ.

"Thou Framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own ark ;
 Amid the howling wintry sea
 We are in port if we have Thee."

The thought of this last couplet is taken from John vi. 21.

The alteration in the new edition of the Wesleyan Hymn-book, 1876, of the first couplet into:

"Sun of my soul, Thou heavenly Light,
 If Thou art near it is not night ;"—

will not, we think, be generally acceptable.

L.M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below,
 My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
 Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose,
 Watch Time's full river as it flows ;
 Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
 Were not too deep for mortal sense ;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
 And all the flowers of life unfold,
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. KEBLE.

543.—"Evening Hymn at the Oratory."

JOHN viii. 12.



HIS Hymn "for the Oratory" will be felt to be appropriate wherever Christians are gathered at the evening hour. In Dr. Faber's last verse the second line reads, "*Philip and Mary* near us be," which destroys the Evangelical character of the Hymn. The Church of England hymnals give the verse as here printed ; and (notwithstanding our remark on p. 235) we prefer not to omit it altogether, for the sake of the closing thought, *We are one day nearer Thee*.

L.M. six lines.

SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways
 True absolution and release,
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee ;
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful—unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus and our All !
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come,
 Through night and darkness near us
 be ;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

DR. F. W. FABER.

544.—Midnight Hymn.

PSALM cxix. 62.



THIS grand midnight meditation is printed from the revised form of 1712 (see Nos. 503 and 518). The original version differs considerably from this, especially in the earlier verses : the first two, for instance, reading :

" Lord, now my sleep does me forsake ;
 The sole possession of me take ;
 Let no vain fancy me illude,
 Nor one impure desire intrude.

Blessed angels ! while we silent lie,
 You hallelujahs sing on high ;
 You, ever wakeful near the Throne,
 Prostrate, adore the Three in One."

"The alterations in the three Hymns," writes Lord Selborne, "seem to me just such as the author, revising his early productions at a more advanced period of his life, and such as nobody but the author, would have made."

L.M.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,
 The sole possession of me take ;
 From midnight terrors me secure,
 And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blessed angels ! while we silent lie,
 You hallelujahs sing on high ;
 You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
 Before the Throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
 In offering up a hymn Divine ;
 With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
 And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, in Thine arms I will entrust :
 O make me Thy peculiar care ;
 Some mansion for my soul prepare !

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
 Or some fallen angel's vacant seat :
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
 Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand :
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight ;
My soul O lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of Thy great
Name !

Blessed Jesus ! Thou, on Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of Thine all-quickenng light
Dispers the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

545.—A Sleepless Night.

ISAIAH xxvi. 9.



HIS lovely meditative strain is from a
longer poem beginning :

"Interval of grateful shade :"

entitled by the author "An Evening Hymn to
be used when composing one's self to sleep."

The whole is a favourable specimen of his poetical
powers. More than one of Doddridge's Hymns
embody the same heavenly aspirations, especially
that beginning :

"While on the verge of life I stand."

L.M.

WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light,
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way,

While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.

'Mid the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,

Through the throng His gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
From on high doth He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

He in these serenest hours
Guides my intellectual powers,
And His Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,

Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with Thee !

What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay ?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn ;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high !
See the golden gates displayed !
See the crown to grace my head !

See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to-night !
Transitory world, farewell !
Jesus calls, with Him to dwell !

With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee !

DR. DODDRIDGE.

546.—Life's Evening.

LUKE XXIV. 29.



HIS Hymn is evidently intended for the evening of *life* rather than for the evening of the day. It was written about two months before the author's death, and was his last composition. About to leave Brixham to winter in the south of France, he wished to preach once more to his people, and to commune with them in the Lord's Supper. "For the last time he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing flock ; and then, exhausted with his effort, he retired with a soul in sweet repose on that Christ whom he had preached with his dying breath ; and as the evening drew on he handed to a near and dear friend these undying verses, together with his own adapted music for the Hymn." He reached Nice, and there his spirit entered into rest. The fifth verse, generally omitted in hymnals, contains an interesting personal record.

IOS.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the even-
tide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me
abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away ;

Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,—

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings ;

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile,

And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee !
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can
be ?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness :

Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes,

Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies :

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee ;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. LYTE.

547.—New Year's Eve.

PSALM CXXX. 5, 6.

87.87.887.

ACROSS the sky the shades of night
 This winter's eve are fleeting :
 We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
 In solemn worship meeting :
 And as the year's last hours go by,
 We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
 Once more Thy love entreating.

Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,
 To Thee our prayers addressing ;
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,
 And all our sins confessing ;
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
 And crown us with Thy blessing.

And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
 To dear ones gone before us ;
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
 Their spirits hovering o'er us ;
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,
 To re-unite us all at last,
 And to our lost restore us.

We gather up, in this brief hour,
 The memory of Thy mercies :
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
 Our grateful song rehearses :
 For Thou hast been our strength and stay
 In many a dark and dreary day
 Of sorrow and reverses.

In many an hour, when fear and dread
 Like evil spells have bound us,
 And clouds were gathering overhead,
 Thy providence hath found us :
 In many a night when waves ran high,
 Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
 Hath made all calm around us.

Then, O great God, in years to come,
 Whatever fate betide us,
 Right onward through our journey home
 Be Thou at hand to guide us :
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. HAMILTON.

548.—New Year's Prayer.

JOHN xii. 28.

7.5.

FATHER, here we dedicate
 This new year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have us be :
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care
 Freedom dare we claim ;
 This alone shall be our prayer,
 "Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live ?
 Can a father's love refuse
 All the best to give ?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim,
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys we yet partake ;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may break ;
 Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
 Shall in all proclaim,
 And whate'er the year shall bring,
 Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the Cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all our gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home ;
 Teach us, Lord, how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 In our woe we'll still pray on,
 "Glorify Thy Name."

L. TUTTIETT.

549.—New Year's Hymn.

PSALM lkv. 11.

L.M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters softened by Thy care
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make Thy mercies known
Around Thy board, and round our own.

O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

DR. DODDRIDGE.

550.—New Year's Thanksgiving.

PSALM lvii. 9.

8.7.

HARP, awake ! Tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise ;
Lute, awake ! awake, our glory !
Join a thankful song to raise.
Join us, brethren, faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled !
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !

Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began.
Still when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard :
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word.

Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin :
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee.

H. DOWNTON.

551.—The Untried Path.

PSALM xxxi. 3.

7s.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

Dark the future ; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star ;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay :
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own :
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

H. DOWNTON.

552.—Harvest Hymn.

PSALM cxlv. 15.

7.6. and chorus.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes, and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the
 Lord,
 For all His love !

He only is the Maker
 Of all things, near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the
 Lord,
 For all His love !

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the
 Lord,
 For all His love !

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS,

Translated by Miss M. J. Campbell.

553.—Summer.

PSALM xix. 6.

6.5.

SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.

Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour,
 For Thy loving-kindness
 Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light ;
 Life is dark without Thee ;
 Death with Thee is bright.

Light of light ! shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

554.—Thanksgiving for Plenty.

HABAKKUK iii. 18.

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice ;
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

MRS. FARBAULD.

555.—Harvest Home.

MATTHEW iii. 12.



THIS Hymn is variously printed in the collections, and was altered more than once by the author himself. It is here printed, on the authority of the editors of *Church Hymns*, in the form which Dean Alford finally approved.

7s.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home :
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin :
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield :
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest ! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord ! quickly come,
To Thy final harvest home !
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home !

DEAN ALFORD.

556.—Laying the Foundation of a Place of Worship.

2 CHRONICLES ii. 1.

8.7.

IN the name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here :
Here with prayer its deep foundations
In the faith of Christ we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

Here as in their due succession
 Stone on stone the workmen place,
 Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
 Jesus, build us up in grace ;
 Till, within these walls completed,
 We complete in Thee are found ;
 And to Thee, the one Foundation,
 Strong and living stones, are bound.

Fair shall be Thine earthly temple :
 Here the careless passer-by
 Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
 Of the holier house on high ;
 Weary hearts and troubled spirits
 Here shall find a still retreat ;
 Sinful souls shall bring their burden
 Here to The Absolver's feet.

Yet with truer nobler beauty,
 Lord, we pray, this house adorn
 Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemed,
 Robes her for her marriage morn ;
 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
 Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
 Till she may behold His face.

Here in due and solemn order
 May her ceaseless prayer arise ;
 Here may strains of holy gladness
 Lift her heart above the skies ;
 Here the word of life be spoken ;
 Here the child of God be sealed ;
 Here the bread of heaven be broken,
 "Till He come" Himself revealed.

Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,
 Maker of the earth and skies ;
 Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
 Fitly framed together lies :
 Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
 Binding all that lives in one :
 Till our earthly praise be ended,
 And the eternal song begun !

J. ELLERTON.

557.—The House of Prayer.

I KINGS viii. 29.

6666.4444.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build ;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled ;
 On His great love
 Our hopes we place
 Of present grace
 And joys above.

Oh ! then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring ;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim
 In joyful song,
 Both loud and long,
 That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh ;
 In copious shower
 On all who pray
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore ;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore ;
 Until that day,
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated by J. Chandler.

558.—The Sanctuary.

REVELATION xxi. 2.

8.7.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
 "Peaceful vision"—dim-descried,
 Built of living stones elected,
 Built for ever to abide ;
 Angel-circled, as the Virgins
 For the Bridegroom deck the Bride.

Newly bright from heaven descending,
 Robed in bridal raiment meet,
 Ready for the heavenly marriage,
 Forth she comes her Lord to greet ;
 Glorious shine her golden bulwarks ;
 Shines the golden-paved street.

Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
 Widely flung each ample door,
 Where in marriage-garments glistening
 They are entering evermore,
 Who the bitter Cross embracing
 Christ's reproach in this world bore.

Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
 Keen the graving of His hand,
 Ere each finished stone was planted
 As the Master-Builder planned,
 Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
 In the house of God to stand.

Deeply laid, a sure Foundation,
 Christ, the anointed Corner-stone,
 Reaching on to every nation,
 Binding both the walls in one,
 Sion's joy and strong salvation,
 Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
 Fills with music gloriously,
 Praise of God from saintly voices
 Ringing out melodiously,
 Heralding with endless joyance
 God the One in Persons Three.

Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
 Where Thy Presence we implore ;
 Here receive the rising incense
 From the hearts that Thee adore ;
 Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,
 Dew of healing evermore.

Mete Thou here the promised measure,
 Running o'er and closely pressed,
 Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
 By the saints in light possessed ;
 There our heart is, there our treasure,
 Paradise, and Home, and Rest !

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated by Archbishop Benson.

559.—Believers' Baptism.

MATTHEW xxviii. 19.

BAPTISMAL services have not many appropriate and worthy Hymns. Those who regard the ordinance as a personal act of the disciple may apply to it any Hymns concerning self-dedication to the service of God or the profession of Christian faith ; many of which have already been given in this volume. The following Hymn is a prayer that baptism may be a seal of the spiritual gift—not indeed imparting it, but aiding the recipient of the ordinance to realize its possession.

A Hymn often sung in baptismal services begins :

" Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus,
 ' Take thy cross, and follow Me ? '"

The Hymn is, in the main, good and appropriate ; yet the ordinance ought, we think, hardly to be described as the taking up of a *cross*. The two Hymns here given have therefore been preferred.

L.M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honour the means ordained by
 Thee ;
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own Thy glorious ministry.

We now Thy promised presence claim :
 Sent to disciple all mankind,
 Sent to baptize into Thy name,
 We now Thy promised presence find.

Father ! in these reveal Thy Son ;
 In these, for whom we seek Thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

Jesus ! with us Thou always art :
 Effectuate now the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.

Eternal Spirit ! descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !

O that the souls baptized therein
 May now Thy truth and mercy feel ;
 May rise and wash away their sin !
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

CHARLES WESLEY.

560.—Baptized into Christ.

ROMANS vi. 4.

7.6.

AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command :
So Thee in faith we follow,
And trace Thy path of love,
Through the strange solemn waters,
Up to Thy throne above.

Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity
The waves did o'er Thee roll :
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed ;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

But now Thou art arisen !
Thy travail all is o'er,
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou shalt die no more !
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou First-born from the dead !

Into Thy death baptized,
O let us with Thee die !
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify :
So freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

J. G. DECK.

561.—Infant Dedication.

MATTHEW xviii. 2.



HOSE who hold that baptism is the appointed ordinance by which our children are dedicated to God in infancy will find this Hymn a fitting and beautiful expression of their joy and prayer. Others also may use it of that act of parental dedication which does not need any outward ordinance to express its deep reality.

L.M.

WHAT shall we render, Lord, to Thee
Who hast enriched our lives with
love,
And in our midst hast set this child
To link our hearts to things above ?

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
given
Such answer to our hopes and fears ;
Hast sent this little one from heaven,
Glad recompense for all our tears :

To nestle, dove-like, in our home,
And fill our lives with joy and light ;
Make sunshine when the shadows come,
And parents' hearts to Thee unite.

To wean our souls from self and sin,
To nobler uses, higher claims ;
A life of service that shall win
Thy benediction on its aims.

Baptize our households from above,
O gentle Shepherd of the sheep !
And, with Thy ministry of love,
Our tender nurslings safely keep.

We bring our little ones to Thee ;
Their angels always see Thy face :
The Everlasting arms shall be
Our children's quiet resting-place.

J. E. GREENWOOD.

562.—The Shepherd of the Lambs.

ISAIAH xl. 11.



HIS also is an happy expression of the prayer with which many Christian parents bring their children to the font. Other Hymns referring to the ordinance in its ritual aspect, and especially to the "sign of the cross" as its accompaniment, it has been judged better to omit ; although undoubtedly that sign may be, and often is, given without any thoughts at variance with the simplicity and spirituality of the observance. Among such Hymns omitted Dean Alford's is by far the best :

" In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own," etc.

A Hymn very similar to the following, by Dr. Doddridge, is often sung at the baptism of infants, although appropriate to childhood generally :

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms."

8.7.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there—secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

DR. W. A. MUHLBERG.

563.—Almsgiving.

GALATIANS vi. 2.



VARIATION on a Hymn by Dr. Doddridge, beginning :

"Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy
grace !"

It was one of those Hymns which contained fine thought so inadequately expressed that it seemed at once worth while to rewrite it, and necessary to do so, to give it currency. The present form is perhaps as satisfactory as any in which the Hymn has appeared.

C.M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.

Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live ;
Freely we have received of Thee—
As freely may we give.

Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love
Thee in Thy poor to see,
And while we minister to them,
To do it as to Thee.

Only do Thou our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed ;
Bless us in giving—greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

EDWARD OSIER.

564.—How much owest thou unto thy Lord ?

PSALM cxvi. 12.

6s.

THY life was given for me !
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me :
What have I given for Thee ?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me :
Have I spent one for Thee ?

Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me :
Have I left aught for Thee ?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
 More than my tongue can tell
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue me from hell.
 Thou suff'rest all for me :
 What have I borne for Thee ?

And Thou hast brought to me
 Down from Thy home above
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love.
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me :
 What have I brought to Thee ?

Oh, let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent ;
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 To Thee my all I bring,
 My Saviour and my King !

MISS F. R. FAVERGAL.

565.—Enriched by Giving.

1 KINGS xvii. 16.

8.7.

IS thy cruse of comfort wasting ?
 Rise and share it with another,
 And through all the years of famine
 It shall serve thee and thy brother :

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy handful still renew ;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ;
 All its wealth is living grain ;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy ?
 Do thy steps drag wearily ?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden ;
 God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle ?
 Many wounded round thee moan ;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty ?
 None but God its void can fill ;
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power ?
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
 It can only live in loving,
 And by serving love will grow.

MRS. E. CHARLES.

566.—Giving.

JAMES i. 17.



THERE is an alteration in the fourth verse of this Hymn, made by the editors of *Church Hymns*, with the revered author's sanction. He originally wrote :

"And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
 And give us all."

The change places the sentiment in harmony with Romans viii. 32.

888.4.

OLORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be ;
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare ;
 When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Giver of all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Giver of all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that Blessed One
 Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower
 Spirit of life and love and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.


Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all .

To Thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
O may we ever give to Thee,
Giver of all !

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

567.—“Holy Matrimony.”

ECCLESIASTES iv. 12.

 R. Keble wrote this beautiful and popular Hymn for the *Salisbury Hymn-book*. In the fifth verse the reading “Son of Mary” is changed, as in most hymn-books, to “Gracious Saviour.” There is no other alteration. The “altar,” in the last verse but one, is to be taken spiritually, of daily communion with God.

7.6.

THE voice that breathed o’er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith’s sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which naught on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav’st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o’er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their daily path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ’s own bride they rise !

J. KEBLE.

568.—Marriage.

EPHESIANS v. 28.

7.6.

O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light ;
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest !
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest.

The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise :
Thou art the joy of gladness ;
The life of life Thou art ;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

God bless these hands united,
 God bless these hearts made one ;
 Unsevered and unblighted
 May they, through life, go on :
 Here, in earth's home, preparing
 For the bright home above ;
 And there, for ever sharing
 Its joy, where " God is love."

J. S. D. MONSELL.

569.—Women's Work in the Church.

LUKE viii. 3.

HAPPILY there are now so many in the churches who, like the sisters of Bethany or the women of Galilee, have dedicated themselves to Christian ministering in its countless forms, that a Hymn like the following may well claim a place in every modern collection.

L.M. peculiar.

O DAUGHTERS blest of Galilee,
 With Jesus chose ye well to be,
 Thrice happy holy company !

Oh joy, to see that Master dear !
 Oh joy, to live with Him so near !
 Oh joy, that gentle voice to hear !

Oh more than joy to that dear Lord,
 In purest, deepest love adored,
 All lowly service to afford !

Yea, happy was your lot to bring
 In loyal homage to your King
 Each free and gracious offering.

With wondering ear, as He drew nigh,
 Ye heard Him tell how He must die
 On that dread Cross of Calvary :

And there, beneath the shrouded skies,
 Standing far off, with awe-struck eyes
 Ye watched the mighty Sacrifice.

Ye brought sweet spices to the tomb ;
 And joy broke o'er your night of gloom,
 And withered hopes burst forth in bloom.

For, lo ! upon your startled ear
 Thrilled forth the heavenly message clear ;
 " Your Lord is risen : He is not here."

O Jesus, throned above the height,
 Adoring troops of angels bright
 Wait on Thy bidding day and night :

Thy sacred form we cannot see ;
 Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
 Each lowly act of charity.

For while 'mid want and woe we move,
 And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
 We minister to Thee above.

O gracious Jesus, we confess
 Our poor cold love, our nothingness :
 Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless !

BISHOP IV. W. HOW.

570.—" Ordination Hymn."

JOHN xx. 22.

VERSIONS of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* have already been given (see No. 176 and following Hymns), but the following claims a place from its long usage in the solemn ordination service of the Church of England. " The congregation shall be desired secretly in their prayers to make their humble supplications to God ; for the which prayers there shall be silence kept for a space. After which shall be sung or said by the Bishop (the persons to be ordained Priests all kneeling) *Veni Creator Spiritus* ; the Bishop beginning, and the Priests and others that are present answering by verses as followeth : "

L.M. peculiar.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable, with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
 With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.


That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

BISHOP COSIN.

571.—The Prayer-Meeting.

LEVITICUS XXV. 21.

 HERE is many a Hymn that well suits the Prayer-Meeting ; and the following is inserted here chiefly to call attention to such gatherings as among the "special occasions" when pre-eminent blessings may well be expected, and for which full provision should be made in the Hymnody of all the churches.

L.M.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we Thy true disciples be :
Speak to each heart the mighty word :
Say to the weakest,—Follow Me.

Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed ;
Whom Thou hast joined, may none divide ;
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

With Thee and Thine for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

572.—Daily Devotion.

PSALM lv. 17.

7.6.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright ;
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.


Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compâre,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

MRS. JANE C. SIMPSON.

573.—"Seeking the Lord."

PSALM xxvii. 8.

 HIS Hymn is founded on a Puritan saying, uttered in the middle of what seemed very secular business. It was startling at the time, when a very different response was expected to the challenge as to what was being done. But the answer was most deeply true. Perhaps, indeed, no truth

needs to be more earnestly impressed upon men's hearts than this—that in ordinary life, its commerce, politics, petty details and cares, God may be sought and found; the inspiration of His presence uplifting all to the realm of the spiritual and the eternal.

C.M.

O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be :
We take the glory for our own ;
Lord, we are seeking Thee !

Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word ;
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak ;
To other business we belong :
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world Thy presence ask,
And seek Thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold,
And break some yoke abhorred ?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord !

Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free,—
The world our calling doth mistake :
Lord ! we are seeking Thee.

Oh, mean may seem the work we do,
Oh, vile the name we earn !
But Thou hast eyes to look us through :
Thy seekers, Lord, discern !

We lose, we lack, that men may gain :
We suffer and we smile ;
But why this joy amidst the pain ?
We seek our Lord the while.

O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured ;
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray ;
Behold Thy seekers, Lord !

T. H. GILL.

574.—The Parting of Friends.

ACTS xxi. 5, 6.

7s.

AS the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way :
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.

From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine :
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus ! hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep !
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep !

In Thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain :
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

J. NEWTON.

575.—Parting Words.

2 THESSALONIANS iii. 16.

66.84.

WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go ;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend !

With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below, and Thine above
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee ;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

Farewell ! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there !

E. PAXTON HOOD.

576.—Recovery from Sickness.

ISAIAH xxxviii. 18.

AMONG the many occasions of life that call for a Hymn of praise, the hours of happy convalescence must be surely reckoned. The spirit is tender then ; earth's joys seem to glow with a richer brightness, as though from some reflection of the glory that has been so nearly attained ! Many of the Psalms record such an experience ; and Hezekiah's grateful note of praise will be remembered by all. Happy the soul that can gird itself anew for the duties of life in the spirit of the following tender and exquisite song.

C.M.

MY God ! Thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew Thy praise ?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And Nature sank with pain.

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell ;
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On Thy dear, faithful breast,
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To His eternal rest

Into Thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my soul resign ;
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave
At Thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where Thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in Thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with Thee.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

577.—For our Children.

JOHN xxi. 16.



AVERY fine translation of the earliest Christian Hymn. See page 226. Mr. Chatfield's excellent imitation may be compared not only with the present abridged version, but with the original, as translated by the late Dr. Alexander ; beginning, "Bridle of untamed colts, Wing of unwandering birds, sure Helm of babes, Shepherd of royal lambs, Thy simple children assemble to praise holily, to hymn sincerely with innocent mouths, Christ the Guide of children." The Hymn contains a series of symbols, wrought together in a glowing ascription to Christ the Saviour.

664.6664.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing ;
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife ;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art the Great High Priest,
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love ;
 While in our mortal pain,
 None calls on Thee in vain :
 Help Thou dost not refrain,—
 Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our pride,
 Our staff and song :
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy perennial word,
 Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
 Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing.
 Infants, and the glad throng
 Who to Thy Church belong,
 Unite, and swell the song
 To Christ our King.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.
Translated by Dr. H. M. Dexter.

578.—The First-fruits of Life.

DEUTERONOMY xxvi. 10.

S.M.

FAIR waved the golden corn
 In Canaan's pleasant land,
 When, full of joy, some shining morn,
 Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
 Their cheerful thanks they pour,
 Then carry to His temple-gate
 The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
 Spoken by Moses ran—
 "The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
 The rest He gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,
 And pray that, long as we shall live,
 We may Thy children be.


Thine is our youthful prime,
 And life and all its powers,
 Be with us in our morning time,
 And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow
 As years and strength are given,
 That we may serve Thy Church below,
 And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

579.—For those at Sea.

PSALM cvii. 29.

HE leading idea of this Hymn is evidently suggested from the connection of nautical matters with the *Trinity* Board ; and the application of the thought is most felicitous. As now printed, the Hymn differs very much from the original form ; but it is here given with the latest corrections as sanctioned by the author.

L.M. six lines.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless
 wave,

Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst its rage didst sleep :
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
 And gavest light and life and peace ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 And ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING.

580.—National Hymn.

PSALM lxxvii. 3.



STIRRING and patriotic Hymn, written, we believe, for the music of the Austrian National Anthem (in our tune-books as "Emperor's Hymn"). The change from "king" originally written in the last line of each verse, is a pardonable alteration which every Englishman will wish long to preserve!

8.7.

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode ;
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God :
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face—Thy mercies sing ;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our
Queen.

Health, and every needful blessing,
Are Thy bounteous gifts alone ;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before Thy throne :
Young and old do now before Thee
Their united tribute bring ;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our Queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last :
Britons, then, shall still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing ;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people, bless our Queen.

JOHN CROSSE.

581.—In Time of War.

PSALM xxix. 11.

11.10.11.9.

GOD, the all-terrible King, who ordainest,
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings
Thy sword ;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the omnipotent ! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard ;
Doom us not now in the hour of our
danger :

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the all-merciful ! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy
word ;

Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the all-righteous One ! Man hath
defied Thee,

Yet to eternity standeth Thy word ;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry be-
side Thee ;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the all-pitiful ! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water out-
poured ?

Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the
sighing ;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the all-wise ! By the fire of Thy
chastening,

Earth shall to freedom and truth be
restored ;

Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom
is hastening ;

Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O
Lord !

H. F. CHORLEY.

582.—The Old, Old Story.

EPHESIANS iii. 19.



AMONG the "special occasions" for which provision must be made in modern Hymnals, are the "revival services" or "missions" which are now common in all churches. A very few Hymns which seem specially adapted to such gatherings are therefore here added to the number of general Hymns on the call of the Gospel and the appeals of the Saviour, which preceding sections of the volume contain. The simple and touching verses that follow are sometimes used as a children's Hymn ; in some Hymnals again they are placed among those for "the Visitation of the Sick."

The Hymn is sometimes given in an expanded form, which contains an outline, most beautifully conceived and expressed, of the whole history of redemption.

7.6.

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above ;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love :
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child ;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in ;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

MRS. HANKEY.

583.—Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

MATTHEW xi. 28.



LONG among the most popular of Hymns, especially in Nonconformist and Calvinistic congregations. One great purpose of the author seems to have been to show how the "Come and welcome" could be reconciled with the strictest predesti-

narian doctrines. For if narrowly examined, it will be seen that the appeal is to *awakened* sinners, conscious of their need—

" All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him !
*This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."*

It would be out of place here to discuss the theology of a Hymn which has been for several generations so lovingly and so effectually employed in commending the Gospel message *to all*. In fact, it speaks to the heart directly and always ! The message of heavenly love has not been stayed by the requirements of any creed ! It is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at that a Hymn so rugged in expression is gradually losing its place in our Hymn-books. Efforts to mend it have generally been felt ineffective ; as, for instance, when it is made to begin—

" Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come, 'tis mercy's welcome hour."

The various alterations proposed of "grovelling" in the description of the Redeemer's agony are, however, defensible. The word had not its present exclusive meaning of *ignoble* humiliation, when the Hymn was written. As a relic of the past, if for no other reason, the Hymn demands a place in these pages, and for obvious reasons is given precisely as the author left it. The emphatic threefold repetition of the short four-syllable line in each verse is characteristic, and was intended no doubt to suggest the choice of some tune that should convey this stress of earnest appeal.

8.7.4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able, He is able, He is able ;
He is willing, doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh.
Without money, without money, without
money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him ;

This He gives you, this He gives you, this
He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till your better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not
the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View Him grovelling in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies.
It is finished, it is finished, it is finished!
Sinner! will not this suffice?

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

JOSEPH HART.

584.—“Depth of Mercy.”

HOSEA xi. 8.

THIS also belongs to our elder revival
Hymns. The wonderfulness of God's
undeserved love has seldom been more
intensely and pathetically expressed.
A severe taste might again condemn some ex-
pressions; but the soul is aroused to such peni-
tence and such gratitude that it cannot stay to
weigh its words or even its thoughts.

7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls:
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relents are;
Me He still delights to spare;
Cries,—how shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
hands.

God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget;—
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

585.—“How much I owe.”

ROMANS viii. 12.



ASUITABLE companion to the fore-
going tender strain. It is part of
a longer Hymn; and, among the
omitted verses, one is at least liable
to misconception. The author could scarcely
have meant that the chief thought awakened by
the spectacle of the sinner's doom would be that
of gratitude for his own escape. Christian charity
teaches a nobler lesson than this!

7s.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

R. M. McCHEYNE.

586.—The One and Only Name.

ACTS iv. 12.

8.7.

TO the Name of our salvation,
Honour, worship, laud we pray,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay :
But to every tongue and nation
Saints proclaim aloud to-day.

Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well :
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the name for adoration,
'Tis the name of victory,
'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;

'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near :
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

'Tis the name by right exalted
Over every other name ;
That when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesus, we Thy name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art ;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter upward soaring
We with angels may have part.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.

587.—Hymn of the City.

PROVERBS viii. 1-4.

THE history of man begins in a garden :
the Bible ends with the vision of a
city. From life in its solitude and
simplicity our race passes on, through
ages of trial and striving, to the perfection of life
in fellowship and mutual service. The New
Jerusalem, "having the glory of God," is fairer
than Eden itself. As then the highest emblem of
the Church redeemed is that of a city, so we may
look back to the type, and find even amid the
special difficulties and temptations, the sins and
sorrows of civic life, something of the Divine.
This is the thought of Bryant's fine ode.

6.10.

NOT in the solitude
Alone may man commune
with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity ;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves
rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the
crowd,

Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of
human-kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their
dwellings lies,

And lights their inner homes ;
For them Thou fill'st with air the un-
bounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps
along ;

And this eternal sound,
Voices and footfalls of the numberless
throng,

Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment too is Thine ;

It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

W. CULLEN BRYANT.

588.—The Spiritual City.

HEBREWS xii. 22.

6s.

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies
Nor golden walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. PALGRAVE.

589.—The City of God.

REVELATION xxi. 26.

C.M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the
night
With never fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

590.—“Xavier’s Hymn.”

I JOHN iv. 19.



ELDOM has the true law of Christian service been more touchingly set forth than in this Hymn of the great Jesuit missionary, of whose Hymn, *O Deus, ego amo te*, the following is a fine translation. The original is in Daniel (ii. 335.)

C.M.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
E’en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord !

E’en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

Translated by E. Caswall.

591.—Praise for a Gospel Ministry.

ISAIAH lii. 7.

C.M.

FAIR are the feet which bring the news
Of gladness unto me ;
What happy messengers are these
Which my blessed eyes do see !
These are the stars which God appoints
For guides unto my way,
To lead me unto Bethlehem-town,
Where my dear Saviour lay.

These are my God’s ambassadors,
By whom His mind I know ;
God’s angels in His lower heaven,
God’s trumpeters below.
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,
Which fell by Adam’s hand.
Again the trumpet sounds, and they
Set forth for Canaan’s land.

Thy servants speak ; but thou, Lord, dost
An hearing ear bestow :
They smite the rock ; but Thou, my God,
Dost make the waters flow :
They shoot the arrow ; but Thy hand
Doth drive the arrow home :
They call ; but, Lord, Thou dost compel,
And then Thy guests are come.

Angels that fly, and worms that creep,
Are both alike to Thee ;
If thou makest worms Thine angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As sons of thunder first they come,
And I the lightning fear ;
But then they bring me to my home,
And sons of comfort are.

Lord, Thou art in them of a truth,
That I might never stray ;
The clouds and pillars march before,
And show me Canaan’s way.
I bless my God, who is my Guide,
I sing in Sion’s ways ;
When shall I sing on Sion’s hill
Thine everlasting praise ?

JOHN MASON.

592.—Reapers for the Harvest.

MATTHEW x. 37, 38.

C.M.

OH, still in accents clear and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word—
“More reapers for white harvest-fields,
More labourers for the Lord.”

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie ;
But, girded for our Father’s work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred !
To do Thy will we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

593.—Hope for Mankind.

ZECHARIAH ix. 1.

L.M.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now ;
Shall not the weary find a rest ?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou !

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the
sun ;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love,
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

594.—The Morning Cometh.

2 THESSALONIANS iii. 5.

C.M.

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs ;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings.

And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast ;
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine ;
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God ! be Thine.

Oh, guide us till our night is done !
Until from shore to shore ;
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore !

ANONYMOUS.

595.—Heaven our Holy Land.

REVELATION xxi. 27.

C.M.

THE happy fields, the heavenly host,
The realm of rest above,
Do make us gladsome, Lord ; but most
The holy land we love.

Oh, bright those golden gates must shine
That let no evil in !
That boundless region how divine
That hath no room for sin !

Sweet holy land ! sweet with the throng
Of souls divinely pure—
Where, holy, happy ones among,
Thy pilgrims smile secure ;

No more to weep o'er lustre lent,
O'er grace outpoured in vain ;
No more in anguish to repent
And then offend again !

But gloriously to spend that grace
They boundlessly receive,
Nor once Thine image to deface,
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve ;

Oh, here Thy servants soon give o'er,
But half Thy work fulfil :
How faint their zeal ! their strife how sore
To climb the heavenly hill !

But there upon Thine errands sweet
With what glad speed they run !
What smiling service ! how complete
The work divinely done !

No tempter there our souls shall stop
Upon the sacred road,
Nor win our weak desires to drop
From glory and from God.

But angels kind their raptures blend
As our rapt souls aspire ;
Our winged zeal their wings they lend,
Our burning love their fire.

Still, Lord, with sorrow and with sin
Wars here Thy pilgrim band ;
Yet blest the warfare that shall win
Thy heaven, our Holy Land.

T. H. GILL.

596.—Redemption Drawing Nigh.

LUKE xxi. 28.

6s.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky :
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
O note the varying signs
Of earth and air and sky :

The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes, the wide world's King,
He comes, the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;
He comes to gild with light
The weary, waiting eye :
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. LYNCH.

597.—“We would see Jesus.”

JOHN xii. 21.

11. 10.

WE would see Jesus ; for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus ; for life's hand hath
rested
With its dark touch upon both heart
and brow ;
And though our souls have many a billow
breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus, the great rock
foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
grace,
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His
face.

We would see Jesus : other lights are
paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced
to see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are fail-
ing,
We would not mourn them, for we go
to Thee.

We would see Jesus ; yet the spirit lingers
 Round the dear objects it has loved so
 long,
 And earth from earth can scarce unclasp
 its fingers ;
 Our love to Thee makes not this love
 less strong.

We would see Jesus ; sense is all too
 blinding,
 And heaven appears too dim, too far
 away :
 We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts
 reminding
 What Thou hast suffered our great debt
 to pay.

We would see Jesus : this is all we're
 needing ;
 Strength, joy, and willingness come
 with the sight ;
 We would see Jesus, dying, risen, plead-
 ing ;
 Then welcome day, and farewell mortal
 night.

Christian Treasury, 1854.

598.—The Watchman's Cry.

ROMANS xiii. II.

P.M.

HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
 Wake, brethren, wake :
 Jesus Himself is nigh ;
 Wake, brethren, wake.
 Sleep is for sons of night ;
 Ye are children of the light ;
 Yours is the glory bright ;
 Wake, brethren, wake.

Call to each wakening band,
 Watch, brethren, watch ;
 Clear is our Lord's command,
 Watch, brethren, watch.
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at their Master's gate,
 E'en though He tarry late ;
 Watch, brethren, watch.

Heed we the Steward's call,
 Work, brethren, work :
 There's room enough for all :
 Work, brethren, work.
 This vineyard of the Lord
 Constant labour will afford ;
 He will your work reward ;
 Work, brethren, work.

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 Pray, brethren, pray :
 Would ye His heart rejoice,
 Pray, brethren, pray.
 Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
 Weakness needs the Strong One near,
 Long as ye struggle here,
 Pray, brethren, pray.

Sound now the final chord,
 Praise, brethren, praise :
 Thrice holy is the Lord,
 Praise, brethren, praise.
 What more befits the tongues,
 Soon to join the angels' songs ?
 Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
 Praise, brethren, praise !

ANONYMOUS.

In Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.

599.—Hymn of Judgment.

MATTHEW xxiv. 44.

87.87.887.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 I see the Judge of men appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding.
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
Earth's day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
I see the Judge of men appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

RINGWALDT.
Various Translators.

600.—Hallelujah !

REVELATION xix. 1.

THERE are many translations of this fine mediæval Hymn, those by Chandler, Neale, and Pott being well known. The original is in Daniel (i. 261), and consists of four stanzas, beginning :

"Alleluia, dulce carmen, vox perennis gaudii."

It is assigned to Septuagesima Sunday, from which day the "Alleluia" was omitted in the daily offices until Easter. Hence the allusions in the Hymn. Dr. Bonar's translation is sufficiently literal, and very felicitous. It first appeared in the *Sunday at Home* for 1878, "Hymns of the Early Church."

8.7.

HALLELUJAH, song of sweetness,
Voice of endless joy and love ;
Hallelujah, voice of gladness
To the happy choirs above.

This the melody of triumph
Which to chant they never cease,
They, the everlasting dwellers
In God's happy home of peace.

Hallelujah, holy Salem,
Thou dost sing and still rejoice ;
Hallelujah, of Thy dwellers
Is the never-ending voice.
Hallelujah, we, the banished,
Mingle with the tear and groan,
As we sit in exile lonely,
By the streams of Babylon.

Hallelujah, we deserve not
Such a note of heavenly song ;
Oft the conscious guilt within us
Checks and silences our tongue.
Yet the time, the time is coming,
When in brighter, calmer clime,
We shall turn with wistful longing
To the ended songs of time.

Then to Father, Son, and Spirit,
Mingle we the prayer and praise,
The great feast at once beholding
Through the everlasting days.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Thus to Thee we joyful sing !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
To our blessed God and King.

HYMN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.
Translated by Dr. H. Bonar.



Note.



THE materials for the BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX have been gathered from many sources, published and unpublished. The following books contain much interesting information :—

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HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH AND HOME. Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON. H. S. King, 1873.

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A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY. By the Rev. JOHN JULIAN, of Wincobank, Sheffield, is announced as in preparation. 1885.



Biographical Index.

The Dates are those of Birth and Death. Where there is no date, the Author is believed to be living.



ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER. Daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. On the death of her father in 1827, she went to reside in the family of Mr. W. J. Fox, and became a contributor to the *Monthly Repository* edited by him. In 1834, she married William Bridges Adams, an eminent engineer. She contributed poetry as well as prose to the *Monthly Repository* and other periodicals, and was appreciated as a critic on art. Her Hymns were written for use in Finsbury Chapel, where Mr. Fox officiated for many years.

Hymn 366.

ADDISON, JOSEPH. *Esse* list, poet, and statesman; son of Dr. Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford; and from the age of 25 gave himself to literature, attempting almost every style of composition with success. His political writings gained him employment in several subordinate offices of state, and from 1709 until his death he was M.P. for Malmesbury. The *Spectator* was started in March, 1711, and continued daily till December, 1712, 555 numbers being published, of which Addison wrote 274. Here all his Hymns appeared. When on his death-bed, he addressed to his stepson, Lord Warwick, the memorable words, "See in what peace a Christian can die."

Psalms xix., xxiii., cvii.; Hymn 34.

ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES. Daughter of Major Humphreys, of Strabane, Ireland; married in 1850 to Dr. W. Alexander, now Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. She has written a large number of Hymns, which have appeared in many volumes; her *Hymns for Little Children* having had an immense circulation.

Hymns 71, 130, 234, 385.

ALEXANDER, JAMES WADDELL. This American translator of German Hymns was for some years professor in Princeton College, and afterwards minister of the Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Hymn 104.

ALFORD, HENRY. Born in London; studied at Trinity College, Cambridge; and while there published his first work, *Poems and Poetical Fragments*; held the living of Wymeswold, Leicestershire, from 1835-53. Then incumbent of Quebec-street Chapel, London; and in 1857 was appointed Dean of Canterbury. No less than sixty works bear Dean Alford's name, the chief being *The Greek Testament with Notes*. Thirty-four of his Hymns appeared in his collection entitled *Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Sundays and Holy-days throughout the Year*.

Hymns 282, 339, 430, 555.

ALLEN, JAMES. Born at Gayle in Yorkshire; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He connected himself with the "Inghamites" and became an earnest itinerant preacher, but afterwards joined the Sandemanians, whom he at last left, and

preached in a chapel of his own on his Gayle estate. He edited *The Kendal Hymn-book*, to which he contributed seventy-one of his own Hymns; and published a small volume entitled *Christian Songs*. "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," was altered and re-arranged by the Rev. Walter Shirley.

Hymn 106.

ALLEN, OSWALD. A relative of the above; native of Kirby-Lonsdale, connected for many years with the Lancashire Banking Company.

Hymn 227.

AMBROSE. Son of the Prefect of Gaul, born probably at Trèves. He studied law at Milan, and was made Consular Prefect of Liguria. In 374, during contentions between the Arian and orthodox parties, he was by common consent of both, and by the acclamation of the people, appointed Bishop of Milan. To him is attributed the introduction of the singing of Psalms into the Western Church; hence the Hymns known as Ambrosian. He also initiated the practice of antiphonal singing, and was in all probability the author of the *Te Deum*.

Hymns 1, 505, 506.

ANATOLIUS. First appears as representative of Dioscurus, Patriarch of Alexandria, at the Byzantine Court; was made in 449 Bishop of Ephesus, and later, Patriarch of Constantinople; member of the Council of Chalcedon in 451. In hymnody he was the first to leave the imitation of the classical Greek writers, and strike out in a free lyrical strain. His influence on the troublous times in which he lived was pious and peaceful.

Hymns 81, 525.

ANSTICE, JOSEPH. Son of William Anstice, Esq.; educated at Westminster and at Christchurch, 1808—1836. Oxford. At the age of 22 he was appointed Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London; but on account of failing health retired to Torquay, where he died. His Hymns were all dedicated to his wife during the last few weeks of his life, and were composed in the afternoon when he was most tired, having spent the morning hours with his pupils. The Hymns are in the *Child's Christian Year*, 1841.

Hymns 77, 100, 363.

ASTLEY, CHARLES Born in North Wales; Rector of Brasted, Sevenoaks. His Hymns appeared in *Songs in the Night*; the one which begins with the line, "O Lord, I look to Thee," was written at Pisa during illness.

Hymn 272.

AQUINAS, THOMAS. The great scholastic dialectician and theologian. He was son of Landulf, Count of Aquino, near Naples. After studying in the University of this city, he entered the Dominican Order, at an early age; proceeding subsequently to the Universities of Cologne and Paris. In the latter city, and afterwards at Rome and Naples, he lectured on theology and philosophy, and became famous as chief teacher of his time. The *Summa Theologiæ* is his chief work. He was known, in his time, as the *Angelical Doctor*, and was canonized by the Romish Church. His Hymns mostly celebrate the "mystery" of Transubstantiation, and are given by Daniel, *Thesaurus*, vol. i. pp. 253-255. That given below, beginning in the original, "O Esca viatorum," is not certainly by Aquinas (see Daniel, ii. 369).

Hymn 457.

AUBER, HARRIET. A Hertfordshire lady. In the fifty-sixth year of her age she published anonymously, *The Spirit of the Psalms; or a Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David*; containing also some choice Hymns. She led a secluded life, and wrote much poetry, which has never been seen by any except her intimate friends.

Psalms xxx., xxxvii., xl., xli., lvi., lxii., lxx., lxxv., lxxviii., cxii., cxxxv.; Hymn 178.

- AUSTIN, JOHN. Born at Walpole, Norfolk ; studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he left in 1640 on adopting the Roman Catholic belief. He studied for the law at Lincoln's Inn, but devoted himself mainly to literature, writing under the name of William Birchley. His *Psalms, Hymns, and Prayers, for every day in the week, and every holiday in the year*, were published after his death, and re-issued for the use of Protestants by Bishop Hickee ; whence the book became known as *Hickee's Devotions*.
Hymns 508, 534.
- BACON, FRANCIS One of the greatest names in English history ; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge ; member of Gray's Inn. Member of Parliament from 1584—successively for Melcombe Regis, Taunton, Liverpool, Middlesex, Southampton ; Attorney-General in 1613 ; Lord Chancellor 1618 ; deposed from office 1621. His works on philosophical subjects form an era in the history of scientific thought. Bacon's *Translation of certain Psalms into English Verse* was written during a fit of sickness, 1624, and published in 1625, dedicated to George Herbert.
Psalms xc.
- BAKER, SIR Son of Sir Henry Lorraine Baker, second baronet, a vice-admiral in the navy ;
HENRY WILLIAMS, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge ; ordained, 1844, Vicar of Monkland,
BART. Leominster. He was one of the editors of the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and
1821—1877. the author of many Hymns and translations.
Hymn 218.
- BAKEWELL, Born at Brailsford, Derbyshire ; converted at the age of 18, through reading
JOHN. Boston's *Fourfold State*. Schoolmaster at Greenwich for many years, and local
1721—1819. preacher among the Wesleyans. Olivers is said to have written his Hymn, "The
God of Abraham praise," at Bakewell's house. He wrote several Hymns, which
he contributed to the *Methodist Magazine*. But that by which he is best known
first appeared in an imperfect form in Madan's Collection (1760), and afterwards,
improved, in that of Toplady (1776).
Hymn 146.
- BARBAULD, ANNA Born at Kibworth, Leicestershire ; daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, dissenting
LÆTITIA. minister and schoolmaster ; married in 1774 the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, with
1743—1825. whom she kept a boys' school at Palgrave, Suffolk, for eleven years. Her husband
then became minister of a chapel at Hampstead, and lastly they removed to Stoke
Newington. In 1773 Miss Aikin published a volume of *Poems*, where five of her
Hymns appeared.
Hymns 125, 554.
- BARTHOLOMEW, An eminent musical composer ; also distinguished for the facility with which he
WILLIAM. wrote words for music. He worked for Mendelssohn for several years, also for
1793—1867. Sir Michael Costa, preparing the *libretti* of their oratorios, and other works.
Psalms xcvi.
- BARTON, Son of Quaker parents, whose tenets he followed ; for more than thirty-three
BERNARD. years a clerk in Alexanders' bank at Woodbridge ; but although busily occupied,
1784—1849. he found time to publish six or seven volumes of poems, as well as single pieces
from time to time. Among his correspondents were Southey, Lamb, Sir Walter
Scott, and Byron. Cowper was his model.
Psalms cxix. ; *Hymn* 293.
- BATHURST, Son of the Right Hon. Charles Bragge Bathurst, of Lydney, Gloucestershire ;
WILLIAM HILEY. educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double first-class ; ordained
1796—1877. in 1820, and for many years incumbent of Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds ; resigned
his living in 1850 ; succeeded his brother as Lord of the Manor of Lydney, 1863.
He published in 1831 *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private use*.
Psalms lxxiv., ci.

- BAXTER,
RICHARD.
1615—1691. Born at Rowton, in Shropshire; became a schoolmaster, took orders, and settled as minister at Kidderminster. He was attached to the Puritan party, and for a short time during the civil war was chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments; but, his health failing, he was obliged to desist from his duties and to rest for some months, during which time he wrote *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. Returning to Kidderminster, he continued to write much, producing among other works his *Call to the Unconverted*. In 1660 he went to London, but on the passing of the Act of Uniformity, 1662, retired to Acton, and for preaching there suffered six months' imprisonment. He then began to lecture as a Nonconformist, but in 1685 was imprisoned by Judge Jeffreys for his *Paraphrase on the New Testament*, and remained in confinement for eighteen months. Besides his numerous prose works he wrote a metrical version of the Psalms (1692) and published two volumes of poetry.
Hymn 370.
- BAYNES, ROBERT Son of the Rev. Joseph Baynes, of Wellington, Somerset, graduated at Oxford,
HALL. and took orders in 1855. He has held several livings, and in 1870 was consecrated Bishop of Madagascar, but the appointment was suffered to lapse. Among his several publications, his *Lyra Anglicana*, a collection of high-class devotional poetry, is best known.
Hymns 188, 453.
- BEADON, HYDE Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; became in 1837 Vicar of Haselbury
WYNDHAM. Plucknett, Somerset; afterward of Latton, near Cricklade; also honorary Canon of Bristol. In 1863, together with the Revs. Greville Phillimore and J. R. Woodford, he edited *The Parish Hymn-book*.
Hymn 80.
- BEAUMONT,
JOHN. Author of *Original Psalms, or Sacred Songs, taken from the Psalms of David, and imitated in the language of the New Testament, in twenty different metres, with a new set of the Christian Doxologies*, Shrewsbury, 1834; dedicated to the Vicar of Meole Brace, Salop, by "A Parishioner."
Psalms cxxix., cxli.
- BENSON,
EDWARD WHITE. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Ordained 1853 a master at Rugby; afterwards Head Master of Wellington College; first Bishop of Truro 1877; Archbishop of Canterbury 1883. Author of volumes of sermons, especially of *Boy Life, Sundays at Wellington College*, 1874.
Hymn 558.
- BENTHALL, JOHN. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Ordained 1829; became a master in Westminster School, afterwards Vicar of Willen, Oxfordshire. Author of *Songs of the Hebrew Poets; Songs illustrating the Life of David*; a re-arrangement of David's Psalms and lyrics from the historical books, in chronological order.
Psalms cxxxi., cxlii., cxlv.
- BERNARD OF
CLAIRVAUX.
1091—1153. Son of a nobleman; born in Burgundy, educated at the University of Paris, and at 22 entered the Cistercian monastery of Cîteaux near Dijon. His influence over others was so remarkable, and his asceticism so severe, that he became famous; and at the age of 25 was appointed abbot of the new monastery at Clairvaux in Champagne. Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived." His Hymns, "Jesu, dulcis memoria" and "Jesu, rex admirabilis," have often been rendered into English.
Hymns 162, 163.
- BERNARD OF
CLUNY.
(12th century.) Born at Morlaix, in Brittany; said to have been the child of English parents, but little is known of him. He wrote a poem of about three thousand lines, entitled "De contemptu mundi," divided into three books, and dedicated to Peter the Venerable, General of the Order to which Bernard belonged. It is a satire on the vices of the age. The original was printed in 1483 at Paris, and at Basle in 1557; and later editions have appeared. Dr. Mason Neale has translated the principal

portions, from among which are taken, "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country," and "Jerusalem the golden."

Hymn 411.

BICKERSTETH, EDWARD HENRY. Son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; ordained 1848; Rector of Christ Church, Hampstead, 1855; Bishop of Exeter, 1885. He is the author of a poem entitled, *Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever*, which treats of the themes of Dante's and Milton's immortal works. He also republished his father's collection entitled *Christian Psalmody*, which he afterwards practically superseded by *The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, the collection now most frequently used in the "Evangelical" section of the Church of England. Many of his Hymns were here first published, others are in his volume entitled *From Year to Year*, 1884. He has also published miscellaneous poems, and several prose religious works.

Psalm xc.; Hymns 365, 471.

BINNEY, THOMAS. Born of humble parents at Newcastle-on-Tyne; employed as a boy in a book-seller's shop; was educated for the ministry at Wymondley College; became pastor of a Congregational Church at Bedford, then of one at Newport, I.W. In 1829 he undertook the pastorate of the "King's Weigh House Chapel," where he not only preached for many years with distinguished success, but laboured very earnestly for the improvement of congregational psalmody. He wrote papers and lectures on varied subjects, among which one of the most popular is *Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?* originally delivered as a lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association. His few Hymns were written for occasional purposes, and were thought little of by the author. The best known, "Eternal Light, eternal Light," first appeared in *Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Baptist Denomination*, the editors of which had met with it in MS. copied into a lady's album.

Hymns 21, 501.

BIRKS, THOMAS RAWSON. Son of Baptist parents at Stavely, Derbyshire. Educated at Mill Hill School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Second Wrangler. In 1834, as an undergraduate, he had become a member of the Church of England; appointed Rector of Kelshall, Herts, in 1844; and Vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge, 1865; Canon of Ely, 1871. Author of many theological works, and one of the honorary secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance 1850-1871; elected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, 1872.

Psalm l.

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS. Born at Annam, Dumfriesshire; lost his sight at the age of six; but persevered in his studies with extraordinary success; studied at Edinburgh, where he wrote his *Poems*; minister in Church of Scotland, 1759; received the degree of D.D. from the University of Aberdeen in 1766. He wrote the article on "Blindness" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Psalm cxxxix.

BODE, JOHN ERNEST. Educated at Eton, the Charterhouse, and Christ Church, Oxford; was successively tutor of Christchurch, Classical Examiner, Select Preacher, and Bampton Lecturer; held the livings of Westwell, Oxfordshire; and Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire. He published *Ballads from Herodotus*, 1853; *Short Occasional Poems*, 1858; and *Hymns from the Gospel of the Day*, 1860.

Hymn 244.

BOGATZKY, KARL H. VON. Born in Silesia; educated as page in the ducal court of Weissenfels; but turned to graver studies, first to law, at Jena, afterwards to theology, at Halle. He connected himself with the "pietists" of Germany, and devoted his life to religious literature, publishing during his long career as many as 411 Hymns. But he is

best known to English readers as the author of the *Golden Treasury for the People of God*, many translations of which have appeared. An edition, published by the Religious Tract Society, contains a memoir by the Rev. J. Kelly.

Hymn 216.

BONAR,
HORATIUS.

Born at Edinburgh, 1808; educated at the High School and University; ordained 1837; and joined the Free Church of Scotland, 1843; now at Grange, Edinburgh. His prose religious works have become very popular, as well as his Hymns, the chief of which are in three series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*.

Psalm cxxvi; *Hymns* 5, 29, 113, 149, 207, 232, 239, 249, 255, 268, 269, 317, 326, 357, 381, 431, 462, 485, 600.

BORTHWICK,
JANE.

Joint author with her sister, Mrs. Eric Findlater, of those beautiful translations from the German, known as *Hymns from the Land of Luther* (1854-1862). The initials H. L. L. in many Hymn-books denote the work of these two ladies.

Hymns 316, 338.

BORTHWICK, BOBERT BROWN. Vicar of All Saints', Scarborough. The author of *Sixteen Hymns, with Tunes*, 1870, in which the following Hymn appeared.

Hymn 460.

BOWDLER, JOHN. Educated at Winchester; called to the bar 1807, but fell into bad health, and died 1783-1815. He was a contributor to the *Quarterlies*, and a friend of Macaulay and Wilberforce.

Psalms xxiv., cxxi., cxxiii.

BOWRING, SIR
JOHN.
1792-1872.

Member of a Devonshire family; entered Parliament in 1835; colonial governor; distinguished linguist; editor of the *Westminster Review*, from 1825, also of Bentham's *Works*. He was one of the first advocates of the decimal system of coinage, and introduced the florin; was a voluminous prose writer and translator, as well as poet. His *Matins and Vespers*, with *Hymns*, a sequel to the above, contain his best pieces. In religious profession he was a Unitarian.

Hymns 24, 27, 108, 435.

BRADY, DR.
NICHOLAS.
1659-1726.

Son of an Irish officer; graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; became chaplain to a bishop, and Prebend of Cork Cathedral. He was a partisan of the Prince of Orange, on whose accession he went to London with a petition, and became the king's chaplain. In addition to his work with Tate, he published some sermons and a translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil. See TATE.

Psalms xli., lxvii.; *Hymn* 55.

BRIDGES,
MATTHEW.

Son of John Bridges; born in Essex, 1800. He left the Established Church about 1848, and became a Roman Catholic; but his Hymns, which appeared in *Hymns of the Heart* and *The Passion of Jesus*, are expressive of sentiments dear to all Christians.

Hymn 135.

BRONTË, ANNE. Youngest daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, M.A., of Haworth, Yorkshire; 1820-1849.

a grave recluse; early left a widower. Anne and her sisters went out as governesses, but afterwards settled at home, and in 1846 published, under the assumed names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, a volume of *Poems* on religious and secular subjects. Anne wrote, in addition to her poems, two novels, *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Her works are all tinged with sadness, though her poems are spiritual and beautiful.

Hymn 237.

BROWNE, SIMON. A contemporary of Dr. Watts; began early to preach, and became pastor of the Independent Church, in Old Jewry, London. In 1723 he had the misfortune to kill, accidentally, a highwayman who attacked him, and in the same year he lost his wife and son. These sorrows caused a mental derangement, but while in this condition he produced several prose works. The first edition of his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books, designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts*, was published in 1720.

Hymn 212.

BRUCE, MICHAEL. Born of humble parents at Kinneswood, Kinross-shire; educated at Edinburgh; supported himself by tuition, and died at the age of 21. The publication of his poems, collected in MS., was entrusted by his parents to his friend John Logan, who, after some delay, caused surprise by publishing only a few of them; but his motive became clear when he afterwards produced a volume, ostensibly of his own composition, but consisting chiefly of Bruce's poems.

Hymn 154.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. Born in Massachusetts; studied for the bar, and practised for ten years; then devoted himself to literary pursuits, of which he had been fond from childhood. He became editor of different periodicals, and published numerous fugitive poems, collected into one volume in 1832, afterwards in 1846, 1858. With Longfellow he stands at the head of American poets.

Hymns 438, 587.

BUBIER, GEORGE BURDEN. Born at Reading, and educated at Homerton College; ordained to the Congregationalist ministry 1844, and after having held the pastoral office in different places, removed to Salford; appointed Professor of Theology and Philosophy at Spring Hill College, Birmingham, in 1864. At Salford he compiled a Sunday-school Hymn-book, entitled, *Hymns and Sacred Songs for Sunday-schools and Social Worship*, and collected his own Hymns in 1867 under the title of *Hymns and Devotional Verses*.

Psalms cxxiii.

BUCKOLL, HENRY JAMES. Graduated at Queen's College, Oxford; ordained in the Church of England, and for some years a master in Rugby School. He translated and adapted many Hymns for use in the School Chapel. *At the foot of 506 read Buckoll.*

Hymn 506; *see also* 112.

BURGESS, GEORGE. Born at Providence, Rhode Island, United States, and educated at Brown University, and ordained minister in the American Episcopal Church, 1834. Appointed Bishop of Maine, Connecticut, 1847. Author of *The Book of Psalms in English Verse*, 1840.

Psalms xciv., cxiv.

BURMAN, ELLEN ELIZABETH. The Hymn by which this lady is best known was published as one of the Dublin leaflets, 1860.

Hymn 310.

BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND. Born at Edinburgh; educated at the High School and University, and entered the Free Church. Having been for two years pastor at Dunblane, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate. In 1854 he returned to England and became pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Hampstead. He died at Mentone. He is the author of the article on "Hymns," in the 8th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His Hymns, collected from different publications, appeared posthumously.

Hymns 28, 286, 305, 358, 375.

BURNS, ROBERT. The great Scottish poet; born at Alloway, Scotland. He began to write poetry at 16, and his first volume of poems was published 1786. From that time he was

famous. His humour and pathos are recognized wherever the literature of Britain is known: His versions of the first and ninetyeth Psalms appeared in his *Poems*, 1786, immediately after the *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Psalm xc.

BURTON, JOHN. An earnest Sunday-school teacher at Nottingham, and afterwards at Leicester, where he enjoyed the friendship of Robert Hall. In 1800 he published *The Youth's Monitor in Verse*, and continued to write and publish small collections of Hymns, chiefly for the young, for whom he also wrote in prose.

Hymn 222.

BYROM, JOHN, Son of a linendraper; born at Manchester; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a Fellow; studied medicine at Montpelier, but abandoning this profession, settled in London, and taught his own system of shorthand. He wrote verses for recreation, and his Hymn, "Christians, awake," bears witness to the joyousness of his nature.

Hymn 54.

BYRON, LORD The great poet, son of Captain John Byron and his wife Catherine Gordon, of
GEORGE GORDON. Aberdeenshire. Succeeded to the title on the death of his great uncle, 1798; entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, but left in his twentieth year, without taking a degree. His poetical, public, and private career have been fully discussed in the literature of our time. His *Hebrew Melodies* were written for music, and published in 1815.

Psalm cxxxvii.

CAMBRIDGE, Born in Norfolk; married in 1869 to the Rev. G. F. Cross, now of Ballarat,
ADA Victoria. Mrs. Cross has published two volumes of sacred poetry, entitled
(CROSS), *Hymns on the Litany*, and *Hymns on the Holy Communion*.

Hymn 479.

CAMERON, Studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and was ordained minister of Kirk-
WILLIAM. newton, in Mid-Lothian. Among his works are *A Collection of Poems*, and *Poetical Dialogues on Religion*. His chief Hymn was an alteration from Dr. Watts. Some of the Scottish Paraphrases are also wholly or partially his.

Hymn 418.

CAMPBELL, JANE Translator of the Hymn by Matthias Claudius, noted below. The version was
MONTGOMERY. first published in *A Garland of Songs*, edited by the Rev. Charles S. Bere, a Devonshire clergyman, in 1861.

Hymn 552.

CAMPBELL, An advocate in Edinburgh. He prepared a Hymn-book for the diocese of St.
ROBERT. Andrews, and translated many Latin Hymns for this purpose, contributing, also, some of his own composition, many of which are included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. He was received into the Church of Rome before his death.

Hymn 378.

CAMPBELL, Born in Glasgow and educated at its University; produced in his twenty-second
THOMAS. year *The Pleasures of Hope*; settled in London and devoted himself to literary labours; assisted Lord Brougham in establishing University College, London, at first called the London University; was three times elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University; died at Boulogne, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster. A poet remarkable for the melody and finish of his versification.

Hymn 56.

CANITZ, FREDERIC Born at Berlin ; studied at Leyden and Leipsic ; Chamberlain to the Prince Elector R. LOUIS VON. Frederic William ; diplomatist and privy-councillor. His life was full of trials, but his piety was remarkable. His Hymns were not published till after his death. 1654—1699. The translation of his best known Hymn appeared in *The British Magazine*, 1838.
Hymn 507.

CARLYLE, JOSEPH Dacre. Born at Carlisle, and educated at Cambridge, in which University he became Professor of Arabic, 1794, and afterwards Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He accompanied the embassy of the Earl of Elgin to Constantinople in 1799, and travelled through the East. On his return he published *Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, &c.*, a few Hymns being included in the volume. 1759—1804.
Hymn 294.

CARY, PHCEBE. Born at a farm in Hamilton County, Ohio, U.S. Her Hymn "One sweetly solemn thought" was written one Sunday after service. She lived for twenty years with her sister in New York, both supporting themselves by literary work. Her *Poems and Parodies* appeared in 1854.
Hymn 389.

CASWALL, EDWARD. Son of the Rev. R. C. Caswall ; educated at Brasenose College, Oxford ; ordained 1838, and for six years curate of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury ; in 1847 he and his wife were received into the Roman Catholic Church, and he was admitted into the Congregation of the Oratory at Birmingham. His translations of Latin Hymns take a very high rank among the devotional poetry of our time. They are collected in *Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated* (second edition, 1873). 1814—1878.
Hymns 162, 163, 185, 205, 506, 511, 519, 590.

CENNICK, JOHN. Born at Reading, of Quaker parents ; after spending his youth in frivolity, joined the Methodists and preached in connection with Wesley and Whitefield, after whose separation he attached himself to Whitefield. In 1745 he went over to the Moravians, whose settlement at Herrnhut he twice visited. He was the author of several volumes of Hymns and of the well-known "Graces," "Be present at our table, Lord," and "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," as well as of a few prose works. 1717—1755.
Hymn 382 ; see 172.

CHANDLER, JOHN. Graduated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford ; ordained 1831 ; became Vicar of 1806—1876. Witley, Surrey, and Rural Dean ; distinguished as a translator of Latin Hymns ; his principal work being *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837.
Hymns 505, 557.

CHARLES, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Andrew Paton Charles is the daughter of the late John Rundle, Esq., formerly M.P. for Tavistock, Devon. She is the authoress of many popular works, including *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. This gifted lady has also published an interesting work on hymnology, entitled, *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*. Her Hymns are from a volume entitled *The Three Wakings*.
Hymns 70, 115, 175, 459, 565.

CHORLEY, HENRY A journalist and musical critic ; he contributed much to the periodical literature of his day, especially in the *Athenæum*, and his occasional verses have considerable sweetness and beauty. He also wrote novels and biographies, especially that of Mrs. Hemans (1836). He was a great friend of Mendelssohn. FOTHERGILL. 1808—1872.
Hymn 581.

CHURTON, EDWARD. Educated at the Charterhouse, and Christ Church, Oxford ; ordained 1826, and Rector of Crayke, near York, for many years. In 1846 he became Archdeacon of Cleveland, and published *The Cleveland Psalter*, 1854, containing literal and often very fine poetical renderings of the Psalms. 1800—1874.
Psalms lxvi., lxxviii., lxxxvi., xcvi.

- CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS. 1740—1815. Born in Holstein, died at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, where he had been for many years a bank manager. The undermentioned Hymn is part of a longer poem, and begins "Wir pflügen und wir streuen." It is very popular in Germany.
Hymn 552.
- CLEMENS, TITUS FLAVIUS. (Clement of Alexandria.) d. about 217. One of the earliest Christian Hymn writers. He was a convert from paganism, and applied all the powers of a richly-furnished mind to the elucidation of Christian truth, and its reconciliation with a sound philosophy. About the year 190, he was appointed a presbyter of the church in Alexandria; and on the death of his master Pantænus, he became head of the Catechetical School in that city. The place and manner of his death are unknown.
Hymn 577.
- CLEPHANE, E. CECILIA. 1830—1869. The one beautiful Hymn by which this lady is known was originally published as a leaflet, and became known through its insertion in *Sacred Songs and Solos*.
Hymn 238.
- COEBBE, FRANCES POWER. Born in Dublin, 1822, and educated at Brighton. She has been an indefatigable as well as a powerful writer on social and ethical subjects. Her *Broken Lights, Dawning Lights*, and *Hopes of the Human Race*, express her theistic belief, while her occasional devotional works are marked by much intense earnestness.
Hymn 373.
- COBBIN, INGRAM. 1777—1851. Studied at Hoxton College, and ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1802. He had charge of several churches successively; was then for two years secretary to the British and Foreign School Society, and afterwards one of the founders and the first secretary of the Home Missionary Society. In 1828 he retired from active public duties, owing to ill-health, and gave himself to literary work, and compiled Commentaries, writing also many miscellaneous volumes on religious subjects. To the *Village Hymn-book* which he edited he himself contributed some Hymns. He aided also in the compilation of the *Baptist New Selection of Hymns*, 1828, and translated Hymns by the Rev. Cæsar Malan.
Hymn 202.
- CONDER, JOSIAH. 1789—1855. Son of a bookseller; at an early age he contributed to the *Athenæum*; became a publisher, and purchased *The Eclectic Review*, which he edited after his retirement from business in 1837. He also wrote many religious and general works; compiled his *Modern Traveller*, and originated and edited the *Patriot* newspaper. Mr. Conder was the Editor of the first *Congregational Hymn-book*, to which he contributed largely. His Hymns were generally written after some period of suffering. The best edition of them, entitled *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*, was published posthumously under the editorship of his son, now the Rev. Dr. Conder, of Leeds.
Psalms xlii., xix., xx., xxxiv., lxxxiv., xcix., cxlii., cxli.;
Hymns 20, 38, 49, 91, 129, 219, 221, 399.
- COSIN, JOHN. 1594—1672. A native of Norwich; educated at Caius College, Cambridge. After ordination at an early age his preferment was rapid; but through the opposition of the Puritan party, who accused him of leaning to Popery, he was for a time removed from his position. After the Restoration he was made Bishop of Durham. His translation of the old Hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, appears in his *Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627.
Hymn 570.
- COTTON, NATHANIEL. 1707—1788. A medical man of great repute in his day, especially for the treatment of mental disease. He was a friend of the poet Cowper, who resided for some time under his care at St. Alban's. Dr. Cotton's Hymns appeared in a posthumous work entitled *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*.
Psalms xlii.

- COUSIN, ANNE ROSS. Daughter of David Ross Cundell, M.D., of Leith; married William Cousin, minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Melrose. Her Hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," first appeared in the *Christian Treasury*.
Hymn 390.
- COWPER, WILLIAM. 1731-1800. Among the sweetest of English poets, and one of the first to depict nature with simplicity and truth. His biography is familiar to all English readers. He was son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., Rector of Berkhamstead, Herts; was educated at Westminster School; entered at the Inner Temple, and called to the bar; but his nervous susceptibilities prevented him from practising, and he turned to poetry as a relief. His chief work is *The Task*; he also wrote translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with many occasional poems. His chief devotional verses were contributed to the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, the joint production of the Rev. John Newton and himself.
Psalms lxix., cxix.; *Hymns* 23, 48, 110, 301, 302, 351, 362, 461, 475.
- COX, FRANCES ELIZABETH. The *Hymns from the German* (containing also the German originals) by this lady are tasteful and vigorous translations.
Hymns 136, 473.
- COX, GEORGE V. Author of *Hymns for the Blackletter Saints' Days*, 1845.
Hymn 180.
- COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND. Born in New Jersey, U.S., in 1818; ordained in the American Episcopal Church 1841, and appointed Bishop of the Western Diocese in New York, 1864. He has written several volumes of poems, with occasional sermons, and is best known by his *Christian Ballads*, 1840.
Hymn 437.
- CREWDSON, JANE. 1809-1863. Daughter of George Fox; married in 1836 Thomas Crewdson, of Manchester. While confined to her room during a long illness she wrote four volumes of poetry—*Lays of the Reformation*, *A Little While*, and *other Poems*, *The Singer of Eisenach*, and *Aunt Jane's Verses for Children*.
Hymns 156, 253, 355.
- CROLY, GEORGE. 1780-1860. Born in Dublin; educated at Trinity College; ordained in Ireland about 1805. Having removed to London in 1810 and devoted himself to literature, he received in 1835, through the influence of Lord Brougham, the united livings of St. Bene't Sherehog, with St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He published *Discourses*, the romance of *Salathiel*, and several works in biographical and general literature, also a commentary on the Apocalypse. He edited in 1854 *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, containing ten psalms and ten hymns by himself.
Hymn 181.
- CROSSE, JOHN. An occasional writer in the early part of the present century. The Hymn here given appears to have been written for music.
Hymn 580.
- CROSSMAN, SAMUEL. 1624-1683. Born in Suffolk; educated at Cambridge; appointed Prebendary of Bristol after the Restoration. He wrote several religious prose works, and published nine Hymns in a work entitled *The Young Man's Meditation*. These were reprinted in 1863 by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick.
Hymn 410.
- DAVIES, SAMUEL. Born in Newcastle, Delaware, U.S.; became Presbyterian minister, and preached from place to place, taking a special interest in the negroes. In 1759, he was appointed President of New Jersey College. His *Sermons*, collected in four

volumes, long held their place in popular religious literature. After his death, his Hymns were collected and published by Dr. Gibbons.

Hymn 208.

DECK, JAMES GEORGE. Born at Bury St. Edmunds, held a commission in the army, and afterwards settled in New Zealand. He has written a religious memoir, entitled *Joy in Departing*, and a few small works on religious subjects, in addition to a considerable number of Hymns, several of which are contained in *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, a collection for the use of the "Plymouth Brethren," to whose community the author belonged, and for a few years ministered.

Hymn 560.

DE COURCY, RICHARD. Born in Ireland, educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the Church, but aroused opposition by his evangelical views. The Countess of Huntingdon invited him to England, where he preached with success, and at length received ordination from the Bishop of Lichfield. He published *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns extracted from different Authors*, in which some of his own compositions appeared.

Hymn 337.

DENNY, SIR EDWARD, BART. Sir E. Denny, of Tralee Castle, county Kerry, Ireland, born in 1796, has resided chiefly in London. He is the author of *Hymns and Poems, A Prophetic Stream of Time*, and of some prose publications on the subject of prophecy.

Hymns 93, 436, 456.

DENT, CAROLINE. This authoress, resident near Northampton, has written a volume of poems, entitled *Thoughts and Sketches in Verse*, and a religious tale, *Sunshine in the Valley*. She also edited the *Letters and Remains of Frances Rolleston*.

Hymn 92.

DEXTER, HENRY MARTYN. A Congregational minister, born at Plympton, Massachusetts, 1821; and one of the ablest writers and editors in the religious body to which he belongs.

Hymn 577.

DIX, WILLIAM CHATTERTON. Born at Bristol; his father, a surgeon, published a *Life of Chatterton, Local Legends of Bristol, Lays of Rome*, and other works. Mr. Dix now holds an appointment at the Marine Insurance Office, Glasgow. He has published sacred poems in *The Daily Western Press*, and also a small volume of poems. His most beautiful Hymn (61) was contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Hymns 61, 85.

DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D. Born at Trenton, New Jersey; educated at Union College; appointed successively, minister of Trinity Episcopal Church, N.Y.; Professor of Belles Lettres and Oratory at Trinity College, Hartford, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and Protestant Bishop of New Jersey. He wrote *Songs by the Way*, some *Poems for Festivals*, and some works on theology.

Hymn 157.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP. Contemporary of Watts; son of an oilman in London; educated for the ministry, became pastor of the Congregational Church, at Northampton, where he conducted an academy for ministerial students. At the suggestion of Dr. Watts, he wrote the *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. His *Family Expositor* was published in 1739. He was in the habit of composing Hymns to be sung after his sermons, the teachings of which were embodied in them. These Hymns were first published, in a collected form, after his death, by his biographer, Job Orton.

Psalms cii.; Hymns 45, 68, 122, 327, 336, 340, 450, 468, 500, 545, 549, 576.

- DOWNTON,
HENRY.
1818—1885. Educated at Cambridge; minister of St. John's, Chatham; domestic chaplain to Lord Monson; and British chaplain at Geneva, more recently rector of Hopton.
Hymns 43, 432, 550, 551.
- DRYDEN, JOHN.
1632—1700. The celebrated poet; educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. On the death of Cromwell, he published a eulogistic poem on the late Protector, and from that time continued to write plays and poems, in whatever vein best suited the passing moment. On the accession of James II., he became a Roman Catholic, and late in life he wrote a version of the ancient Latin Hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus." He also wrote a paraphrase of the Te Deum. Among his more celebrated works are the *Translation of Virgil*, *The Hind and the Panther*, and *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*.
Hymn 176.
- DUFFIELD,
GEORGE. Born in Pennsylvania; graduated at Yale College; Presbyterian pastor, successively, near New York, at Philadelphia, and at Ann Harbour, Michigan. His Hymn, "Stand up! stand up for Jesus," was written to be sung at the close of his funeral sermon for the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, who gave as his last counsel to his brethren, the words *Stand up for Jesus!*
Hymn 322.
- DWIGHT,
TIMOTHY.
1752—1817. A celebrated American poet and divine, best known as the President of Yale College. He was born in Hampshire, Massachusetts. Dr. Dwight wrote verses for amusement, from his boyhood to the time of his death, and in 1797 he was asked to revise Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms for the *Connecticut Hymn-book*. For this work, published in 1800, he composed thirty-three entire Psalms.
Psalms xxviii.
- EDMESTON,
JAMES.
1791—1867. Born at Wapping, resided at Hackney and at Homerton; began his career as an architect at the age of sixteen. In 1817 he published his first volume of *Poems*, which was followed by many others, and the number of his Hymns amounted to nearly two thousand. Among them, "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," is best known.
Hymns 345, 541.
- ELLERTON, JOHN. Born in London; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; ordained to the ministry of the Church of England, 1850; now Rector of Barnes, in Surrey. Editor of *Church Hymns, Annotated*, S.P.C.K., 1881, and author of some devotional books and tracts. One of the best of modern hymn-writers.
Hymns 22, 53, 101, 407, 408, 480, 496, 497, 556.
- ELLIOTT,
CHARLOTTE.
1789—1871. Granddaughter of the celebrated Rev. John Venn, and sister to the Rev. E. B. Elliott, M.A., author of the *Horæ Apocalypticæ*. She published *Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week, by a Lady*; *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*; *Poems by C. E.*, and long edited the annual *Christian Remembrancer*. (See note to Hymn 235.)
Hymns 235, 304, 344, 367, 368, 393.
- ELLIOTT, JULIA
ANNE.
d. 1841. Daughter of John Marshall, Esq.; married to Rev. H. E. Elliott, of Brighton, brother of Charlotte Elliott. She was of a beautiful Christian character,
Hymn 31.
- EMERSON,
RALPH WALDO.
1803—1882. Born in Boston, U.S.; graduated at Harvard College, and became a Unitarian minister; in 1832 he gave up his charge, travelled in Europe, and on his return began to lecture with great success. He took up his abode in Concord, Mass., where he wrote his well-known *Essays*, *Orations*, *Poems*, *Representative Men*, and other works.
Hymns 380, 494.

- ENFIELD, WILLIAM, LL.D. 1741—1797. Son of humble parents; born in Suffolk; in pursuance of his literary tastes, entered the Nonconformist College, at Daventry; became successively minister of congregations at Liverpool and Warrington, where he was also Professor of Belles Lettres at the Unitarian College; spent his last years at Norwich. He wrote a *History of Philosophy*, and many other volumes, including sermons.
Hymn 75.
- FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1814—1863. Son of the Rev. Thomas Henry Faber, Vicar of Calverley, Yorkshire; educated at Harrow and Oxford; ordained 1837; became a Roman Catholic in 1846, and entered the priesthood; organized a brotherhood in London. A complete edition of his *Hymns* appeared the year before his death.
Hymns 9, 39, 105, 279, 325, 391, 409, 429, 543.
- FANCH, JAMES. 18th century. A Baptist minister at Romsey. Author of *Paraphrase of a Select Number of the Psalms of David*, from the Latin of Buchanan (1764). (See TURNER.)
Hymn 141.
- FARR, E. Author of *A Complete Version of the Book of Psalms*, 1836.
Psalms lxiv.
- FAWCETT, JOHN. 1739—1817. Born near Bradford, Yorkshire; was converted while an apprentice under a sermon of Whitefield; became a Baptist minister. He first ministered at Wainsgate, then at Hebden Bridge. He wrote several works on religious subjects, and his *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion* (1782), though not remarkable, are full of spiritual feeling.
Hymns 46, 502.
- FINDLATER, MRS. ERIC. (H. L. L.) See BORTHWICK.
Hymn 243.
- FRY, CAROLINE. 1787—1846. Born at Tunbridge Wells. Her life was distinguished by its deep piety. She wrote *The Listener* and several useful works. In 1831 she was married to Mr. Wilson. Her undermentioned Hymn was written, it is said, to please a pious sister, before the authoress had attained to Christian faith and hope.
Hymn 372.
- FURNESS, H. W. A native of Boston, U.S. (1802). Educated at Harvard College, and ordained to the Unitarian ministry in 1823. Noted through his long life as an advocate of peace and freedom. His Hymns appeared in a volume entitled *Domestic Worship*, 1850.
Hymn 533.
- GASKELL, WILLIAM. 1805—1884. Born at Latchford, near Warrington; graduated at Glasgow, 1825. For fifty-six years Unitarian minister at Cross Street, Manchester. Professor of English Literature in Manchester New College, 1846—53. His wife, the authoress of *Mary Barton*, and other high-class fictions, is well known in the world of literature.
Hymn 515.
- GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT. 1715—1769. Son of a pastor at Haynichen, Saxony; studied at Meissen and Leipzig; afterwards lectured at the latter University. Goethe was among his pupils, and Schlegel was his friend. His Hymns, published under the title of *Sacred Odes and Hymns*, are said to have been all written within eleven days. He was one of the first who called attention in Protestant Germany to the Hymns of the ancient Church.
Hymn 136.
- GERHARDT, PAUL. 1606—1676. Son of the burgomaster of Gräfenhänichen, Saxony; studied at the time of the Thirty Years' War, and at its close began his career as a pastor, first at a village, and afterwards at St. Nicholas' Church, Berlin, where he became known as a hymn-writer. Owing to his Lutheran opinions, he was deposed from his office in

1666, but in 1668 he was appointed to Lübben in Saxony, where he became arch-deacon. His best Hymns were written in his most troubled time. It is said that he composed the Hymn "Commit thou all thy griefs" while seeking refuge with his wife in his native land after his deposition from office. On arriving at a village inn his wife gave way to tears, when her husband, reminding her of the verse "Commit thy way unto the Lord," went into the garden and wrote a Hymn on these words. That evening two gentlemen arrived at the inn who had been sent by Duke Christian of Merseberg in search of the poet with an offer of a pension in compensation for the treatment he had received.

Psalm xxxvii. ; *Hymns* 19, 104, 198.

GILL, THOMAS A layman, living near Blackheath ; the author of many of the best Hymns written in our generation, collected in his work entitled, *The Golden Chain of Praise*. Of one of his Hymns (90 below) he says, "It was written when fresh from the contemplation of the misery and anarchy of Shelley's life. The blessing that has gone with it is wonderful."

Hymns 8, 90, 187, 189, 203, 204, 241, 256, 257, 262, 264, 273, 288, 289, 314, 315, 573, 595.

GOODE, WILLIAM. Born at Buckingham ; educated by the Rev. T. Bull (Cowper's friend) at Newport 1762—1816. Pagnel, afterwards at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Ordained to the ministry of the Church of England 1784 ; curate and successor to Romaine, at St. Ann's, Blackfriars. He was earnestly evangelical, and besides his unceasing pastoral labours wrote several devout works, including *A New Version of the Book of Psalms, with Original Prefaces and Notes*, 2 vols., 1811.

Psalms iii., xxii., lxi., lxxix. cxx.

GOUGH, Born at Southborough, Kent ; was for many years engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, and then retired to his estate near Faversham. He has published *Lyra Sabbatica* (1865), *Hymns of Prayer and Praise* (1875), *Kentish Lyrics*, and other works.

Hymn 443.

BARING-GOULD, Born at Exeter ; Rector of East Mersea, Essex. He has published works on folklore and other subjects, has contributed to the *People's Hymnal*, and has translated a few Danish Hymns, the best known of which is "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," from the eminent Danish poet and professor, Bernhardt Severin Ingemann.

Hymns 323, 329.

GRANT, Of an ancient Scottish family ; educated at Cambridge ; became a member of the English bar and M.P. for the Inverness burghs ; appointed Privy Councillor, and in 1834 Governor of Bombay. He died at Dapoorie. After his death his elder brother, Lord Glenelg, collected his poems, some of which had already appeared in periodicals, and published them under the title of *Sacred Poems*.

Psalms ii., xlix., lxxi., lxxiii., civ. ; *Hymns* 88, 356.

GREENWOOD, J. B. An American clergyman ; the author of a beautiful baptismal Hymn here given.

Hymn 561.

GREG, SAMUEL. Born at Wilmslow, Cheshire ; a member of a gifted family, of which the late William Rathbone Greg was the most conspicuous in literature. Mr. Samuel Greg wrote many pieces in prose and verse, mostly on religious subjects. His Sermons and a selection from his papers, under the title of *A Layman's Legacy*, appeared soon after his death, with a preface by Dean Stanley.

Hymn 516.

GREGOR, Born of poor parents in Silesia ; educated in the house of Count Pfiel ; became organist and schoolmaster to the settlement of Herrnhut, and subsequently deacon. He edited the *Moravian Hymn-book*, contributing some of his own Hymns ; and in 1789 he was appointed Bishop of the Moravian Church.

Hymn 74.

- GRIGG, JOSEPH. Brought up to mechanical pursuits ; afterwards became a Presbyterian minister, *d.* 1768. beginning his labours as assistant minister at Silver Street, London, whence, on the death of the pastor, he removed to St. Albans. His prose and poetical compositions appeared from time to time, and Mr. Sedgwick collected his hymns under the title of *Hymns on Divine Subjects*. The Hymn, "Jesus, and can it ever be?" is said to have been composed by him at the age of ten.
Hymn 228.
- GURNEY, JOHN ELDEST son of Sir John Gurney, one of the barons of the Exchequer : educated at Trinity College, Cambridge ; ordained in 1827, and became curate of Lutterworth, where he enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Arnold ; he was afterwards appointed district rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and a prebendary of St. Paul's. He was a man of public spirit, and took especial interest in the Religious Tract Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He published some volumes of sermons, and to his collection of Hymns entitled *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship* he contributed several of his own.
Hymns 112, 259, 578.
- HAMPDEN, JAMES. Born 1819, at Glendollar, Scotland ; educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge ; ordained 1845 ; now Vicar of Doultling, Somerset. A contributor to the *People's Hymnal*, 1867.
Hymn 547.
- HAMILTON, WILLIAM. Graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge ; was a Calvinistic Methodist preacher, but afterwards joined, with his friend Cennick, the Moravian brethren. He published several religious discourses and a volume of *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs* ; he also wrote an autobiography in Greek, which has been lost.
Hymns 148, 489.
- HANKEY, KATHERINE. Member of a family well known in London. Her one Hymn originated the phrase now so familiar to Christian teachers—"The old, old story."
Hymn 582.
- HARE, JULIUS BORN in Italy ; educated at the Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. CHARLES. Tutor of his College ; afterwards Rector of Hurstmonceaux, Archdeacon of Lewes, and Canon of Chichester. He wrote *The Mission of the Comforter*, *The Victory of Faith*, and edited the *Remains of John Sterling* ; with other valuable literary and theological work. In 1839 he published *Portions of the Psalms in English Verse*.
Psalms xl.
- HART, JOSEPH. BORN of pious parents in London ; received a good education and became a teacher of languages. He led a wild, sinful life till the age of 42, when he became seriously impressed, and at length, after hearing a discourse from Whitefield, he avowed himself a believer in Christ. In 1760 he settled as minister of the Independent Chapel, Jewin Street. The first edition of his *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects, with a Brief Account of the Author's Experience*, appeared in 1759. Dr. Johnson writes in his *Diary* (Easter, 1764), "Seeing a poor girl at the sacrament in her bedgown, gave her privately a crown, though I saw *Hart's Hymns* in her hand."
Hymns 199, 583.
- HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY. Youngest daughter of the Rev. William Henry Havergal, Rector of Astley, Worcestershire ; died at her home near Swansea. Miss Havergal wrote many religious verses, many of which she contributed to different periodicals. They have been collected under the titles of *The Ministry of Song*, *Under the Surface*, etc.
Hymns 155, 254, 319, 320, 564.

Haweis,
Thomas, M. D.
1734—1820.

Born at Truro; educated at Christ's College, Cambridge; Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, and for fifty-six years Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. Dr. Haweis was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and was the means of sending two missionaries to Tahiti. He is the author of several works on evangelical religion, and his volume of Hymns (1792) is entitled, *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour*.

Hymns 179, 352.

Heber,
Reginald:
1783—1826.

Son of Reginald Heber, Rector of Malpas; educated at Brasenose College; became Rector of Hodnet, Shropshire; appointed Bishop of Calcutta, 1823; died at Trichinopoly, worn out with toil, three years afterwards. His Hymns appeared in the *Christian Observer*, in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, edited by his widow, and were collected in his *Poetical Works*.

Hymns 2, 64, 158, 215, 231, 321, 433, 439, 451, 465; 492;
see 520.

Hemans, Felicia
Dorothea.
1794—1835.

Daughter of Mr. Browne, a Liverpool merchant, resident in North Wales. She wrote verses at the age of nine, and in 1808 her first volume of poems was published. In the year of her marriage, 1812, she published *Poems of the Domestic Affections*, which were rapidly followed by other works. Her poems, which are very numerous, were mostly written under the pressure of domestic anxiety. She lived for a time at Dove's Nest, by Windermere, but died in Dublin.

Hymns 98, 403.

Herbert,
George.
1593—1632.

Of an illustrious Montgomeryshire family; Lord Herbert of Chisbury, the renowned philosophical writer, was his elder brother. George studied at Westminster, afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which University he was chosen Orator in 1619. In 1630 he was appointed to the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, where for a short time he exemplified the character of a "Country Parson," which he has so well described. His quaint but rich and sweet devotional poems entitled *The Temple* were published after his death.

Psalms cl.

Higginson,
Thomas
Wentworth.

Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1823; descended from a noted Puritan immigrant of the seventeenth century. Graduated at Harvard 1841, and entered the Free Church ministry. Noted as a strong anti-slavery advocate before the war, in which he took an active part, having meantime laid aside the clerical profession: He has since been engaged in literary pursuits, especially in connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*. His few Hymns are given in Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, Boston, 1875.

Hymn 593.

Holmes, Oliver
Wendell.

Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809; graduated at Harvard College, where he was appointed Physician and Professor in the Medical School of the college. He has written much in prose and verse, his delightful "Breakfast Table" series containing an almost inexhaustible store of thought and fancy.

Hymns 19, 87.

Hood, Edwin
Paxton.
1820—1885.

A Congregational minister at Brighton, Manchester, and Falcon Square, London; an indefatigable literary man. His *Lamps of the Temple*, *World of Anecdote*, and *Vignettes of the Great Revival* are perhaps best known. He edited in 1862 *Our Own Hymn Book*, a collection of great merit, to which he contributed several original Hymns; followed in 1879 by *Our Hymn Book*, for Cavendish Chapel, Manchester.

Hymn 575.

Hopkins, John.
16th century.

(See KETHE, STERNHOLD.) A Suffolk clergyman, associated with Thomas Sternhold in the preparation of the *Metrical Psalter*, 1562.

Psalms c.

- HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM. Son of a solicitor at Shrewsbury; educated at Shrewsbury and Wadham College, Oxford; ordained about 1845, now Bishop of Bedford. He is the author of several religious works, including a *Commentary on the Gospels*, published by the Christian Knowledge Society. Together with Dr. Thomas Morrell, Bishop How has edited a compilation of *Psalms and Hymns*.

Hymns 219, 229, 318, 415, 482, 553, 569.

- HUNT, JOHN. Vicar of Otford, Sevenoaks. Ordained 1855; D.D. of St. Andrew's University, 1878. Author of some important theological treatises. The undermentioned Psalm appeared in *Luther's Spiritual Songs, translated from the German*, 1853.

Psalm xciii.

- HURN, WILLIAM. Born in Norfolk; became Classical Tutor in the Free Grammar School, Dedham, Essex, and, after a year of military service, was ordained in 1781; held the appointments of Chaplain to the Duchess Dowager of Chandos, and Vicar of Debenham, Suffolk. In 1822 he seceded from the Church, and became Congregational pastor at Woodbridge. He published in 1813 a collection of *Psalms and Hymns*, containing beside others his own compositions.

Hymn 427.

- INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN. Born at Thorkildstrup, Falster Island, Denmark; educated at Copenhagen University; Professor of the Danish language and literature at Sorøe, in Zealand, Denmark. A very voluminous writer.

1789—1862.

Hymn 329.

- IRONS, WILLIAM JOSIAH. Son of Joseph Irons, a Congregational minister, renowned in his day for his strong Calvinistic principles and his racy style of preaching. The son conformed at an early age to the Church of England, where he held a high place as preacher and writer. He was latterly Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. His Hymns appeared in the *Metrical Psalter* (1857) and other publications, and were afterwards collected into one volume.

1812—1883.

Hymns 173, 334.

- JOHNSON, SAMUEL. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1822; educated at Harvard and the Cambridge Divinity School; became a clergyman on the broadest Free Church principles, but since 1870 has devoted himself mainly to literature. In 1872 he published an important work on the *Religions of India*, and one in 1879 on the *Religions of China*. He was associated with the Rev. Samuel Longfellow in compiling the *Book of Hymns*, 1846, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864.

Hymn 589.

- JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. A native of Sicily; removed to Thessalonica in 1830 and embraced the monastic life. In consequence of the "Iconoclastic persecution" he undertook a journey to Rome, was captured by pirates, and enslaved at Crete for some years. On his return to Rome he devoted himself entirely to the composition of Hymns. The best of these have been made familiar by Dr. Mason Neale's renderings.

9th century.

Hymn 413.

- JUDSON, ADONIRAM, D.D. Born in Massachusetts; began life as a schoolmaster, but soon entered on the study of Theology, and became a Baptist missionary in Burmah, 1815. During the British war there Dr. Judson suffered a cruel imprisonment, but solaced himself with writing hymns. He revisited his native land in 1845, and died at sea soon after his return to Burmah, having worn out his strength in the mission field. He translated the Scriptures into Burmese, and wrote many tracts and other works bearing on missions. The memoirs of his first and second wives stand deservedly high among Christian biographies.

1788—1850.

Hymn 299.

- KEBLE, JOHN. Son of the Vicar of Fairford; graduated at Corpus Christi, Oxford; Fellow of Oriel College; Public Examiner, and Professor of Poetry; was one of the

originators of the Tractarian movement. For many years he was Vicar of Hursley, Hampshire. His *Christian Year* appeared in 1827, the ninety-sixth edition of which was prepared a few days before the author's death. A great number of editions have appeared since the lapse of copyright. By common consent it is the chief book of Christian lyrics that our times have seen. His metrical version of the Psalms (entitled the *Oxford Psalter*) is less widely known, but displays an even higher genius.

Psalms ii., xviii., xix., xxi., xxiii., xxxi., xxxii., xlv., xlvii., lxviii., lxxii., lxxvi., lxxvii., lxxxv., xciii., xcvi., cv., cxl., cxix., cxxiv., cxxx., cxxxviii., cxliv., cxlvi. ; *Hymns* 30, 33, 63, 177, 267, 446, 447, 449, 504, 542, 567.

KEITH, GEORGE. Son-in-law of Dr. Gill ; publisher in Gracechurch Street ; is said to have composed End of 18th century. hymns on the subjects of his father-in-law's discourses. They appeared in *Rippon's Selection*, with the signature "K."

Hymn 331.

KELLY, THOMAS. Born in Dublin ; son of an Irish judge ; educated at Trinity College ; studied for the Bar in London, where he enjoyed the friendship of Edmund Burke ; but afterwards took orders. It is said that the use of Romaine's edition of Calasio's *Hebrew Concordance* led him to inquire into the doctrines of the great evangelical preacher, and so to his conversion. He preached in his evangelistic style in Irish churches, but soon seceded from the Establishment, without joining any particular sect. He built several places of worship, which were mostly conducted on Congregational principles. He wrote a tract against Popery, entitled *Andrew Dunn*, which has had an immense circulation in many languages ; but his chief work is the Hymn-book entitled, *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, containing 767 of his own compositions.

Hymns 109, 138, 383.

KEN, THOMAS. Born at Berkhamstead, Herts ; educated at Winchester and Oxford ; graduated from New College ; ordained 1661 ; held various ecclesiastical appointments ; removed in 1672 to a district in Winchester. For the benefit of the Winchester school, he wrote his *Manual of Prayers*, a work to which were afterwards added his *Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns*. In 1679 he was made chaplain to the Princess Mary, and he afterwards filled that office for Charles II. In 1684 he was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells, and attended the King in his last illness. He was one of the seven bishops imprisoned by James II., in 1688, for refusing to read the "Declaration of Indulgence," and in the following reign was deprived, as a non-juror, of his see. He retired to Longleat, Wiltshire, where he died. It is said that he was buried at sunrise, the attendants at his funeral singing his Morning Hymn, "Awake my soul, and with the sun."

Hymns 503, 518, 544.

KENNEDY, BORN at Summer Hill, near Birmingham ; educated at Birmingham, Shrewsbury, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained high University honours, being elected, in 1828, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of his college. In 1836 he became Head-master of Shrewsbury, and in 1867 Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. He is the author of several Latin and Greek school-books ; in 1860 he edited *The Psalter in English Verse*, by a Member of the University of Cambridge, and in 1863 he published *Hymnologia Christiana*, a collection remarkable for the alterations made in many Hymns.

Psalms xxx., cxxvii., cxliii.

KETHE, WILLIAM. An exile at Geneva with Knox, and one of the translators of the *Geneva Bible*. 16th century. Rector of Okeford, Dorsetshire. Author of many metrical versions of the Psalms in the revised Psalter of 1562.

Psalms c.

- LATROBE, CHRISTIAN IGNATIUS. 1758—1836. An honoured name in the Moravian Church. Dr. Latrobe was Bishop of the Church in London, and Secretary to the Moravian Missions. His son, the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, also a Hymn-writer, entered the Church of England, and became Canon of Carlisle.
Hymn 74.
- LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. 1807—1882. Born at Portland, Maine, U.S.; graduated at Bowdoin College; studied law for a short time, but accepted an offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. His fame as a poet having extended, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard College, where he remained for twenty years. He is among the most popular of poets on both sides of the Atlantic, a distinction well merited by the purity and sweetness of his strains.
Hymn 84.
- LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL. Brother of the illustrious poet; born 1819; educated at Harvard. The Hymn by Henry W. Longfellow, "For my Brother's Ordination," is well known, especially for its concluding verse:
"O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!"
Samuel Longfellow entered the ministry in 1848, but resigned in 1860, and since that time he has not held a stated pastoral charge. He has compiled a book of *Hymns and Tunes for Sunday Schools and the Home Circle*, 1859; also a little volume of *Vesper Services*. With the Rev. Samuel Johnson he prepared, in 1846, a *Book of Hymns*, and in 1864 the volume entitled *Hymns of the Spirit*.
Hymn 428, 592.
- LORNE, MARQUIS OF. Son and heir of the Duke of Argyll; husband of the Princess Louise. He has published *Canadian Pictures* (R. T. S.), having been Governor-General of that colony; his *Book of Psalms in Verse* appeared in 1877.
Psalms cxliii.
- LOWTH, ROBERT. 1710—1787. Son of Dr. William Lowth, Rector of Buriton, Hampshire; educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. Professor of Poetry in that University, 1741, where he delivered in Latin his celebrated *Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews*. Rector of Ovington, Wiltshire, 1744; and a succession of preferments ended in his appointment to the bishoprics successively of St. David's (1766), Oxford (the same year), and London (1777). In 1783 he was offered, but declined, the Archbishopric of Canterbury. In 1778 he published his great work—*Isaiah: a New Translation, with a Preliminary Dissertation, and Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory*. His occasional writings were numerous.
Psalms xlii.
- LUTHER, MARTIN, D.D. 1483—1546. Luther's great Hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is said to have been written at the time of the Diet of Spire, and it appeared with a tune by its author in Joseph Klug's Hymn Book, 1529. Luther was often heard to sing it during the sitting of the Diet of Augsburg, and it became a watchword of the Reformation. One English translation is by Mr. Carlyle. Luther did as much for Germany by his hymns as by his sermons; they contain plain Scripture truth, comprehensible by all. *Psalms xlv., lxviii., cxxx.; Hymn 59.*
- LYNCH, THOMAS TOKE. 1818—1871. For twenty-two years minister of Mornington Chapel, Hampstead Road. The publication of *The Rivulet* (1856) drew upon him the attack of Dr. John Campbell in the pages of the *British Banner*. Although gentle and poetical, he was a fearless teacher, and in some respects before his age. The second and complete edition of *The Rivulet* contains 167 Hymns.
Hymns 25, 26, 32, 73, 184, 209, 313, 524, 596.

- LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS. Born at Kelso ; educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he thrice took the English poem prize ; held a curacy near Wexford, and later, the incumbency of Lower Brixham, Devon. His *Tales on the Lord's Prayer* were once popular, but he will be best remembered by his versions of the Psalms and his few but choice Hymns. The former were published in a little book entitled *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. He died at Nice, whither he had repaired in search of health.
Psalms throughout ; *Hymns* 4, 245, 246, 546.
- MCCHEYNE, ROBERT MURRAY. Born at Edinburgh, where he studied at the University. He was installed as Minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, in 1836, and there became a popular preacher and a beloved pastor. His eminent piety, great usefulness, and early death, have encircled his name with a lasting halo.
Hymn 585.
- MACDONALD, GEORGE. Born in Scotland, in 1825 ; educated for the ministry in the Independent body ; but he has for some time devoted himself to literature, attaining great eminence as novelist, poet, and critic. He has also published *Unspoken Sermons*, two series. His best-known volume of religious poetry is entitled *The Disciple, and Other Poems*, 1867.
Hymns 513, 535.
- MADAN, MARTIN. A relative and friend of Cowper ; was converted under a sermon of Wesley, whom he had gone to hear that he might turn the sermon into ridicule. He left the bar for the clerical profession ; founded and became Chaplain to the Lock Hospital, in London, where he attracted large audiences. He published a *Collection of Hymns* (1760), and afterwards (1763) an *Appendix* to the work, but does not seem to have contributed any of his own authorship. He wrote a volume of poems entitled *Poemata*, 1784.
Psalms cxxxi. ; *Hymns*, see 148, 172.
- MANT, RICHARD. Born at Southampton ; educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford ; became a clergyman ; was Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury ; was made Bishop of Killaloe in 1820, and promoted twice—first to the see of Down and Connor, and afterwards to that of Dromore. He published numerous prose works, many poems and Hymns, among which were *The Book of Psalms, in an English Metrical Version, with Notes Critical and Illustrative*, 1821 ; *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary, with Original Hymns*, 1837.
Psalms lxxvii., lxxxi., lxxxvii., cxlv. ; *Hymns*, 18, 168, 265.
- MARDLEY, JOHN. A coadjutor of Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins, to whose *Metrical Psalter*, 1562, the undermentioned Hymn, "The Lamentation of a Sinner," is attached. This Hymn, however, is attributed in a folio copy of 1565, to John Markant, or Marckant, the compiler of *Verses to Divers Good Purposes*, about 1580.
Hymn 231.
- MARRIOTT, JOHN. Born near Lutterworth ; studied at Rugby and Oxford ; held the living of Church Lawford, Warwickshire ; spent his latter years in Devonshire. He did not publish his compositions, but his well-known missionary Hymn, written in 1813, is from a MS. in the possession of his son.
Hymn 441.
- MARTINEAU, HARRIET. The well-known authoress ; born at Norwich ; lived for many years at Ambleside. Her writings are remarkable for their high level of thought and style, considering the multiplicity of their topics. In her later life she altogether abandoned her early Christian beliefs.
Hymn 434.
- MASON, JOHN, M.A. Born in Northamptonshire ; educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge ; for twenty years Rector of Water-Stratford, Buckingham. He was the author of *Spiritual Songs, or Songs of Praise to God upon Several Occasions, together with the Song of Songs*, d. 1694.

which is *Solomon's*, 1683; also of *Penitential Cries*, 1692. Mr. Sedgwick has republished the Hymns. They are marked by great quaintness, with a Herbert-like sweetness and devotional fervour.

Hymns 201, 531, 591.

MASSEY, Daughter of the late Mr. Josiah Fletcher, of Norwich; joint-editor with her sister
MRS. LUCY F. of *Christian Lyrics*, which contained some of her compositions. She has also written *Thoughts from a Girl's Life* and *Songs of the Noontide Rest*.
Hymn 483.

MASSIE, RICHARD. Born at Chester; translator of German Hymns, including *Luther's Spiritual Songs* (1854), and the *Lyra Domestica* of Spitta (1863, 4).
Hymn 528.

MATHESON, Parish Minister at Irellan, Argyllshire. Dr. Matheson is blind, but has written
GEORGE. some little books of rare meditative beauty, notably a little volume entitled *My Aspirations*. The undermentioned Hymn appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*, 1870.
Hymn 335.

MATSON, Born 1838; educated at Cotton End Nonconformist Academy; ordained 1858;
WILLIAM TIDD. now pastor of a Congregational Church at Portsmouth.
Hymns 242, 371.

MAUDE, MRS. Daughter of Mr. G. H. Hooper, of Stanmore; wife of the Rev. J. Maude, Vicar
MARY FOWLER. of Chirk, North Wales. Her Hymn was written for a Confirmation class, and first appeared in a little work entitled *Twelve Letters on Confirmation*, 1848.
Hymn 263.

MERRICK, JAMES. Educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and became a clergyman. He prepared a
1720—1769. new *Paraphrase of the Psalms*, to supersede Tate and Brady, for which royal sanction was sought, but not obtained. He is described by Bishop Lowth as "one of the best of men and most eminent of scholars."
Psalms lxxxiii., cxx., cxxii.

MILES, SARAH Daughter of Nathaniel N. Appleton; married Solomon P. Miles, Principal of
ELIZABETH. the Boston U.S. High School. She has latterly lived at Brattleborough, Vermont. She has contributed to Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*; but the beautiful Hymn undermentioned first appeared in the *Boston Christian Examiner*, 1827.
Hymn 89.

MILMAN, Son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III.; educated at Eton
HENRY HART. and Brasenose College, Oxford; appointed successively Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Dean of St. Paul's. He wrote a *History of Latin Christianity*, *History of the Jews*, and several other important prose works. His first poem was a tragedy, *Fazio*; followed by *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and the *Martyr of Antioch*. His Hymns first appeared in Heber's Collection, published after the Bishop's death, 1827.
Hymns 95, 102, 116, 271, 404.

MILTON, JOHN. Son of a scrivener; born in London; educated at St. Paul's School, and afterwards at Cambridge, where in his twenty-first year he composed his *Hymn on the Nativity*. After leaving Cambridge, Milton spent five years with his father at Horton, near Windsor, where he wrote *Comus* and *Lycidas*. After a tour on the Continent he settled in London, where he opened a school, in Aldersgate Street, and wrote many of his prose works, in English and Latin. From 1649 to the Restoration, he held the office of Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and in

his enforced retirement at the close of this period, although afflicted with blindness, he produced his greatest works, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. His poetical translations of the Psalms were mostly made by him in middle life; but the most popular (cxxxvi.) is said to have been composed by him at the age of fifteen.

Psalms lxxxiv., lxxxv., cxxxvi.

MONSELL, JOHN Studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and took orders. After having held various preferments in Ireland, he was appointed Vicar of Egham, Surrey, Rural Dean in the see of Winchester, and afterwards Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford. His principal productions were *Parish Musings* (1850), *Hymns of Love and Praise* (1863). He also edited the *Parish Hymnal, after the Order of the Book of Common Prayer*, 1873.

Hymns 42, 78, 79, 126, 233, 240, 392, 463, 484, 568.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES. Son of a Moravian minister in Ayrshire. Designed for a preacher, he was educated at the Moravian seminary at Fulneck, Yorkshire; but he never became a minister. For many years he edited the *Sheffield Iris*, and was twice imprisoned for his liberal principles. His Hymns, besides which he wrote several successful poems, appeared in *Songs of Zion, being Imitations of Psalms*, 1822; *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825; and *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, 1853.

Psalms xxvii., xxxix., xliii., lxiii., lxxii., lxxvii., lxxx., xci., xcvi., ciii., cvii., cxiii., cxvi., cxvii., cxxii., cxxiv., cxxxii., cxxxvii.; *Hymns* 3, 111, 195, 197, 214, 295, 296, 405, 416, 421, 445, 455, 478, 488, 491, 493, 499, 571.

MOORE, THOMAS. Born at Dublin; graduated at Trinity College; entered at the Middle Temple. His *Anacreon* first brought him fame. He went to Bermuda as Registrar, but soon returned, leaving a deputy in his place with unfortunate results. Moore devoted the rest of his life to literary pursuits, publishing *Lalla Rookh* in 1817. His *Sacred Songs* were written for music, and were published in 1816.

Hymn 37.

MORRIS, ELIZA FANNY. Miss Goffe was born in London. In 1849 she married Mr. Josiah Morris, now sub-editor of *The Malvern News*. She has published two volumes of original poems, entitled *The Voice and the Reply*, and *Life Lyrics*; she has also contributed to periodicals.

Hymn 285.

MORRISON, JOHN. Born in Aberdeen; minister of Canisbay, Caithness; member of the General Assembly's Committee for revising the *Church Paraphrases*, 1781. It is somewhat uncertain how many of these Hymns were actually from his pen.

Hymns 66, 290.

MUDIE, CHARLES EDWARD. The well-known London librarian; long a devout and active Christian worker.

Hymn 364.

MUHLNBERG, WILLIAM. Born in Philadelphia; for many years Principal of St. Paul's College, Long Island, and afterwards Rector of St. Luke's Hospital, N.Y. Author of *Church Poetry*, of *The People's Psalter*, and (in conjunction with Dr. J. M. Wainwright) of *Music of the Church*. He was at one time editor of the *American Evangelical Catholic*.

Hymns 376, 562.

NEALE, JOHN MASON. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took several times the Seatonian prize for the best English poem on a sacred subject. In 1846 he was elected Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, an office which he held till his death. He published innumerable volumes, including *Medieval Hymns*, 1851,

Hymns for Children, 1842, *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862, the *Rhythm of Bernard of Cluny*, 1858. By parts of this last beautiful version he will always be best known. His prose works were mostly on Church History and the Liturgies; he also edited the *Pilgrim's Progress* for High-Church readers.

Psalm cxlviii.; *Hymns* 62, 81, 86, 96, 161, 330, 411, 413, 525, 586.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY. Born 1801; Graduated at Trinity College, Oxford; Fellow of Oriel College, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and tutor of his college. He was incumbent of St. Mary's, and with Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble shared the leadership of the Tractarian movement. In 1845 he entered the Romish Church, and in 1854 was appointed Rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin, and afterwards of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in Birmingham. He was made Cardinal in 1879. His theological and historical works are very numerous; his *Hymns* have been collected under the title of *Verses on Various Occasions* (1868).

Hymns 65, 346.

NEWTON, JOHN. Born in London; was taken to sea by his father at the age of eleven, and pursued a wild and sinful course until the year 1748, when, during a severe storm on the homeward voyage, he was roused to think of his spiritual condition. He married, and became engaged in the slave trade; but he afterwards abandoned this, and became a curate at Olney, where, together with Cowper, he produced the *Olney Hymns*. Later, he was appointed Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. His prose works are practical and devout, but hardly account for the immense influence he exerted over many superior minds—notably over Cowper and Wilberforce.

Psalms lxxxvii., cxxxi., cxliv.; *Hymns* 153, 165, 277, 353, 574.

NOEL, CAROLINE M. The Hymns of this lady appeared in a little book entitled *The Name of Jesus, and Other Verses for the Sick and Lonely*, 1863.

Hymn 152.

OBERLIN, JOHN FREDERIC. Born at Strassburg; studied at the University, and was ordained to the ministry. In 1767 he took charge of the parish of Ban de la Roche, or Heintal, between Alsace and Lorraine. He devoted himself to his ignorant peasant people, and succeeded in greatly elevating and improving them.

Hymn 284.

OLIVERS, THOMAS. Born of humble Welsh parents; apprenticed to a shoemaker; converted under Whitefield's ministry; called by Wesley to become itinerant preacher, and assisted him in editing the *Arminian Magazine*. His Hymns appeared originally as Tracts, and were reprinted by Mr. Sedgwick in 1868.

Hymn 7.

OSLER, EDWARD. Born at Falmouth. He was trained for the medical profession, but afterwards devoted himself to literature and religious work, writing much for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. His Hymns appeared in the *Mitre Hymn Book* (1836), and *Church and King* (1836, 7).

Psalm x.; *Hymn* 563.

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER. Eldest son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave; educated at the Charterhouse, and Balliol College, Oxford. Has been private secretary to Mr. Gladstone and to Earl Granville; has also held important posts under Government, and was for two years Vice-Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters, at Kneller Hall. He is distinguished as an art critic, and has written on various themes, having also published a volume of *Original Hymns* (1867), and edited *The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics*, also *The Children's Treasury*. He has recently been appointed Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Hymns 333, 588.

- PALMER, RAY, D.D. Son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer, Judge in Rhode Island; born in 1808; graduated at Yale College, 1830; became Minister of the Congregational Church at Albany, N.Y.; retired to Newark, New Jersey. He published *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* in 1865, and has occasionally written original Hymns and translations since that date.
Hymns 13, 164, 206, 236, 298, 457.
- PARK, THOMAS, F.S.A. 1760—1835. Was the author of *Nugæ Modernæ*, a work of prose and poetry on various subjects. He was brought up as an engraver, but gave his attention to literature. The undermentioned Psalm was written by him, 1807, for Handel's "104th."
Psalm cxlix.
- PARR, HARRIET. Miss Parr is better known, under her *nom de plume* of Holme Lee, as the author of several graceful works of fiction. The undermentioned Hymn was written in a Christmas tale for *Household Words*, in 1856.
Hymn 527.
- PEABODY, WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER. 1799—1847. Born at Exeter, U.S.; studied at Harvard University and Cambridge Divinity School; pastor of a church at Springfield. He published a *Poetical Catechism for the Young*, to which several poetical pieces were appended; and he also wrote works of biography, theology, and natural history.
Hymn 400.
- PERRONET, EDWARD. d. 1792. Son of the Vicar of Shoreham, a descendant of a French Huguenot family; for some time associated with the Wesleys, and afterwards with the Countess of Huntingdon. Leaving her in consequence of disagreement on Church questions, he became a Nonconformist minister. He published a volume of Hymns entitled *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious*. See p. 316.
Hymn 151.
- PETERS, WILLIAM. 19th century. The undermentioned Psalm, bearing the name of this writer, is dated 1834: he seems to have published no other sacred poetry.
Psalm lxxx.
- PIERPONT, FOLLIOTT SANDFORD. 1864. A gentleman of Bath; a contributor to Mr. Orby Shipley's *Lyra Eucharistica*.
Hymn 50.
- PIERPONT, JOHN. 1785—1866. Native of Litchfield, Connecticut; graduated at Yale College; studied law, and admitted to the bar, but left the profession from conscientious scruples, and devoted himself to literature; finally studied theology and became minister in the Unitarian community. He published *Airs of Palestine* (1816), and other Poems and Hymns; also several sermons on topics of the day. He was an ardent Temperance and Anti-Slavery advocate. His occasional lyrics are justly esteemed: the best perhaps is that on "The Pilgrim Fathers."
Hymn 486.
- PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES, M.A. Son of Mr. Edward Hallows Plumptre; born in London; educated at King's College, and University College, Oxford; became Fellow of Brasenose College; ordained 1846; Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1863; Professor of Divinity at King's College, and Vicar of Bickley, Kent. Appointed Dean of Wells, 1881. He has translated Sophocles, and has written much on Biblical subjects. His work, *The Spirits in Prison*, has attracted much attention. His poems on Scriptural incidents and characters are remarkable for ingenuity and suggestiveness, as well as for grace.
Hymn 69.

- POPE, ALEXANDER. 1688—1744. One of the greatest of English poets ; was born in London. Being of feeble constitution, and deformed, he devoted himself in early life to literary pursuits, and soon acquired fame by his numerous poetical and prose works, most of which were either imitations or translations of others. His *Homer*, *Essay on Man* and *Satires*, are English classics. Pope died in his villa at Twickenham.
Hymn 401.
- POTTER, THOMAS J. A Roman Catholic Priest. He has rendered some of the ancient Hymns into excellent English verse.
Hymn 324.
- PRIOR, MATTHEW. 1664—1721. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was a Fellow. He afterwards entered public life, filling many important offices ; from 1711—1715 Minister-Plenipotentiary to France, but sharing the fall of Bolingbroke, he retired to a private life. He was one of the best writers of "occasional verses" in the language, while, in *Solomon*, he attempted a higher flight. His rendering of the eighty-eighth Psalm was a "college exercise."
Psalm lxxxviii.
- PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE. 1825—1864. Daughter of Mr. B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall") ; born in London. She became a contributor to *Household Words*, then under the editorship of Charles Dickens, who encouraged her to write. Her reputation as a poet was secured when she published her *Legends and Lyrics* (1858, 60). She became a Roman Catholic, and hastened her own death by incessant labours in the cause of charity.
Hymns 40, 360, 374, 466, 539.
- PRYNNE, GEORGE RUNDLE. Born in 1818 ; graduated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge ; Curate of St. Andrew's, Clifton ; and now Incumbent of St. Peter's, Plymouth. He has published some sermons and works on ecclesiastical subjects, and has also edited a *Hymnal* (1858).
Hymn 250.
- PUNSHON, MORLEY. 1824—1881. An eloquent Wesleyan minister, author of some brilliant *Lectures* and occasional *Sermons*. His Hymns are in a volume entitled *Sabbath Chimes*, 1867.
Hymn 498.
- F. R. P. 17th century. See on page 450, for what is known or conjectured regarding this author.
Hymn 412.
- QUARLES, JOHN. 1624—1665. Son of Francis Quarles, the well-known author of the quaint but poetical *Divine Emblems*.
Hymn 261.
- RAWSON, GEORGE. Formerly a solicitor, known in authorship as a "Leeds Layman," now living in retirement at Clifton. He assisted in preparing the *Leeds Hymn Book* and *Psalms and Hymns for the Baptist Denomination*, to both of which he contributed, as well as to Dr. Allon's Supplement. His admirable Hymns have been collected under the title of *Songs of Christian Thought*, 1884.
Psalms xxiii., xxix., lxxxiv., lxxxvii., xcix., cx., cxxx., cxlviii. ;
Hymns 118, 182, 224, 303, 361, 419, 422, 470, 523, 529, 530.
- REED, ANDREW. 1757—1862. Born in London ; educated for the ministry at Hackney College. Dr. Reed was for fifty years minister of the Independent Church meeting first at the New Road Chapel, St. George's-in-the-East, and then at Wycliffe Chapel. As a philanthropist, Dr. Reed will always be remembered, having founded five of our great benevolent institutions. He compiled a collection of Hymns, entitled *The Hymn*

Book (1841), containing several Hymns by himself and by Mrs. Reed. In early life he wrote the popular book *No Fiction*, which passed through many editions.

Hymn 194.

RINGWALDT, BARTHOLOMEW. Born at Frankfort on the Oder, and a faithful Lutheran pastor at Langfeld, in Prussia. His Hymn "Great God, what do I see and hear?" often erroneously attributed to Luther, was written in imitation of the well-known ancient Latin Hymn, "Dies iræ, dies illa," which was composed by the Franciscan Thomas of Celano, who died in 1253. Ringwaldt's Hymn appeared in 1585.

Hymn 599.

RINKART, MARTIN. A German poet and pastor; he was born at Eilenburg, in which town he laboured as a minister all through the Thirty-years' War, and long after.

1586—1649.

Hymn 6.

RIST, JOHANN. Native of Holstein; minister at Wedel; one of the most renowned and influential poets of his day. He was a zealous preacher of practical religion, and being reproached for not sufficiently insisting on doctrinal topics, he replied that "in his parish there were scarcely two who held erroneous doctrine, but many who lived sinful lives." He suffered much from the calamities of war. "The blessed Cross," he would say "has produced from me many Hymns."

1607—1667.

Hymn 377.

ROBINSON, ROBERT. Born in Norfolk; apprenticed to a hairdresser in London, where he was converted under Whitefield's ministry. About five years afterwards he began to preach, and became Pastor of a Baptist Church at Cambridge. He wrote on ecclesiastical subjects, published several sermons, and translated Claude's *Essay on the Composition of a Sermon*, with many racy and original notes. In theology he inclined to what are now called "broad" views. He died at Birmingham, in Dr. Priestley's house. Mr. Robinson was succeeded at Cambridge by the eloquent Robert Hall.

1735—1790.

Hymns 51, 248.

ROBERT II. Son of Hugh Capet; succeeded to the throne of France about 997. A pious and devout prince, but ill-fitted to cope with evil times and violent men. He wrote the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus." See HYMNS 205, 206.

972—1031.

RYLAND, JOHN. Son of a well-known Baptist minister and schoolmaster at Northampton, where he at first assisted. In 1794 he became President of the Baptist College, Bristol, and Pastor of the Church in Broadmead. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society. His *Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects* have been reprinted by Mr. Sedgwick.

1753—1825.

Hymn 73.

ROUS, or ROUSE, FRANCIS. Born at Halton, Cornwall; educated at Oxford; member of Parliament during the reign of Charles I., and Provost of Eton, 1643. His *Psalms Translated into English Metre* were recommended by the House of Commons to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, and were published in 1646. These Psalms, duly revised in Scotland by four Divines (J. Adamson, T. Crawford, J. Row, and J. Nevey), were in 1649 "allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, and appointed to be sung in congregations and families." This is the SCOTTISH VERSION OF THE PSALMS, still used through the Presbyterian Churches. "It is a curious fact," says a writer in Schaff's *Cyclopædia of Theology*, that what was for a century the entire, and is still the main, metrical provision of the Scottish Church, was made mainly by one whose whole life was spent in Southern England." Of this version Sir Walter Scott says, "Though homely, it is plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty which perhaps would be ill-exchanged for mere elegance." See under SCOTTISH for list of Psalms.

1579—1658.

- SANDYS, GEORGE. Born at Bishopsthorpe, at the palace of his father, Dr. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. He studied at St. Mary's Hall, and afterwards, it is believed, at Corpus Christi College. Sandys published, from time to time, paraphrases of various parts of the Bible, and Dryden styled him "the best versifier of the former age."
Psalms xxv., lxxiv., lxxv., xcii., cxviii., cxlviii.
1577—1643.
- SAXBY, JANE EUPHEMIA. Daughter of William Browne, a Cumberland gentleman; married the Rev. S. H. Saxby, Vicar of East Clevedon. Most of her Hymns have been published in two volumes entitled, *The Dove on the Cross*, and *Hymns and Thoughts for the Sick and Lonely*.
Hymn 452.
- SCHEFFLER, JOHN (ANGELUS). Son of a Polish nobleman; born at Breslau, in Silesia; physician to the Duke of Württemberg. At first a Lutheran, he afterwards joined the Romish Church, but he had composed most of his Hymns before this event. From a Spanish mystic of the 16th century he took the name "Angelus;" and is accordingly known as "Angelus Silesius."
Hymns 17, 252, 283.
1624—1627.
- SCHMOLCK, BENJAMIN. Son of a country pastor in Silesia; sent by friends to Leipsic University; became his father's curate; afterwards Pastor at Schweidnitz. He wrote in all more than a thousand Hymns.
Hymn 473.
1672—1737.
- SCHÜTZ, JOHN JACOB. Born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he was distinguished as a lawyer. Spener, the eminent Pietist minister, was his friend.
Hymn 41.
1640—1690.
- SCOTT, ROBERT ALLON. Vicar of Cranwell, and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Montrose. He published his *Metrical Paraphrases of the Book of Psalms* in 1839.
Psalms cxv.
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER. Sir Walter Scott began his public literary career with the publication of his poems, but in 1814 began the issue of *The Waverley Novels*. He wrote but few Hymns, and these cause regret that the number is not larger. The translation of part of "Dies Iræ" appeared in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
Hymn 174.
1771—1832.
- SCOTTISH. *Psalms* i., xiv., xv., xxiii., xl., lii., cxxi., cxxvii., cxxxiii.,
(See ROUS.) cxxxvii.
- SEAGRAVE, ROBERT. Son of the Vicar of Twyford, Leicestershire; graduated at Clare Hall, Cambridge; entered the Church with the earnest wish to arouse and reform, and for this object wrote many tracts and pamphlets. Meeting with discouragement, he left the pale of the Church and became Lecturer at Lorimers' Hall, Cripplegate, where he preached for many years, frequently officiating also in Whitefield's Tabernacle. He prepared a Hymn Book for his congregation (1742), containing, besides others, his own compositions. Mr. Sedgwick has published fifty of his Hymns.
Hymn 342.
1693—*ab.* 1760.
- SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON. Born in Massachusetts; educated at Union College and Harvard University. Became pastor of a Congregational Church at Wayland, Mass.; after two years removed to Lancaster, but returned to Wayland and spent the remainder of his life in literary pursuits. His Christmas Hymns were contributed to the *Boston Christian Register*, 1835, 1849.
Hymns 57, 58.
1810—1876.

SEYMOUR, DIGBY. A well-known Queen's Counsel. His scholarly and interesting *Metrical Version of the Psalms* occupied the leisure of several years, and was published in 1883.

Psalm xliii.

SHIRLEY, WALTER. 1725—1786. Son of the Hon. Laurence Shirley, son of the Earl Ferrers; a connection of the Countess of Huntingdon. Walter Shirley became Rector of Loughrea, Galway, and was the friend and associate of Whitefield and Wesley. He revised Lady Huntingdon's *Collection of Hymns*, in which several of his own appeared.

Hymn 106.

SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM. 1759—1827. Son of a minister who was also a master in Sheerness Dockyard. William began life as a shipwright; went to London and became clerk in the Bank of England, where he at length attained a very responsible position. He took a deep interest in religious societies and Christian work, and wrote much in prose and poetry for the Religious Tract Society.

Hymn 512.

SIMPSON, JANE CROSS. Daughter of James Bell, Esq., of Glasgow. She early contributed to the *Edinburgh Literary Review*, of which her brother, Henry Glassford Bell, was editor; and in that periodical first appeared her well-known Hymn, which was afterwards republished in *April Hours* (1838), a small volume of her poetical productions under the pseudonym of "Gertrude." She has also written tales and sketches.

Hymn 572.

SMITH, WALTER CHALMERS. Minister in the Free Church, Edinburgh; author of *Olrig Grange*, *Hilda among the Broken Gods*, and other poetical works of high excellence. His Hymns appeared in 1867, under the title of *Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life*.

Psalm xxv.; *Hymns* 52, 147.

SMITH, SIR J. E. 1759—1828. A distinguished man of science, a physician, and a well-known citizen of Norwich. He pursued his scientific studies at Edinburgh, and obtained a medical degree at Leyden University. One of the founders of the Linneæan Society, of which he became President. He was knighted in 1814. He composed, at different times, several Hymns of a meditative cast.

Hymn 490.

SPITTA, CHARLES JOHN PHILIP. 1801—1859. Son of humble parents at Hanover; was first apprenticed to a watchmaker, but afterwards studied at the University of Göttingen and entered the ministry. He ministered to several churches, being finally appointed to Burgdorf, where he died. He published two collections of Hymns, which have been translated by Mr. Richard Massie and published under the title of *Lyra Domestica*.

Hymns 243, 316, 528.

SPURGEON, CHARLES HADDON. Born at Kelvedon, Essex, in 1834, where his father was a Congregational minister. Mr. Spurgeon was educated at Colchester and Maidstone, and began his career as a school usher; he delivered his first sermon as a lay preacher at the age of sixteen, at Teversham, near Cambridge, and soon afterwards became pastor of a Baptist Church at Waterbeach. His fame spread, and he came, in 1854, to London, where finally the "Metropolitan Tabernacle" was erected for his ministrations. To his collection entitled *Our Own Hymn Book* he contributed fourteen Psalms and ten Hymns.

Psalms xxx., lxx., lxxxii., cxii.; *Hymn* 476.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN. 1815—1881. Dean Stanley was a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold, whose *Life* he wrote. His Oxford course was brilliant, and he received appointments, literary and ecclesiastical, too numerous to mention. He was appointed Dean of Westminster in 1863. During his Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford he produced his *Lectures on the History of the Eastern and Jewish Churches*. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Palestine, and his *Sinai and Palestine* is a

favourite work among Bible students. Besides numerous other works, Dean Stanley also wrote some Hymns, having at Oxford obtained the Newdigate prize for his poem "The Gipsies."

Hymns 82, 123, 133, 448.

- STEELE, ANNE. Daughter of a Baptist minister at Broughton, Hants. Her writings are marked by intense spiritual earnestness, and this was shown also in her benevolent works, carried on in spite of great physical weakness and suffering. She was the authoress, under the *nom de plume* of "Theodosia," of three volumes of *Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional*, including a *Version of the Psalms*. Her Hymns, Psalms, and Poems have been collected and published by Mr. Sedgwick.

Psalms xxvii., xxxi., xxxix., cxix. ; *Hymn* 388.

- STENNETT, SAMUEL. Son of Dr. Joseph Stennett, pastor of a Baptist Church in Little Wild Street, London, where his son succeeded him, retaining this charge till his death. He enjoyed the friendship of George III., and John Howard was among his admirers. His works on religious questions have been republished with a memoir, to which are appended thirty-four Hymns, five others being found in *Rippon's Selection*.

Hymns 386, 477.

- STERNHOLD, THOMAS. *d.* 1549. A *History of Gloucestershire* affirms that Sternhold was a native of Awre, but biographers tell us that he was born in Hampshire and educated at Oxford. He was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Along with John Hopkins and others he produced the first English metrical version of the Psalms attached to the Book of Common Prayer. Sternhold and Hopkins may be taken as the representatives of the strong tendency to versify Scripture that came with the Reformation into England. This version was made directly from the original Hebrew.

Psalms xviii.

- STEPHEN THE SABAITE. Nephew of John of Damascus ; trained in the monastery of St. Sabas, near Jerusalem, whence he derived his name. His best pieces are on the martyrs of the monastery and on the Circumcision.

Hymn 161.

- STONE, SAMUEL JOHN. Son of the Rev. William Stone ; educated at the Charterhouse and Pembroke College, Oxford ; was appointed vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerstone, London, in 1874. He has published *Lyra Fidelium*, *Hymns for Day of Intercession for Missionary Work*, and some other poems. He wrote the "Thanksgiving Hymn" for the Prince of Wales's recovery, sung in St. Paul's, 1872.

Hymns 211, 230, 425.

- STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER. The world-known authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. At the age of fifteen she taught in her sister's school at Hartford. Afterwards she removed to Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, with her relatives. Her father, the late Dr. Lyman Beecher, was President of Lane Seminary, and her brothers, Edward, Charles, and Henry Ward, are all eminent authors and preachers.

Hymns 308, 309.

- SWERTNER, JOHN. Born at Haarlem in Holland ; trained for the Moravian ministry. He was pastor of congregations of the Brethren in Ireland and England, and died at Bristol. He was one of the principal compilers of the *Brethren's Hymn Book*.

Psalms cxxxv.

- TATE, NAHUM. Born at Dublin and educated at Trinity College ; came to London ; wrote plays and assisted Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel* ; was made Poet Laureate 1690. He is best known as the author, conjointly with Dr. Nicholas Brady, of the *New*

Metrical Version of the Psalms, 1695—1698, and of the *Appendix of Hymns*, 1700. The Psalms were authorised for use in churches 1696, the Hymns 1703.

Psalms xv., xxxiii., xxxiv., xlii., lvii., lxvii., xcv., c., cv., cviii.;
Hymn 55.

TAYLOR, EMILY. Member of a well-known Norwich family. Her *Poetical Illustrations of Passages of Scripture* appeared in 1826. She was an accomplished and indefatigable writer, chiefly for the young.

Hymns 464, 467.

TAYLOR, JEREMY. Born at Cambridge; educated at Caius College and All Souls, Oxford; appointed Rector of Uppingham, Rutlandshire. He was a Royalist, and Chaplain to Charles I. at Oxford. Charles II. appointed him Bishop of Down and Connor as a reward for his publication of *Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience*. Most of his best work was done during his life at Slanvihangel in Carmarthenshire, where he kept a school. Among his many devotional works *Holy Living and Dying* is the best known. As a preacher Coleridge pronounced him to be the most eloquent of divines.

Hymn 97.

TAYLOR, THOMAS RAWSON. Eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, a Congregational minister at Bradford. Thomas Rawson became a clerk in a merchant's office, but soon removed to Nottingham to be apprenticed to a printer. After three years he gave up this calling, and entered Airedale College to study for the ministry. He was for a short time pastor of Howard Street Chapel, Sheffield, and subsequently classical tutor at Airedale; but he suffered much, and died young. A volume of his *Remains* was published.

Hymn 384.

TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD. Was born in the town of Mörs, in Westphalia. At the age of fifteen he entered upon a business career, which he abandoned in 1727 in order to attend to his writings, his public addresses, and his work of caring for the sick and poor. He wrote over one hundred Hymns, which show in a marked degree the spiritual and God-seeking character of his mind.

Hymns 251, 487.

THEODULPH, d. 821. Born in Italy; abbot of a Benedictine monastery at Florence, but at the invitation of Charlemagne he removed to France, where, as Bishop of Orleans, he died.

Hymn 96.

THOMAS, DAVID. Congregational minister for many years in the South of London. Best known as the projector and editor of the *Homilist*. He is also the author of many devotional and practical works.

Hymns 190, 354.

THOMAS OF CELANO. Author of the *Dies Iræ*. A monk, of whom little is known but that he was the friend of Francis of Assisi. The Hymn was written about 1250.

Hymn 173.

THRING, GODFREY. Son of the Rev. John Thring, Rector of Alford with Hornblotton, Somerset; born 1823; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845; succeeded to his father's living 1858. He contributed to Morell and How's *Collection*, and to Chope's *Hymnal*; author of *Hymns and Verses*, and editor of *Hymns Congregational and others*, 1866.

Hymns 150, 522.

TOKE, EMMA. Daughter of Dr. John Leslie, Bishop of Kilmore; married in 1837 to the Rev. Nicholas Toke, Rector of Godington, Ashford, Kent. Her Hymns were written for and sent anonymously to the *Hymn Book of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*.

Hymns 127, 134.

- TOPLADY,
AUGUSTUS
MONTAGUE.
1740—1778. Son of a major in the army; studied at Westminster; went to Ireland with his mother; while there, was impressed by a sermon in a barn, and afterwards took orders, and held three English livings successively. Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen he wrote some Hymns, which were published in Dublin under the title of *Poems on Sacred Subjects*. He afterwards contributed to the *Gospel Magazine*. A complete edition of his Hymns was published in 1860 by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick.
Hymns 170, 280, 402, 526.
- TRITTON,
JOSEPH. An eminent London Banker; Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, for whose anniversaries and other meetings his Hymns were mostly written.
Hymn 440.
- TUTTIETT,
LAWRENCE. Born at Colyton, Devon, 1825, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, and at King's College, London. In 1854 he entered upon the living of Lea Marston, Coleshill, Warwickshire; and in 1870 was appointed incumbent of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Scotland. He is the author of several sermons, tracts, and volumes of prayers.
Hymn 548.
- TURNER, DANIEL. Baptist minister at Abingdon, Berkshire, for fifty years. See FANCH, and note on 1710—1798. the Hymn, p. 311.
Hymn 141.
- TWELLS, HENRY. Born at Ashted, near Birmingham, 1823; educated at the Birmingham Grammar School, and at St. Peter's College, Cambridge; for many years Head-master of the Godolphin Grammar School, Hammersmith; now Rector of Waltham-on-the-Wolds, Leicestershire. His noble Hymn first appeared in *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868.
Hymn 72.
- VAN ALSTYNE,
FRANCES JANE. Better known, perhaps, by her maiden name as "Fanny J. Crosby," an American lady, a writer of much pleasing prose and verse. Her undermentioned Hymn is one of the gems of Mr. Sankey's book. A recent notice speaks of her as having been "totally blind from girlhood," and as "always bright and cheerful."
Hymn 260.
- WARDLAW,
RALPH, D.D.
1779—1853. An eminent Nonconformist divine; born at Dalkeith; was educated at the University of Glasgow, and entered the Theological Seminary of the Secession Church, intending to be a minister of that church, but he afterwards became a Congregationalist Pastor and Professor. Dr. Wardlaw was widely known as an author. In 1803 he prepared a selection of Hymns to replace the inferior *Tabernacle Selection* then in use by Congregationalists in Scotland.
Psalms cxxxiii.
- WARING, ANNA
LÆTITIA. Daughter of Elijah Waring; born at Neath, Glamorganshire. She published a volume entitled *Hymns and Meditations*, by A. L. W. (1850), compositions which are expressive of the deepest religious feeling and personal experiences in the spiritual life. She has also contributed to the *Sunday Magazine*, and other periodicals.
Hymns 117, 278, 281, 369.
- WATTS, ISAAC. Eldest son of a schoolmaster at Southampton; wrote verses at the age of seven; was minister of the Independent Church, Berry Street, London; resided for thirty-six years with Sir Thomas Abney at his country-seat in Hertfordshire, in whose town-house at Stoke Newington he died. He has been called "the father of English hymnody," for until his time prejudice had prevented the use of anything but Psalms in public worship. His Hymns appeared in *Horæ Lyricæ* (1706);

Hymns and Spiritual Songs (1707); *Divine Songs for Children* (1715); *The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament* (1719); and some were appended to his *Sermons*.

Psalms throughout. *Hymns* 4, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 35, 36, 47, 76, 107, 114, 120, 139, 140, 143, 145, 166, 167, 183, 220, 266, 275, 276, 297, 307, 311, 341, 347, 387, 398, 414, 424, 444, 454.

WAY, LEWIS. Incumbent of Stanstead, Essex; in his day an active and useful evangelical clergyman. He published several occasional sermons on Missions.

Psalms iii.

WESLEY, CHARLES. Third son of Samuel Wesley; educated at Westminster and Oxford; went with his brother John as missionary to Georgia, U.S.; on their return, joined him as preacher in England. He is the "Bard of Methodism," and by far the most prolific of English hymn-writers, among whom he confessedly takes the first place. The Hymns of the brothers Wesley are published in thirteen volumes, as collected and arranged by G. Osborn, D.D. (1868 and following years).

Psalms iv., v., viii., xi., xvi., xxiv., xxvii., xxxvii., xlv., xlv., lvi., lvii., lxii., ci., cxiv., cxv., cxxxii.

Hymns 10, 44, 60, 103, 121, 128, 131, 159, 160, 171, 172, 200, 213, 217, 223, 226, 247, 258, 270, 274, 291, 292, 300, 306, 312, 328, 343, 349, 379, 394, 395, 396, 397, 417, 423, 442, 458, 469, 472, 474, 509, 510, 537, 559, 584.

WESLEY, JOHN. Born at Epworth, and was educated at the Charterhouse, and afterwards at Christchurch, Oxford. His life belongs to the religious history of the period. He compiled the first Wesleyan *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, in 1738, and translated some German Hymns for it. He also wrote a few useful Hymns, published a collection of tunes, and did much by his own personal efforts to encourage psalmody. It is not always possible to distinguish his Hymns from those of his brother Charles.

Psalms xxxvii.; *Hymns* 17, 169, 251, 252, 487.

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE. A poet of much promise; born at Nottingham. At the age of fourteen he was placed at the stocking-loom, but in his fifteenth year he was removed from his uncongenial toil to enter an attorney's office, where he was articled in 1802. He published at the age of eighteen a volume of poems that attracted the attention of Southey. In 1804, assisted by generous and appreciative friends, he went to Cambridge to study for the Church, and gained a high place in the University. He overtaxed his brain by excessive studying, and died soon after completing his twenty-first year.

Hymns 332, 54c.

WHITING, WILLIAM. Was educated partly at Clapham and partly at Winchester. He was for many years Master of Winchester College Choristers' School.

1825—1878.

Hymn 579.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF. Born in 1807; the son of a farmer at Haverhill, Massachusetts. He spent his boyhood in helping his father, but, showing literary tastes, he became an editor, and conducted several journals. He represented Haverhill in the Legislature, and was elected secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Called sometimes "the Quaker bard of America." His poem on "Immortal Love," of which Hymn 94 is a part, is a noble expression of a liberal Christian faith.

Hymn 94, 287.

WHYTEHEAD, THOMAS. Born in Yorkshire; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he twice took the Chancellor's medal for English verse; was appointed Classical Lecturer of Clare Hall, Curate of Freshwater, I.W., and lastly, Chaplain to the Bishop of

1815—1843.

New Zealand. He was the first principal of the Bishop's College, but died a year after his arrival. He translated Bishop Ken's "Evening Hymn" into Maori.

Hymn 119.

WIESZEL,
GEORGE.
1590—1635. Born at Domnau in Prussia. He was for three years rector at Friedland, and in 1623 became minister of Rosegarten Church, Königsberg. His fine Advent Psalm was written during the troubles of the Thirty Years' War. It has been often translated.

Psalm xxiv.

WILLIAMS,
HELEN MARIA.
1762—1827. Born at Berwick; at the age of eighteen came to London, where she wrote several poems, among them the undermentioned Hymn (1786). In 1790 she settled in Paris, where, for a time, she was imprisoned by Robespierre. She was aunt to the celebrated French preacher Athanase Coquerel.

Hymn 359.

WILLIAMS,
WILLIAM.
1717—1791. Born in Wales; studied for the medical profession, but abandoned this, and was ordained in the Church of England, but afterwards joined the Calvinistic Methodists and became a noted preacher in their body. His Welsh Hymns, of which he published several volumes, are popular; his English Hymn Book, entitled *Gloria in Excelsis*, was prepared, at the request of the Countess of Huntingdon, for Whitefield's Orphan House in America. He also published another English Hymn Book entitled *Hosannah to the Son of David*.

Hymn 348.

WILSON, MRS. D.
d. 1827. Wife of the well-known Vicar of Islington, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. Her translation from Oberlin was made shortly before her death.

Hymn 284.

WINKWORTH,
CATHERINE.
1829—1878. Daughter of Mr. H. Winkworth, of Alderley, near Manchester; born in London 1829. Her translations from the German appeared in *Lyra Germanica*, two series, 1855 and 1858, and often surpass the originals in exquisite felicity of expression, while admirably true to their sentiment and spirit. She is also author of *The Christian Singers of Germany*, which contains other versions. *The Chorale Book for England* comprises many of her best Hymns.

Psalm xxiv.; Hymns 6, 41, 59, 216, 283, 377.

WITHER,
GEORGE.
1588—1667. Born at Bentworth, Hampshire. After an Oxford course, he studied law for a while at the Inns of Court, London, but eventually dedicated himself to literature. Some of his pieces were political, and brought him into trouble. He was twice imprisoned by the Stuarts, and his sufferings and privations were great. Under Cromwell he held several offices. In his works we find the fervour of a pious Puritan, and sometimes the fire of true poetry. His Psalter is entitled *The Psalms of David translated into Lyric Verse, according to the scope of the Original, and illustrated with a short Argument and a brief Prayer or Meditation before and after Sermon* (1632). This work was long regarded as a rival to that of Sternhold and Hopkins.

Psalms i., xciii., cxxvi.

WORDSWORTH,
WILLIAM.
1770—1850. This illustrious poet has written little of what may be strictly termed Hymnody, although his odes and longer poems are instinct with religious feeling.

Hymn 517.

WORDSWORTH,
CHRISTOPHER,
1807—1885. Nephew of the great poet; educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge; where he graduated with high honours; was elected Fellow of his college and Public Orator of the University; became Head-master of Harrow, and, after

holding other preferments, Bishop of Lincoln in 1868. He was of saintly life, and of incessant activity. He wrote many theological works, some historical, and some books of travel. His Hymns are published collectively in *The Holy Year*, 1865.

Hymns 83, 124, 132, 196, 420, 481, 521, 566.

XAVIER,
FRANCIS.
1506—1552.

Born in Pampeluna, Spain; studied in the University of Paris. Became a follower of Ignatius Loyola, and an intrepid and zealous missionary to the East (1541). He laboured in India, Ceylon, Malacca, Japan, and died when on his way to China. His Hymn is from the Paris Breviary.

Hymn 590.

ZINZENDORF,
NICHOLAS LOUIS.
1700—1760.

Count Zinzendorf, the founder of Herrnhut and the leader of the United Moravian Brethren, was born at Dresden. From his childhood he was devoted to the service of Christ. In 1711 he studied under Franke at Halle, and in 1716 entered on a University course at Wittenberg, being destined for the law. He gradually, however, withdrew from all public duties that he might consecrate himself and his property wholly to Christian work. He travelled much, and for a time was intimate with the Wesleys, but his chief time and thought were devoted to Herrnhut. In all he wrote about two thousand Hymns, editing the German and English Moravian *Hymn Books*.

Hymns 169, 338.

. The Psalms and Hymns of which the Authors have not been traced, are noted by blanks in the third column of the Table of First Lines.





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FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1905.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1905.

THE JOHN RYLANDS COL-
LECTION OF HYMNS.

Beneath the Covers.

BY A. HAYNES.

The attention of all who are interested in hymns should be drawn to the collection recently presented by Mrs. Rylands to the Rylands' Library. Thirty-four thick folio volumes, formed after the manner of scrap-books, but of time-enduring construction, are needed to hold the collection, and into these hymns, which apparently have been cut from books, magazines, programmes, and other printed matter, together with hymns copied in writing or typewritten on slips of paper, are pasted. It appears that the formation of this collection was one of the late Mr. John Rylands' hobbies, and is the result of many years' work, in which he was assisted by several helpers. Since his death the work has been continued, and the collection as it at present exists at the Rylands Library represents the results up to A.D. 1900.

The hymns represent many shades of thought, for they have been drawn from many centuries and from most, if not all, forms of Christianity. To become thoroughly conversant with them would require close application for some length of time, for they number upwards of 60,000 and are at present without index, the one originally arranged having been mislaid. No attempt has been made at any kind of classification, either as to the religion they belong to, the special subject to which they refer, or the service or time of year for which they are intended; the cuttings have been pasted in alphabetical order, the first line of each hymn having been taken to represent its name. As the volumes are lettered as well as numbered, a given hymn may fairly easily be found, but to hunt out the special hymns for special occasions, or by special authors, would at present be a difficult task, which, however, will probably be lightened at some future time. One cannot help feeling that whilst a set of very valuable books have been compiled, a great loss has been sustained by the omission of a few marginal notes. A few such notes are included, but only a few. It would be a great advantage if the name of the author were given wherever possible, together with such dates as could be supplied; and in instances, which must be many, where these could not be given, a note to say where the cutting has been taken or copied from, would be of material aid to those who wished to follow up the research. I believe a portion of this information could still be added by those who assisted in the compilation, though the task of giving it now in all instances would be practically impossible. Much of the ultimate completeness depends on how the original index has been drafted.

Another source of regret that at once presents itself to the musical mind is the entire absence of hymn tunes and reference of any description to the music to which the hymns were sung. One would like to see these present volumes supplemented by others containing tunes that are being and have been used to the words; and the two collections brought into unity by an index book of reference. Manchester contains so large a music-loving public, and so many churches of different shades of Christian thought, with organists willing to contribute a share, and so many outside the city would be willing to co-operate in a work in which all would so evidently benefit, that one feels that the interest needs but to be awakened to quickly make certain a hearty response.

Perusal of the verses gives us much to think about. We find beautiful poetry and beautiful ideas, suggestions to lift us above the sordid ways of the world; we find inanities that struggle to be sublime and end in being paltry; we find ranting efforts whose object seems horrors and brimstone; we find rhymes that some of us would be doubtful to call hymns at all. Of the last kind the following is an excellent example:—

Haste put your playthings all away,
To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
Come bring to me your Noah's ark,
And pretty-tinkling music cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

One feels sorry for the composer who was expected to be inspired by those lines. Many of the hymns arouse one's wonder by their tremendous length. One I came across has not less than seventy-two four-line verses, and yet it reads as if that were not nearly the end! What congregation, I wonder, ever persevered to the end? Several having the name of D. Herbert pencilled against them are of exceptional length, and generally of very morbid tone. From a poet's point of view he seems to have liked to set himself some awkward tasks. For instance, we find thirty-five verses of four lines with every verse beginning with the words "Cast down, but not destroyed," and in another hymn he begins every time for a hundred lines with the word "Born," every two lines rhyming, whilst the sentiment it expresses is much more allied to reproach of the Creator than thanksgiving for existence.

A hymn of Newman's brings to one's mind his "Apologia." I give one of its three verses:

Bide thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime;
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possessed.
O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway
Bide thou the victor's day!

Number 13, vol. 14, suggested an ode to Charity rather than a hymn. The cutting by its initial letter and type seems to point to the printing having been done many years ago, and one cannot read it through with noticing how closely the metre resembles that of the old song "Cease your funning"; and as we know that hymns were often sung to airs composed by Adam Smith, it is not surprising that the

Thomas Connolly, of no fixed abode, was committed to the Sessions for trial by the Manchester County Shipday to-day on a charge of stealing fowls, the property of Arthur Joule, of New Tree Farm, Gorton.

Mr. J. Cornwallis, of University College, has been re-elected president of the University Athletic Club, and Mr. A. H. Lyde, of the same college, has been appointed secretary.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

damage is estimated at £1,500, and is covered by insurance.

